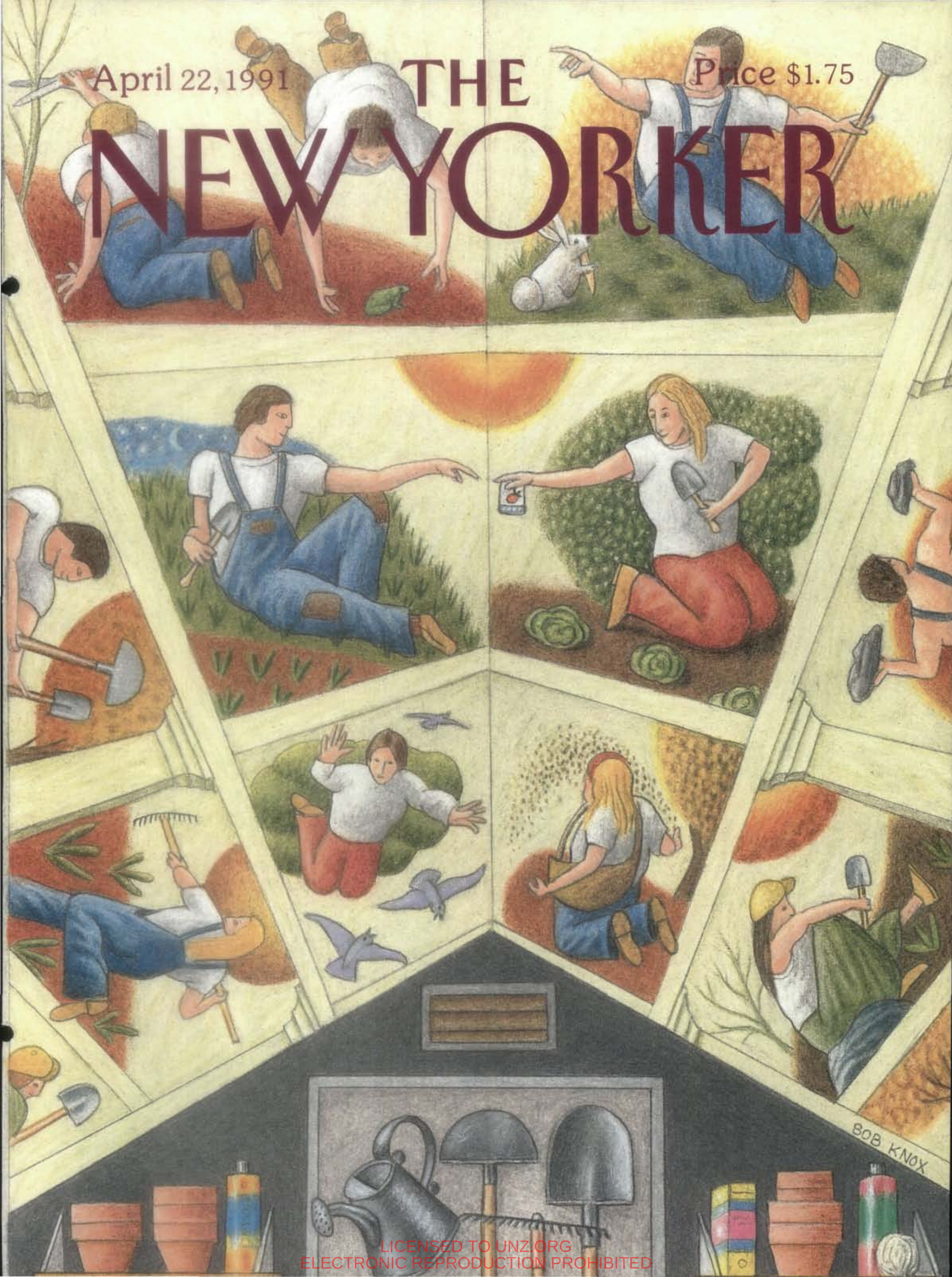
April 22, 1991

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.75



THANK GOD SHE LEFT THE LIGHT ON

ATHENA. GODDESS OF WISDOM. THE SOURCE OF LIGHT. THE LIGHT OF THE ANCIENT GREEK CIVILIZATION WHICH STILL BURNS BRIGHT ALL OVER THE WORLD. BUT NOWHERE DOES THIS LIGHT BURN BRIGHTER THAN ON THE ACROPOLIS, THE SITE OF THE PARTHENON, THE TEMPLE OF ATHENA, GODDESS OF WISDOM, PROTECTOR OF THE CITY OF ATHENS.

THE ACROPOLIS STANDS PROUD ABOVE THE CITY OF ATHENS, TESTAMENT TO THE ACHIEVEMENT OF CLASSICAL GREECE. AND IT'S ONLY ONE OF 1,200 WONDERFUL ARCHAEOLOGICAL SITES IN THIS ANCIENT LAND. A LAND ILLUMINATED BY THE LIGHT OF GODS.

MERE MORTALS HAVE MARVELLED AT THE QUALITY OF THIS LIGHT. DID THE GODS CHOOSE GREECE FOR ITS LIGHT? OR IS THE LIGHT DIVINE BECAUSE THE GODS LIVED HERE? WHO KNOWS. BUT THANK GOD THEY LEFT IT ON.

THE GODS COULD HAVE CHOSEN LIGHT FROM ANYWHERE. THEY CHOSE THE LIGHT OF GREECE.

ΕΛΛΑΣ

GREECE

Chosen by the Gods

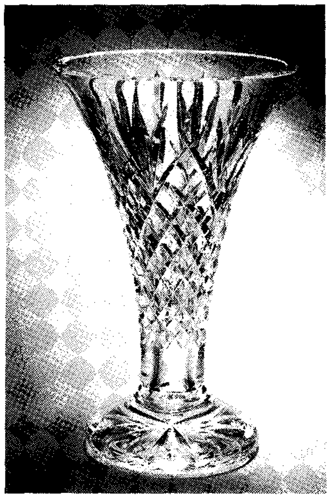
OLYMPIC AIRWAYS

FOR MORE INFORMATION, PLEASE CONTACT THE GREEK NATIONAL TOURIST ORGANIZATION:
NEW YORK OLYMPIC TOWER, 645 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, NY 10022. TELEPHONE (212) 421-5777 **CHICAGO** 168 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, SUITE 600, CHICAGO, IL 60601. TELEPHONE (312) 782-1084 **LOS ANGELES** 611 WEST SIXTH STREET, SUITE 2198, LOS ANGELES, CA 90017. TELEPHONE (213) 626-6696

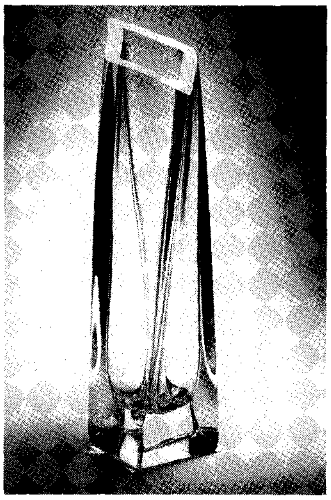
Give Mother The Vase, And We'll Send Orchids

Complimentary Orchid Bouquet—a gift from Calyx & Corolla of San Francisco
with any Baccarat, Lalique, Waterford, Orrefors or Kosta Boda Vase
Purchase of $150 or More.

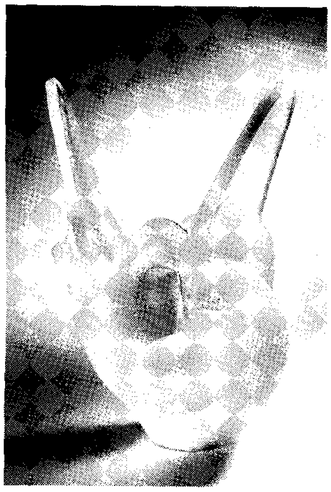
(Crystal on 6, New York. And in all our stores.)



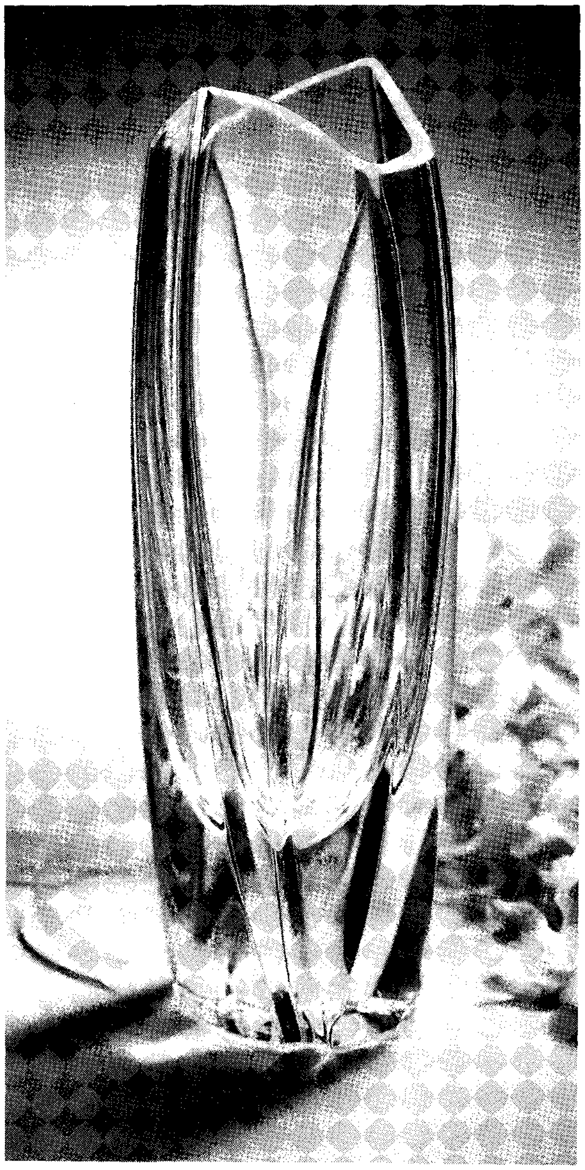
WATERFORD
Introducing the new
Ashbourne 10″ vase,
exclusively ours, 225.00



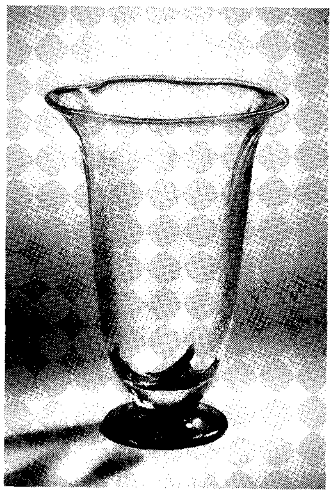
KOSTA BODA
Sails 11¾″ vase,
exclusively ours, designed
by Göran Wärff, 150.00



LALIQUE
Sylvie 9″ vase
designed in 1956 by Marc Lalique,
690.00



BACCARAT
Presenting the new
Giverny 10″ vase, exclusively ours,
designed by Robert Rigot, 265.00



ORREFORS
Denise 9″ vase,
exclusively ours, designed
by Erika Lagerbielke, 150.00

MOTHER'S DAY MAY TWELFTH

bloomingdale's

TO ORDER PHONE TOLL FREE 24 HOURS A DAY, 7 DAYS A WEEK (800) 777-4999 REF. NO. CI422. CALL 355-5900 FOR CUSTOMER SERVICE ONLY.

CALYX & COROLLA

Complimentary Bouquet With Any Baccarat, Lalique, Waterford, Orrefors or Kosta Boda Vase Purchase of $150 Or More

A dendrobium orchid bouquet from Calyx & Corolla (reg. 34.00) will be sent anywhere in the continental U.S. as our gift in time for Mother's Day if your order is placed by May 7th. (Later purchases will receive Calyx & Corolla gift certificates.)

CHILD'S PLAY

During August, while parents relax, children aged 4 to 17 are inundated with wondrous activities from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., all under the careful supervision of trained youth program experts, and divided by age groups. (Children's camp activities are complimentary; however, there is a charge for meals.) For adults: **3 days/2 nights for $244 per person Sunday-Thursday.** The rate includes unlimited golf, complete breakfasts and dinners of your choice at either of our renowned restaurants. Rate is based on double occupancy and additional nights are $122 per person. **Weekend rates available at $288 per person.** Thanksgiving and Christmas Holiday Children's Camps are also offered.

(800) 542-6096;
Outside CA (800) 854-1065

RANCHO BERNARDO INN®

IN WEATHER-PERFECT SAN DIEGO
ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S FINE RESORTS

JC RESORTS: RANCHO BERNARDO INN
SURF & SAND HOTEL • TEMECULA CREEK INN

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

RECEIVED
APR 21 1991

THE NEW YORKER

TABLE OF CONTENTS

APRIL 22, 1991

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 4
THE TALK OF THE TOWN 27
"CARMEN" . . . . . *Rick Rofihe* 32
"MR. COGITO LAMENTS THE PETTINESS OF DREAMS" (POEM) . . . *Zbigniew Herbert* 34
"BACK BAY TO THE BUNDU" . . . . . *Maria Thomas* 36
"THE GRANDSIRE BELLS" (POEM) . . . . . *Linda Bierds* 40
PROFILES (MARCIA DAVENPORT) . . . . . *Barry Paris* 42
"NIGHT PLEASURES" (POEM) . . . . . *Dave Smith* 78
THE THEATRE . . . . . *Edith Oliver* 89
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . . *Andrew Porter* 90
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . . *Terrence Rafferty* 93
LETTER FROM MEDELLÍN . . . . . *Alma Guillermoprieto* 96
BOOKS . . . . . *Brad Leithauser* 110
  BRIEFLY NOTED 115

COVER: *Bob Knox*

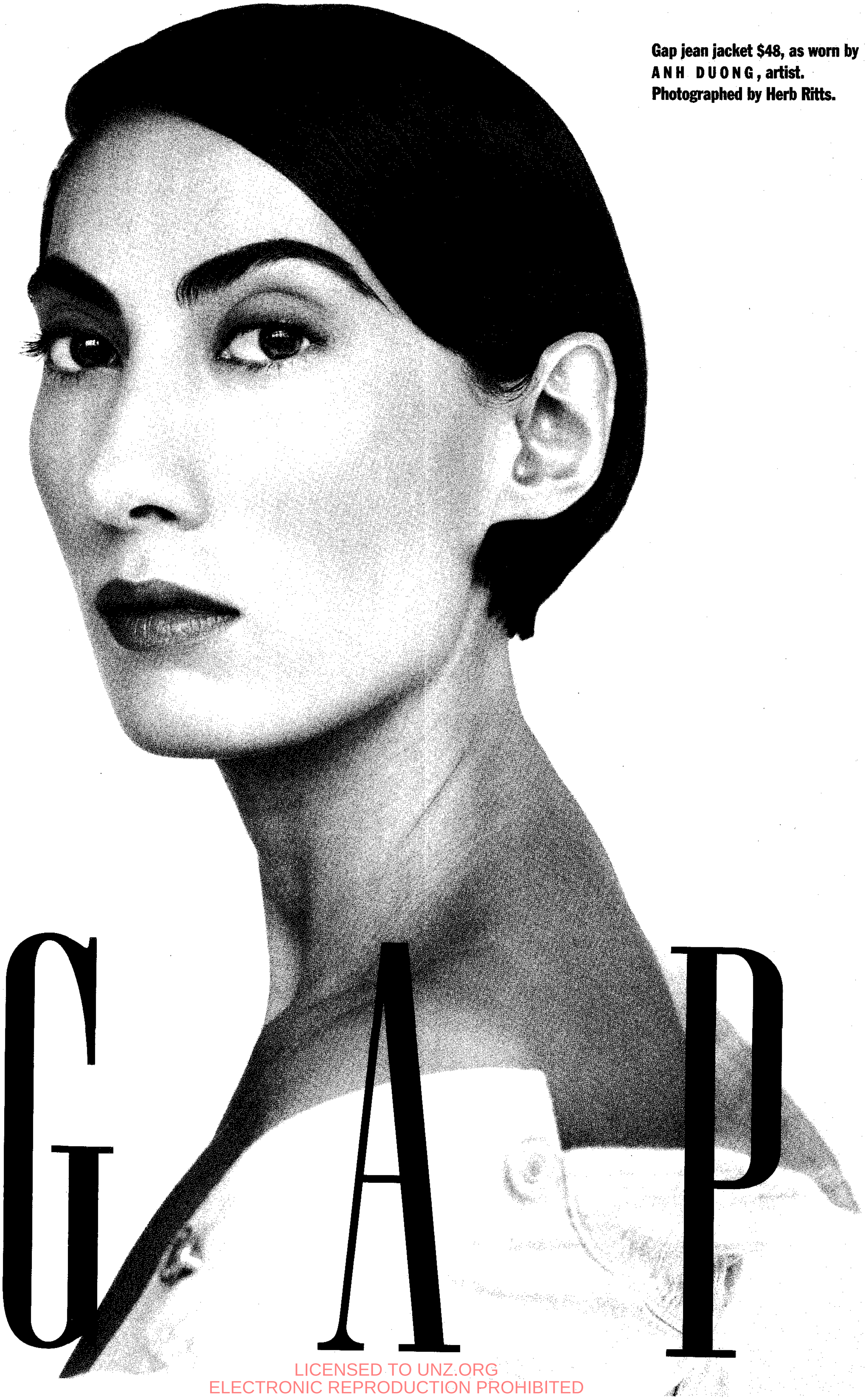
DRAWINGS: *Donald Reilly, Charles Barsotti, Michael Crawford, Bernard Schoenbaum, Robert Weber, Edward Koren, Arnie Levin, Ed Fisher, Richard Cline, William Hamilton, Alicia Czechowski, Benoît van Innis, Leo Cullum, Roz Chast, Danny Shanahan, Glen Baxter, John O'Brien, Gahan Wilson, James Stevenson, Jack Ziegler, Mick Stevens*

THE NEW YORKER
20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1-800 825-2510 (in Colorado 303 447-9330). For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Frank Mustacato, vice-president and circulation director; Virginia L. Jespersen, vice-president and general manager/cfo; Lynn Guthrie Heiler, vice-president and associate publisher; Matthew D. Roberts, vice-president and marketing director; Pamela H. Older, vice-president and director of manufacturing; Martha Kaplan, vice-president. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 1460, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada. M5E 1M2. Carol Orr & Co., Publishers Representative: 3300 Oak Lawn, Suite 500, Dallas, Tx. 75219. Vol. LXVII, No. 9, April 22, 1991. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian goods and services tax registration number R123242885. © 1991 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. The magazine's name, logo, and various titles and headings herein have been registered with the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $56.00. Other foreign, one year, $66.00, payable in advance.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322.



Gap jean jacket $48, as worn by ANH DUONG, artist. Photographed by Herb Ritts.

© THE GAP 1991

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

BACKSTAGE at the newly renovated Palace Theatre, where Rusty, Gigi, Trixie, Coco, B.A., and Zee are performing in "The Will Rogers Follies," a couple of flattened boxes strewn with sawdust have been set up across from the rehearsal piano. There, not far from the Marley floor and barre where the rest of the cast hangs out, the members of Brackney's Madcap Mutts can rest between scenes. The seventh floor, at the top of the theatre, is where the dogs have their real dressing room, which they share with their trainers, Tom and Bonnie Brackney. Outside it someone has fastened what looks like a wire refrigerator shelf across the stairwell, probably to keep the dogs from hurtling through—particularly B.A., who is quite small. B.A. stands for Buenos Aires, which is where B.A. was found, in a flea market. In fact, out of this second generation of Brackney's Madcap Mutts, only one animal can be said to have gone through normal channels to get into show business—Trixie, who actually auditioned. The others were found or purchased at various pounds and flea markets throughout Europe and on the West Coast.

Like Coco, whom they came across in an animal shelter in Stockton, Tom and Bonnie are both from California, where Bonnie's father and two uncles were all animal trainers. Her father worked the West Coast vaudeville circuit with an act called Dwight Moore's Mongrel Revue, and was, we learned, quite famous among people who know about such things. It was he who came up with the notion that performing dogs should generate what he liked to call "organized confusion." Before that, Bonnie explained, dog acts were rigid, formal things with dogs perching on high stools and dodging whips. Mr. Moore thought dogs should act like dogs, even onstage, and made animals getting the better of humans an integral part of the act. Thus, Rusty makes standing on a rope look a bit more difficult for him to do than it actually is, and B.A., when the act is done, makes a scheduled, unscheduled reappearance.

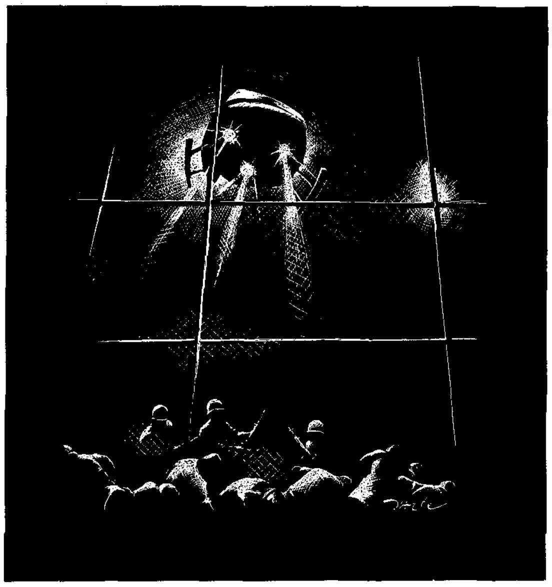
The Brackneys are tired of life on the road. They'd pretty much like to give up touring and do only the odd birthday or church social, but people keep seeing their act and liking it, and one thing leads to another. For the purposes of this show, the act has been cut from seven minutes to four, but that seems to be cool with Tom and Bonnie, whose father, she says, used to tell her, "Leave 'em wanting more."

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24			

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

BLACK EAGLES—A play by Leslie Lee, about the Tuskegee Airmen, the black fighter pilots of the Second World War. Previews through April 20. Opens April 21 at 8. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)



"Miss Saigon"

THE GOOD TIMES ARE KILLING ME—A play by Lynda Barry. Angela Goethals and Chandra Wilson head a fourteen-member cast; Mark Brokaw directed. Previews April 16-17. Opens April 18 at 8. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

GRAND FINALE—The Ubu Repertory Theatre presents a 1987 farce by Copi (a.k.a. Raul Damonte). Translated from the French by Michael Feingold and directed by André Ernotte. Opens April 15 at 8. (15 W. 28th St. 679-7562.)

GYPSY—The Tyne Daly-led revival of the Laurents-Styne-Sondheim musical returns to Broadway. Everything's coming up you-know-what. Previews begin April 18. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

IVY ROWE—Barbara Bates Smith in a one-woman show adapted from Lee Smith's novel "Fair and Tender Ladies." Previews through April 20. Opens April 21 at 7. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 477-5048.)

OH, KAY!—David Merrick's production of the 1926 musical by George and Ira Gershwin, which was seen here last winter, has been recast with new leads. Previews April 16-17. Reopens April 18 at 8. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 246-0102.)

THE OLD BOY—A new play by A. R. Gurney, with Stephen Collins. Directed by John Rubinstein. In previews. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

RED SCARE ON SUNSET—Charles Busch wrote and stars in this comedy about an actress battling Communism in nineteen-fifties Hollywood. Directed by Kenneth Elliott. Previews through April 20. Opens April 21 at 7:30. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

THE RESISTIBLE RISE OF ARTURO UI—John Turturro and David Patrick Kelly in a production of Brecht's 1941 play. Directed by Carey Perloff. Previews begin April 23. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210.)

THE SECRET GARDEN—Mandy Patinkin and Daisy Eagan lead the cast of a new musical based on the Frances Hodgson Burnett classic. Marsha Norman wrote the book and the lyrics, and Lucy Simon provided the score. Susan H. Schulman directed. In previews. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

THE STICK WIFE—A play by Darrah Cloud, set in the sixties, about the wives of three Birmingham Klansmen. With Michael Countryman, Lindsay Crouse, Lanny Flaherty, Murphy Guyer, Margo Martindale, and Julie White. Directed by David Warren. Previews begin April 23. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 West 55th St. 581-7907.)

THREE SISTERS—Melissa Bruder, Mary McCann, and Elizabeth McGovern star in David Mamet's adaptation of the Chekhov play. Directed by W. H. Macy. Previews April 15-16. Opens April 17 at 8, and runs through May 4. (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 645-8755.)

THE WILL ROGERS FOLLIES—A new musical starring Keith Carradine. The book is by Peter Stone, the score by Cy Coleman, and the lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. Directed and choreographed by Tommy Tune. In previews. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.)

NEW THIS SEASON

ADVICE FROM A CATERPILLAR—The brat-pack actress Ally Sheedy is perfectly awful in this rather effortful comedy by Douglas Carter Beane. Mr. Beane is the stage doorman uptown at the Neil Simon Theatre (in case you want to stick your head in). Despite some nifty work by Harley Venton, Dennis Christopher, and David Lansbury—and solid direction from David's father, Edgar—the evening is not a great success. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/15/91.) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

AND THE WORLD GOES 'ROUND: THE SONGS OF KANDER & EBB—A musical revue, with Bob Cuccioli, Karen Mason, Brenda Pressley, Jim Walton, and Karen Ziemba. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 246-0102.)

BUDDY: THE BUDDY HOLLY STORY—Anyone who thinks that rock and roll lives on had better steer clear of this ersatz docu-musical about the life of Buddy Holly. (11/19/90) (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

CANDIDA—Laurie Kennedy has the title role in a revival of Shaw's play. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Closes April 21.)

CARREÑO—A show based on the life of Teresa Carreño, the Venezuelan composer, pianist, conductor, and singer. Written and performed by Pamela Ross and directed by Gene Frankel. Most performances are in English; a few are in Spanish. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

DAUGHERTY & FIELD OFF-BROADWAY—The cabaret team of Bill Daugherty and Robin Field in a revue of swing and show tunes. (Double Image, 15 Vandam St. 924-1120.)

THE FEVER—A one-man play written by, and starring, Wallace Shawn. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes April 21.)

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF—The Israeli actor Topol makes a commanding Tevye—the best of all of them—in this production, which falls somewhere between revival and facsimile. The songs are by Bock and Harnick; the dances and staging are re-created from the Jerome Robbins originals; and the costumes are from the Patricia Zipprodt originals. (12/3/90) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510.)

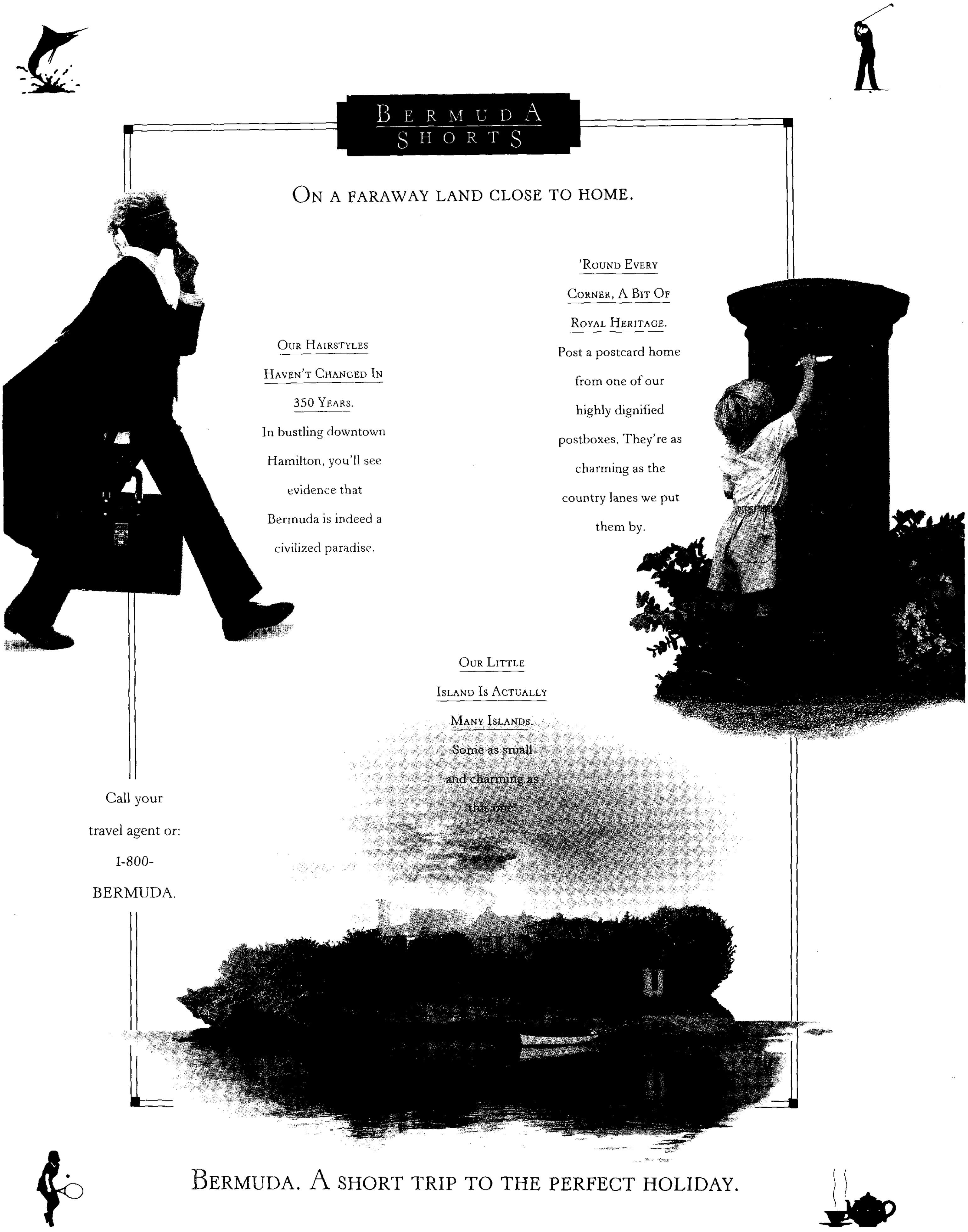
THE HAUNTED HOST—Harvey Fierstein and Jason Workman star in a revival of Robert Patrick's 1964 comedy. Recently seen at La Mama, the show resumes performances on April 19. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226.)

I CAN GET IT FOR YOU WHOLESALE—A revival of the 1962 Jerome Weidman-Harold Rome musical. (Susan Bloch, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797. Closes April 21.)

I HATE HAMLET—Nicol Williamson, Celeste Holm, and Evan Handler in a comedy written by Paul Rudnick and directed by Michael Engler. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022.)

JACKIE MASON: BRAND NEW—The comedian brings his one-man show to Broadway again. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

JEAN COCTEAU REPERTORY—Presenting three plays in rotating repertory: Shakespeare's **JULIUS CAESAR** and a double bill of Georg Büchner's **WOYZECK** and **LEONCE AND LENA**. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)



BERMUDA
SHORTS

ON A FARAWAY LAND CLOSE TO HOME.

OUR HAIRSTYLES HAVEN'T CHANGED IN 350 YEARS.

In bustling downtown Hamilton, you'll see evidence that Bermuda is indeed a civilized paradise.

'ROUND EVERY CORNER, A BIT OF ROYAL HERITAGE.

Post a postcard home from one of our highly dignified postboxes. They're as charming as the country lanes we put them by.

OUR LITTLE ISLAND IS ACTUALLY MANY ISLANDS.

Some as small and charming as this one.

Call your travel agent or: 1-800-BERMUDA.

BERMUDA. A SHORT TRIP TO THE PERFECT HOLIDAY.

THE THEATRE—Cont'd

The Kingfish—A play about Huey Long, by Larry L. King and Ben Z. Grant. With John McConnell in the title role. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

Lost in Yonkers—There's not one glimmer of honesty or authenticity in this family melodrama by Neil Simon. Set in New York during the Second World War, it's about what happens when a cowering, pathetic man has to leave his two adolescent sons with his intimidating mother for the better part of a year. (3/11/91) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)

Lucifer's Child—Julie Harris, actress and impersonator, is impeccable as ever in this one-woman show about Baroness Blixen, who used the pen name Isak Dinesen. The baroness, sad to say, is not very interesting. (4/15/91) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Making History—This revival of a weirdly inept Brian Friel play (you might think it's written by another Brian Friel) is not up to the Irish Repertory Theatre's usual high standard. (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes April 28.)

Mambo Mouth—John Leguizamo's show, in which he portrays seven Hispanic characters. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074.)

Miss Saigon—Jonathan Pryce, Lea Salonga, Hinton Battle, Barry K. Bernal, Liz Callaway, and Willy Falk in the musical by Claude-Michel Schönberg, Alain Boublil, and Richard Maltby, Jr. (Kam Cheng plays Miss Salonga's role in certain performances.) Directed by Nicholas Hytner. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.)

New York Theatre Workshop—Presenting three one-person shows in rotating repertory: **JEFFREY ESSMANN'S ARTIFICIAL REALITY** and a double bill of Dario Fo plays—**EVE'S DIARY** (with Jane Kaczmarek) and **THE STORY OF THE TIGER** (with Rocco Sisto). (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 279-4200. "Artificial Reality" closes May 4, and the two Fo pieces close April 28.)

Once on This Island—A musical by Lynn Ahrens (book and lyrics) and Stephen Flaherty (score), which is based on Rosa Guy's 1985 novel, "My Love, My Love." (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Penn & Teller's Refrigerator Tour—The twain meet again. The new tricks are just as mysterious (and frightening) as the old ones. As for the tricksters, their bogus candor is intact, and they've never been funnier. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.)

Pygmalion—Charles Keating steals the show (as usual), playing Alfred Doolittle—dynamic dustman. The production is a decent one (but no more than that), with Anthony Heald as Professor Higgins, Madeleine Potter as Eliza, Earle Hyman as Pickering, and Anne Pitoniak as Mrs. Higgins. (4/8/91) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Closes April 28.)

Remembrance—A play by Graham Reid, with Aideen O'Kelly, Henry J. Quinn, Ann Dowd, Terry Donnelly, Ellen Tobie, and Mickey Kelly. Terence Lamude directed. (Irish Arts, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

A Room of One's Own—Eileen Atkins is sublime in this stage adaptation of the Virginia Woolf essay. Easily the most civilized entertainment on offer, this one-woman show is something every lively-minded young woman above the age of fifteen—fourteen if she's particularly lively-minded—will want to see. (3/18/91) (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

Sabina and Lucrecia—A play by Alberto Adellach. Three performances a week are in English; four are in Spanish. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293. Closes April 21.)

The Substance of Fire—Ron Rifkin gives an impeccable performance as a publisher—a refugee from Nazi Germany—whose difficulties with his grown children are no greater than those with himself. The play, by Jon Robin Baitz, is not flawless, but it is consistently absorbing and very well acted, under the direction of Daniel Sullivan. With Sarah Jessica Parker, Patrick Breen, Jon Tenney, and Maria Tucci. (4/1/91) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

The Sum of Us—David Stevens' poignant comedy about how hard it is for parents and children to break free of each other (particularly if they get on too well) is set in present-day Australia. Depending on how you look at it, the play is either very dear and rather flawed or rather dear and very flawed, but cast and direction are both excellent. (11/5/90) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

Taking Steps—This very funny farce by the inspired English playwright Alan Ayckbourn is a technical as well as a dramatic triumph. The action, which takes place in a three-story suburban house, is played on a one-level set; the actors mime climbing up and down steps indicated on a path surrounding the set. The plot deals with a marriage that is coming apart, to the surprise and shock of the husband. The performances, unfortunately, do not match the precision of the play (except for those of Christopher Benjamin, as the husband, and Spike McClure, as a young solicitor). But no ineptitude can dim the brilliance of this comedy. (3/4/91) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Closes April 28.)

York Theatre Company—Presenting a revival of **A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM.** Jack Cirillo heads a cast of sixteen that also includes Jason Graae. (2 E. 90th St. 534-5366. Closes April 28.)

LONG RUNS

CATS: Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **CITY OF ANGELS:** Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run turns thirty-one in May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1991:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Stuart Ross's loving tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.) . . . **GRAND HOTEL:** The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show, but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York corporate raider's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **PRELUDE TO A KISS:** Craig Lucas's entertaining romantic comedy slips into fantasy when an old man kisses a bride at her wedding. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.) . . . **SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION:** You're best off knowing nothing about the John Guare play other than that it represents a perfect meeting of the playwright, director Jerry Zaks, and actress Stockard Channing. Out of a true story—one apparently about celebrity and Good Samaritanism—Guare has fashioned a wistful comedy about race, class, money, imagination, collective conscience, individual psyche, and the impulse toward art. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.) . . . **SMOKE ON THE MOUNTAIN:** This loving satire of old-time gospel music, set in 1938, is perfectly delightful. Written by Connie Ray, it recreates a Saturday-night service at a small church in rural North Carolina, where a family of gospel singers have been invited to appear. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

Peter Martins

DANCE

"'The Sleeping Beauty' will of course bring in receipts, fascinate the public and interest it in the sense of the spectacle, but it represents a transition to the *féerie*, and will force true lovers of the choreographic art to sigh, though their number, alas, is everywhere diminishing. For them greater or less magnificence of production is secondary. They seek aesthetic pleasure in ballet."

These words are drawn from an 1890 review of the first public performance of the ballet whose hundredth anniversary was celebrated last winter by true lovers of the choreographic art worldwide. We found this notice (by Konstantin Skalkovsky), and several other articles about the first performances of "Beauty," in an illuminating new book from Oxford called "A Century of Russian Ballet: Documents and Eyewitness Accounts, 1810-1910," edited by the Tchaikovsky scholar Roland John Wiley. In leafing through it, we thought about Peter Martins' production of "Beauty" to be unveiled next week by the New York City Ballet, and also about the way that various productions of this work have changed the lives and careers of so many dancers and balletomanes. Here is a "Beauty" sampler:

"As soon as the orchestra began to play, I became very grave and attentive, eagerly listening, moved for the first time in my life by the call of Beauty. But when the curtain rose, displaying the golden hall of a wonderful palace, I could not withhold a shout of delight. And I remember hiding my face in my hands when the old hag appeared on the stage in her car driven by rats. In the second act a swarm of youths and maidens appeared, and danced a most delightful waltz. 'How would you like to dance thus?' asked my mother with a smile. 'Oh,' I replied, 'I should prefer to dance as the pretty lady does who

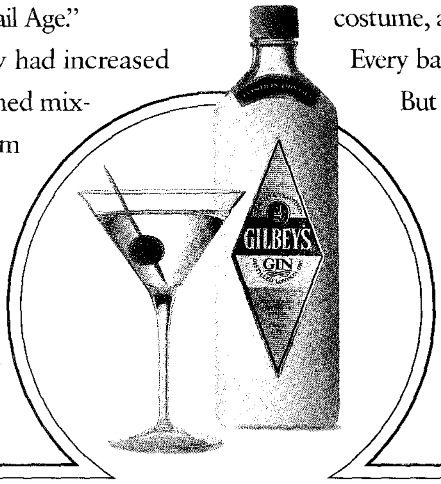
From the Hotsy Totsy Club in Harlem, To the Cocoanut Grove in Hollywood, The Martini was shaking up the nation.

The Twenties may well have been dubbed "The Jazz Age." But by the end of the decade a whole new name had surfaced: "The Cocktail Age."

Oddly, Prohibition not only had increased America's thirst for drink, it turned mixology into a new art form. From Johnny Solon in New York to the legendary Harry Craddock at London's Savoy, the once-lowly bartender was raised to a level of celebrity previously reserved for film stars. Every evening these stars performed, a polished mahogany counter their stage, a crisp white mess jacket their costume, a cocktail shaker their orchestra. Every barkeep had his signature cocktail.

But the Martini reigned supreme. No drink, then or now, was a better test of a quality gin. And today, no cocktail is seeing such a great renaissance. Along with the classic Martini gin: Gilbey's.

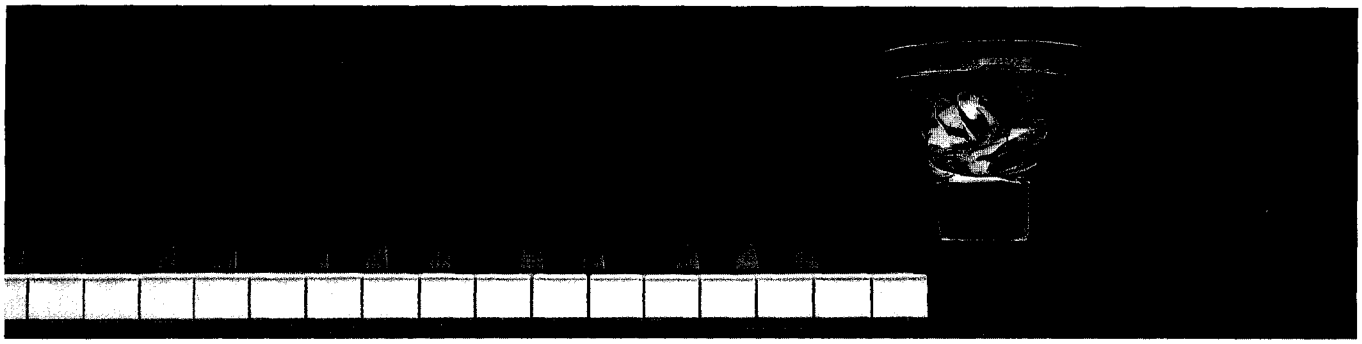
It seems America is heading for another great shake up.



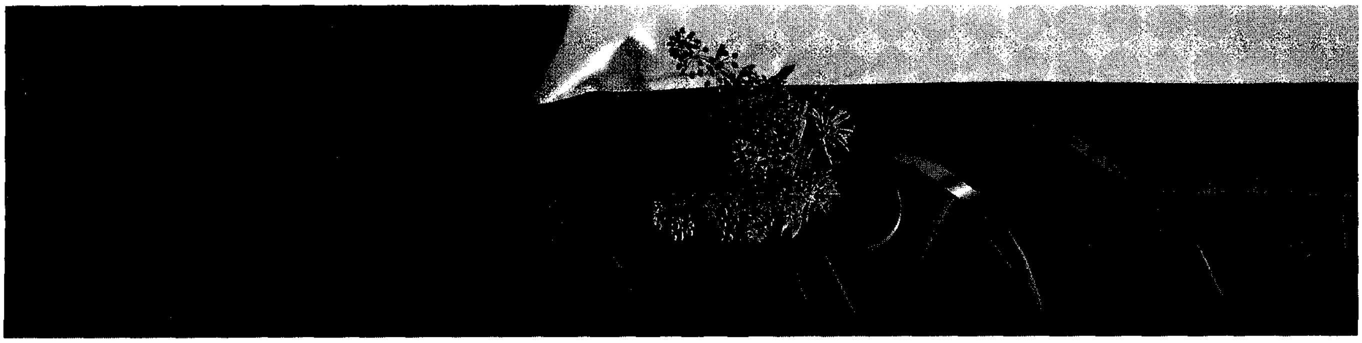
Gilbey's. The Authentic Gin.

GILBEY'S LONDON DRY GIN, 40% ALC./VOL. DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. BOTTLED BY W.A. GILBEY LTD., FRANKFORT, KY. © 1991 JIM BEAM BRANDS CO.

To sustain you, fine Japanese and Western restaurants and 24-hour



room service. To refresh you, soothing lounges or stimulating health



clubs. To renew you, a pillow of down. In short,

Simply everything. Simply.

nikko hotels international

NEW YORK · ATLANTA · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · LOS ANGELES · HONOLULU · MEXICO CITY

1 · 800 · NIKKO-US

New York Essex House *Central Park South* (Reopening Fall 1991) · Hotel Nikko Atlanta *Buckhead* · Hotel Nikko Chicago *Riverfront Park*
Hotel Nikko San Francisco *Union Square West* · Hotel Nikko at Beverly Hills (Fall 1991) · Hotel Nikko México *Chapultepec Park*
Other Nikko Cities: Düsseldorf · London · Paris · Hong Kong · Taipei · Manila · Beijing · Shanghai · Jakarta · Sydney · Osaka · Narita

plays the part of the Princess. One day I shall be the Princess, and dance upon the stage of this very theater.’ ” (Anna Pavlova)

“My delight in ‘The Sleeping Beauty’ generally brought me back to ballet after I had grown cool towards it, and I passed this rekindled passion along to all my friends, gradually making them ‘genuine balletomanes.’ . . . Had I not communicated this enthusiasm to my friends, there would have been no ‘Ballets Russes’ and the balletomania born of its success.” (Alexandre Benois)

“The dress rehearsal was a disaster. The stage machinery did not work; the trees in the enchanted woods did not sprout; the backdrop shifts did not come off; the tulle skirts got tangled in the flats. The première suffered accordingly, and the financial losses that ensued were incalculable. By staging this ballet, I very nearly killed off my theatrical venture abroad.” (Serge Diaghilev)

“I listened to the discussion of Karsavina’s perfection, Trefilova’s pure line, Spessivtzeva’s fragile-seeming strength, Lopokova’s bubbling vivacity. In awe I ventured to ask whoever would dance Princess Aurora this time. ‘Why, *you* will do it!’ said de Valois unhesitatingly.” (Margot Fonteyn)

New York City Ballet—The season opens on April 24, at 8, with the company’s annual spring gala. A preview of Peter Martins’ new production of “The Sleeping Beauty” will be presented. The engagement continues through June 30. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

American Ballet Theatre—A new production of “Coppélia” begins a spring season that will run through June 22. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. April 22 at 8, a benefit performance; April 23 at 8; and April 24 at 2 and 8.)

American Ballroom Theatre—Final performances of the engagement. April 16 at 8 and April 20 at 2 and 8: “It Takes Two,” “Presley Pieces,” and “Tango & Waltz.” . . . ¶ April 17-19 at 8 and April 21 at 2 and 7:30: “Posin’,” “The Rainbow Room,” and “Tango & Waltz.” (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Susan Osberg's Workwith Dancers Company—Presenting “Intricacies” (a solo work) and “Gold” (a piece for four dancers). (Dia Center for the Arts, 155 Mercer St. April 18-19 at 8. Tickets at the door on the nights of the performances.)

Pam Quinn and Michael O'Connor—Presenting “Black Air,” a new work created for six dancers, as well as a new theatre-performance piece. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. April 18-20 at 8 and April 21 at 3.)

Simone Forti—With a company of four dancers in an ongoing dance narrative. (St. Mark’s In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. April 18-21 at 8:30. For reservations, call 529-2318.)

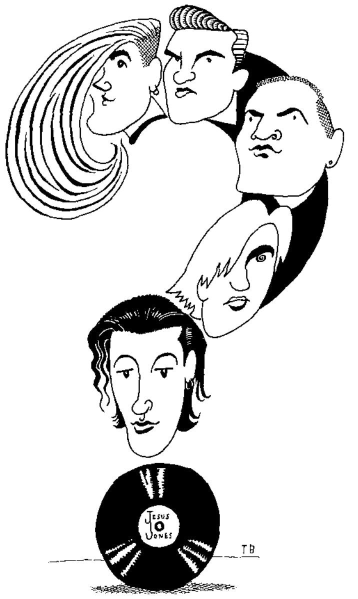
Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane & Co.—“The Gift/No God Logic,” “Forsythia,” and “D-Man in the Waters.” (Colden Center for the Performing Arts, Queens College. 1-718 793-8080. April 20 at 8:30.)

Keith Glassman—With a company of four other dancers in the première of “Contact.” (Merce Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St. April 20-21 at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 255-7968.)

Limón Dance Company—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through May 5. April 23 at 8: “Cleave” (première), “Day on Earth,” and “Retablos” (première). . . . ¶ April 24 at 8: “Ritmo Jondo,” “Hollow Lady” (première), “Volver,” “Chaconne,” and “There Is a Time.” (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

NIGHT LIFE

“IF people like the record they’re going to be knocked out when we play live,” Mike Edwards, of the sly British rock outfit Jesus Jones, told us recently. “I don’t say that out of arrogance. It always happens. The first time we played Japan we had to go around picking people’s jaws up off the floor. The same with Australia. The word everyone uses is ‘energy.’ I think there’s always an element of danger as well. Things do get broken and people do go flying across the stage and then fall over. It is an exciting thing.”



Jesus Jones

The record that Edwards refers to is “Doubt.” Not long ago, it went to the top of the British charts. Here in the States, it sits atop the college radio charts and will likely have broken into the Top Forty by the time you read this. “Doubt” contains a good deal of fierce, dense dance music—electronic grooves in oddly the same spirit as the psychedelic benders that the Beatles started going on in 1966 or so. Still, Edwards is a fine songwriter—the Berlin-and-beyond single “Right Here, Right Now” is as good an example as any—and Jesus Jones’ music doesn’t have the chintzy, puffed-up feel of most electronics-heavy pop.

“We’re all fed up with people like Phil Collins,” said Edwards, who is twenty-six and who sings and plays guitar. “That sort of stuff needs to be replaced. If there are going to be huge mega-bands, they should be bands that have something to say, something to offer.” Edwards’ chief fascination just now is with “sampling,” the process by which an old Rick James riff magically appears in the midst of an M.C. Hammer rap. “You can mix instruments together,” he said. “You can have a piano-harp-guitar-organ if you like. You can take the sound of a match being lit and you can play tunes with it. The only limit is your imagination, and we’re seeing a lot of poor imaginations being represented in the charts. It’s so workmanlike just to steal other people’s records. There’s no joy in that.”

Jesus Jones will be at the Marquee on April 19, playing music from “Doubt,” as well as from their début record, “Liquidizer.” Though the band has just begun a Stateside tour, Edwards was pleased to find that their reputation had preceded them. “I’m getting recognized by people all over the place—even just walking around the streets of New York,” he said, a little giddily. “It looks like our time is coming here.”

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**iris williams**, a Welsh chanteuse whose rendition of “Amazing Grace”—in Welsh, naturally—was a big hit in her native land, is currently at work in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. The show, Ms. Williams’ Gotham début, is devoted to the music of Jerome Kern. Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-fifteen, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—A quirky, endearing Village watering hole, perpetually decorated for the holidays—all of them. The musicians work in the back of the room, in a well ringed by a bar—a setup that seems to bring out the latent show-biz tendencies in some of the bar’s patrons. Tuesdays through Thursdays belong to Al Bundy, Fridays and Saturdays to Mabel Godwin, and Sundays to Lee Lorenz and the Creole Cookin’ Jazz Band. Music from nine-thirty.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A tony cabaret attained by passing through an opulent tapas restaurant, where wicker baskets overflow with fruit and vegetables and a row of Serrano hams hangs over the bar; if you haven’t had dinner, you may never make it to the show. The wonderfully campy singer-pianist-accordionist **phoebe légère** is doing her over-the-top thing here through April 21; British performer **julian clary** starts up on her last day.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—A pleasant, but hardly thrilling, place where patrons are served good jazz and iffy soul food. The club isn’t terribly upscale, but it ain’t a grungy Village joint either. The room boasts some freestanding plants, some yellow lighting, some slick surfaces, and a gallery of awful jazz portraits. Lately, the club has been booking some very fine talent. The **mike wofford** trio is in session April 15-18. The **countsmen**, who’ll be here April 19-20, include **earle warren**, **buddy tate**, and **benny powell**, and pay thoughtful, if somewhat sleepy, tribute to Basie’s memory. Sets are likely to include “On the Sunny Side of the Street,” “Doggin’ Around,” and “Dicky’s Dream.” Music from nine. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A jazz club that would be a perfect stop on a bus tour (there’s even a souvenir shop that sells Kodak). It’s a good idea to make a reservation and show up well in advance. **mc coy tyner**, the ubiquitous Old Master of hard-bop piano, is on the premises April 16-21, with his trio. An outfit led by the precocious trumpeter **roy hargrove**, who has been firmly categorized as a New Traditionalist, shares the bill. The ensembles of saxophonist **phil woods** and drummer **louie bellson** trade sets beginning on April 23. First set at nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Rock bands used to play here, didn’t they? At least *once* in a while? Lately, the Bottom Line has adhered to the do-one-thing-and-do-it-well philosophy—a.k.a. the Kentucky Fried Chicken principle—rather fastidiously, booking almost exclusively country and folk acts. There’s probably nothing wrong with that, except that the club was such a great place to hear rock—big, low-key, convivial—and that music here of late has seemed a bit warmed over. The **bobs** and **andrew ratshin** perform on April 16. **jimmy webb** and **julie gold** share the bill on April 20. Gold has been in the press a lot lately, because her oblique, simpering, New Agey song “From a Distance”—we’ve hated this song from the moment Nanci Griffith recorded it some years back—won Bette Middler a Grammy this year and jump-started Gold’s own career. Shows at eight and eleven. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar in the heart of N.Y.U. country. It's advisable to get all your talking done between sets, because once the first chord is struck the audience here—with a little help from the management—becomes as quiet as a church congregation. A trio consisting of bassist **Larry Gales**, pianist **Larry Willis**, and drummer **Ben Riley** will be here April 15-21; pianist **Kenny Barron** leads a trio as of April 27. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Café Sin-é, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—An unpretentious storefront café devoted to such things as Irish stew and the *Irish Times*. There's no stage per se, but bohemian musicians gather around a piano and work up some nice, wistful sets while bohemian patrons sit writing in journals, rolling cigarettes, or lingering over one of the two varieties of beer sold here: Budweiser and Rolling Rock. Sin-é means "that's it" in Gaelic and is *not* Sinéad O'Connor's nickname. The café is a nice place to while away an hour, and you never know who'll turn up and tune up. Music generally begins at about eight-thirty.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, is currently home to vocalist **Dixie Carter**. Ms. Carter, who stars in CBS's "Designing Women," has nice cheekbones, megawatts of Southern charm, and an abiding yen for the music of John Wallowitch, with whom she studied. She recently released an album of Wallowitch material recorded live in this same room. Sets at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans' Bar, **Ronny Whyte** presides at the piano from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Condon's, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—A snug, candlelit catacomb just east of Union Square. The distinguished **Abbey Lincoln** will be singing here April 16-21. Music after nine.

Continental Divide, 25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924)—Young, loud, and rude. N.Y.U. students like it here, as do punks, weekend punks, and anyone with a taste for rough-and-tumble garage-rock music. There's not a lot to look at—except the band and your fellow-patrons. The schedule, in part: the Funky Knights on April 18; **Dee Dee Ramone** on April 19; and the World Famous Blue Jays on April 20. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at ten, Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

Delta 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—A tin-roofed, hubcap-awninged, soul-food-serving, chicken-shack theme bar. Exhibits include a rusted Orange Crush sign, a Pat Boone record jacket, bottle caps spelling out "Welcome," and other peckerwood flotsam. (If this place weren't a restaurant, it could be a flea market.) The clientele is mainly Northern urban. There's live music most nights, including gospel on Mondays and zydeco on Thursdays. Shows after nine. Chicken-fried steak, deep-fried crawdads (a.k.a. Cajun popcorn), and other exotic Southern fare.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—If submarines had jazz clubs, they might look like this basement haunt, which is reached by passing through a tight corridor where you half expect to bump into Admiral Nimitz. Pianist **Michael Moriarty's** trio—**Ron Carter** on bass, **Terry Clarke** on drums—works out April 16-21. The willowy vocalist **Astrud Gilberto**, who still does a knockout rendition of "The Girl from Ipanema," as well as other Brazilian and Yankee stuff, takes effect on April 23. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **Les Paul**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

Gonzalez y Gonzalez, 625 Broadway, at Houston St. (473-8787)—Loud, brash, and big—de rigueur for the lower-Broadway dining scene. The theme is, of course, Mexican, and you get the whole enchilada—a giant cactus here, a parade-float sombrero there, animal skulls, religious artifacts, and red-chili clusters everywhere. The stage is in the rear, about a city block from the entrance.

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—A Texan hangout where good old boys and Southern sorority girls mix with urban cowboys and those just looking. "Roadhouse" is an accurate description: it's a checked-tablecloth, long-necked-Bud, side-of-beef kind of place. A regular rotation of bands offer weekday shows from five-thirty to eight, with no cover charge. **Mumbo Gumbo** claims the Thursday spot. The quartet, whose members play, at various times, accordion, fiddle, bass, guitar, and mandolin, mixes blues, folk, and country into a nice, uh, gumbo. On April 20, beginning at nine-thirty, the **New Riders of the Purple Sage** and **Commander Cody** will be in evidence. **Toots and the Maytals**, one of reggae's most accomplished outfits, begin a two-night stand on April 24. Music after nine. Dining.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24			

MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

From a distance, it sounds as if a tiny, enchanting parade might be passing by. Instead, it's a sort of cosmic shuttle contrived by Clyde Casey, who calls himself the Avant-Guardian, and who has become something of a fixture in SoHo. In fact, Mr. Casey, a street-theatre performer on and off for a dozen years, now has a regular beat on a strip of Broadway between Houston and Prince Streets, on Saturday and Sunday afternoons. His mobile contraption includes a dizzying conglomeration of "cosmic debris": a globe, a telescope, a propeller, a plastic monkey, an umbrella, and a variety of instruments, such as steel drums, horns, bells, gongs, and echo tubes, activated by Mr. Casey to produce a carnivalesque, foot-tapping sound. In a black-and-silver getup befitting the conductor of such an affair, Mr. Casey chimes in from time to time from his post behind the shuttle with a snatch of lyric ("I'm going to leave the earth tooo-night"). The shuttle was launched in 1990 but is in a continual state of evolution (it has grown from seventy pounds to five hundred). "When people go out into the city, they're looking for something fresh, so I add a new visual or audio sensation every day," Mr. Casey said. He came to New York last year, after founding a cultural-communications center called Another Planet, in Los Angeles. "I just flipped over New York. The pedestrian traffic was wonderful. I performed here for just a week and had this relationship with New York. It was, like, where have we been all our lives?"

Manny's Car Wash, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—A recent addition to the little-heralded Upper East Side club scene. Don't go expecting to be sprayed with soapy water and massaged by large brushes: the fluorescent sign outside is the only car-wash reference. Inside, the place looks like an adman's idea of a blues bar. Guitarist **Bobby Radcliffe** holds forth on April 18, and the **Chris Carter Big Blues Band** performs April 19-20. Music from nine-fifteen.

Marquee, 547 W. 21st St. (929-3257)—A newish, black-on-black rock club that still has some kinks to work out. The club has some of the most prescient alternative-rock bookings in New York—bands play here when it's still cool to like them. But, on the downside, the Marquee is a sweatbox; and lasting out a set here can be a test of endurance for anybody not willing to die, or at least sweat an awful lot, for rock and roll. The patrons are twentyish and pretty well behaved. There's not always enough elbowroom for such things as stage-diving, but somebody usually does it anyway. **Naked City** performs on April 18; **Jesus Jones** comes in on April 19.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (1-201 798-4064)—**Firehose**, who can be heard on the soundtrack for the forthcoming movie "A Matter of Degrees," performs on April 19. **Throwing Muses**, who wrote the title track, can be found here on April 21. The Muses' career seems sadly dead in the water, but the band regularly releases smart, inventive albums—"The Real Ramona" came out a few weeks back—and they almost always put on a riveting, hypnotic live show. Also at Maxwell's this week: **Chris Stamey** and **Peter Holsapple** perform on April 20. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A midtown restaurant and jazz lair for the tasselled-loafers set. The dark, sombre bar (carved-wood lions, iron grillwork) looks like a place you'd find in London's financial district; the dining room—putting-green carpet, lime-green leather banquettes—has more of a country-club feel. A twentieth-anniversary tribute to Sondheim's "Follies" is currently in progress, featuring **Jo Sullivan**, **David Cryer**, **Emily Loesser**, and others. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Closed Sundays.

Ritz, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—**Todd Rundgren** will be here April 20-21, at nine. Shows normally begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

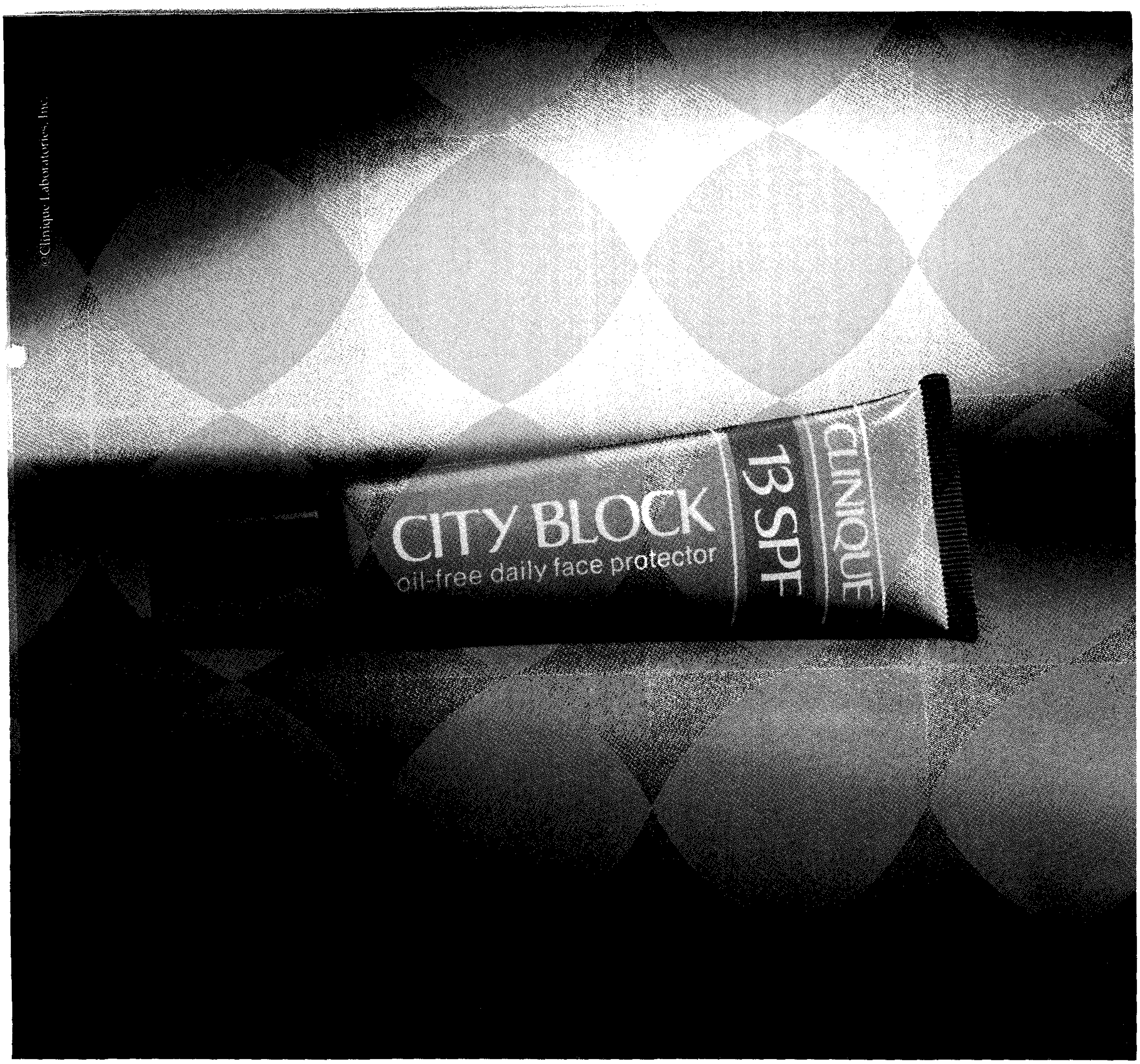
Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A big, cheerful room, painted a light tropical blue, where you can pick 'em up and set 'em down to sounds from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere. Ample seating for the contemplative. The New Orleans jazz-blues outfit known as the **Dirty Dozen Brass Band**, who started out, in 1977, as a kazoo band, takes charge on April 17. Closed Sundays. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. A trio consisting of **Yosuke Yamashita**, **Cecil Mc Bee**, and **Pheeroan Aklaff** begins work on April 23. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter Miles Evans is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

Sweetwaters, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—Pink carnations on the tables, shrimp creole on the menu, and a sunken dance floor with a "Saturday Night Fever" ball. The stage, dominated by a white grand piano, is usually given over to soul and R. & B. acts. April 19-20 belongs to the Memphis blues singer **Bobby (Blue) Bland**. The vocalist **Johnny Ray**, who became known in the fifties for such crocodile-tears numbers as "Cry" and "The Little White Cloud That Cried," once told a reporter, "Acting is what I started out to do. Then I made records, none of which I can stand." He'll be here with his orchestra on April 21.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The late Max Gordon, who opened this holiest of jazz shrines in 1935, once described the club's early patrons as a mix of "poets, W.P.A. writers, hustlers, broads on the make, and moochers." **Ray Anderson**, a young, avant-garde-leaning trombonist, leads a quartet April 16-21. The **Mingus Dynasty Band** commences on April 23. A big band formerly led by the late Mel Lewis holds sway on Mondays. Music after nine-thirty.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Two floors of no-nuke veggie entertainment and consciousness-raising. Listen to bands play in the Summer of Love-muralled back room; buy a tie-dyed T-shirt at the Volkswagen-bus curio shop; catch up on current events at the bulletin board and community calendar. Or,



©Clinique Laboratories, Inc.

Security System.

Even in the city, most days allow a little sun on your face. When you're walking to lunch, picking up the car.

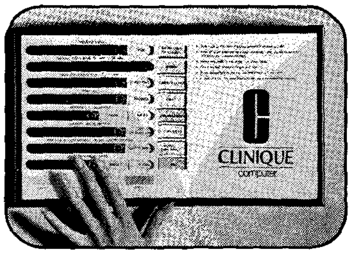
These constant little sunnings can age skin. Cause skin-support breakdowns. Premature wrinkles. And worse.

That's where Clinique's City Block SPF 13 comes in. For daylight-saving. To wear every day. It deflects doses of burning UVB and aging UVA rays that add up over time. Supplies the walking-around protection you need.

City Block is oil-free and invisible on. Contains no chemical sunscreens. Plays safe with sensitive skins and all skin types. Treats eye-areas gently. The sheer, matte finish helps secure makeup and keep its colour true.

Discover City Block and a fast, free skin analysis with the Clinique Computer, at any Clinique counter.

City Block is an extra step. Clinique predicts Clinique users will take it, gladly—for their own security.



CLINIQUE

Allergy Tested
100% Fragrance Free

if you'd rather just be mellow, crash out in the basement hippie love pad.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—One of those snazzy, awninged eateries you've seen nestled amid brownstones in the Village and always wondered about. Pianist **JAMES WILLIAMS** and bassist **BOB CRANSHAW** are at work through April 20; **BENNY GREEN** and **PETER WASHINGTON** start up on April 22. Music from eight. Closed Sundays.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

Frankie Knuckles is an old-fashioned d.j., not because he's been spinning records for twenty years but because he comes from "the old school, where the songs you played weren't necessarily designed for the dance floor. If a song was great—with a fabulous voice or beautiful production or something to say—that's what put it over. I think people are hungry for this again." Proving him right is the fact that the Sound Factory, which was already the best dance space in town, is vibrating with renewed energy now that Knuckles is playing there every other Saturday. After travelling around the world for two years, Knuckles (his real name) is at the Factory because Phil Smith, one of the club's owners, offered to let him "play the music that I'm about. If you go back to the time of the places that, in the seventies, started this all—the Loft, the Gallery, and Reade Street, for example—what made your Saturday night was that each week when you left one of these places there was one song you couldn't get out of your head, and you'd go back wanting to hear it again. And you would, plus you'd get a new one. There was nothing technical about it. These d.j.s sat in the dark with two turntables and a flashlight between their legs. There's nothing memorable about leaving a club with beats pounding in your head."

Knuckles' favorite period of music was from 1970 to 1980. "You can dump on disco all you like, but that music made people feel good, and it could be fierce." His least favorite times were from 1980 to 1985 ("Punk did nothing for me at all. It was garbage"), and the period when New Yorkers thought it chic to get down at Nell's and M.K. ("It really burns me when places like Nell's keep out urban kids until the club's trendiness is history and they have to make a dollar").

He's happy the music he likes is coming back. "A lot of people at record companies now were once d.j.s or worked at stores like Vinyl Mania and Downtown. They're looking for what they can dance to, for what makes them crazy. I like rap, it's a credible art form, but it won't make me scream, and if I don't scream, those kids on the floor won't scream." Knuckles is hoping that with his first album, a Quincy Jones-like creative effort for Virgin Records, they will. "It's everything I've learned in that booth. When I first started, I was told the average career of a d.j. was three to five years. I remember talking to Larry Levan"—a legendary d.j.—"saying, 'This is not the real world. I don't want to wake up one day and be thirty-five and still playing records.' I'm thirty-six."

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY

The British performer Julian Clary does a Jean-Seberg-as-Joan-of-Arc thing with his hair and has a marked preference for studded dog collars and cutout vinyl bodysuits. His face is ravishing. He used to perform in clubs with his dog Fanny, and the pair was billed as the Joan Collins Fan Club, until Collins' lawyers threatened a suit—which seems not only churlish but self-defeating, since she'd be lucky to look as good as Clary does. These days, Clary toys with contestants on "Sticky Moments," a popular game show that airs on Britain's Channel Four and that liberally accommodates the entertainer's lightning comedy. Beginning April 21, he makes his American début at the Ballroom, in an evening of music-hall cheer, "Carry On" satire, and Python libido, all of which coalesce with winning originality.

Clary's style of camp, like that of the theatre troupe Bloolips, is born not of self-pity but of an unflappable dignity that shields both showman and targets from humiliation. Quietly melodious when speaking (curiously, Clary talks his songs), he can lubricate questions seemingly as innocuous as "What do you do with yourself?" Recently, at London's Aldwych Theatre, he asked a man in the audience, "What's your name?" and when the fellow answered "Neil," Clary cracked, "That won't be necessary."

In "Leader of the Pack," traditionally sung by a teen-age girl, Clary's accompanist inquires, "Is he picking you up after school?" and Clary returns, "No, I don't go to school anymore, Russell. I'm twenty-eight." The leader's passing is painstakingly dissected: "He *was* the leader, but now he's gone. I don't know how else to put it to you. Sorry to be brutal. He was killed in that terrible accident with the lorry. There was *no* way he could have survived. The lorry was huge. I did manage to salvage a bit from a mud guard. Made an earring." Never apologetic, Clary turns whatever he says, no matter how silly, into subversion.

Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus—The hundred-and-twenty-first version of "The Greatest Show on Earth." (Madison Square Garden. Through April 28. For information about show times and tickets, call 465-6000.)

Cirque du Soleil—Aerialists, clowns, jugglers, and contortionists *avec une différence*. (Battery Park City. Through May 5. For information about show times and tickets, call 509-5550. The April 18 performance is a benefit for the Children's Defense Fund; for tickets, call 349-4266.)

Diamanda Galas—Presenting excerpts from "Plague Mass." (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. April 17, April 19, April 21, and April 23, all at 8:30.)

Phill Niblock, Daniel Goode, and Dave Gearey—Presenting their film-music works. (Dia Center for the Arts, 155 Mercer St. April 20 at 9. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

P. S. 122—April 18-21 at 9:30: Richard Elovich in "Someone Else from Queens Is Queer"; directed by Itamar Kubovy. Through April 28. . . . ¶ April 19-21 at 8: John Jasperse presents "Eyes Half-Closed," an evening of his new dance works, with music by Chris Cochrane. . . . ¶ April 19-20 at 11: Jennifer Monson's new dance works, with music by Zeena Parkins. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

ART

Ross Bleckner's new paintings look beautiful in the way they have often looked beautiful before, only more so. They are macabre, gaseous, insomniac things. Bleckner's current exhibition (at Boone, 417 West Broadway; through April 27) suggests, however, a period of self-assessment and perhaps of closure for the artist. Pretty nearly all of his most familiar pictorial symbols come into play in these complex new works, either directly or by implication, including chandeliers and trophies, mysterious spotlights, directional arrows, and Tachiste stains like molecules. Most of the pictures also have an air of faded splendor, as if they had been inspired by blurry black-and-white archival pictures of grand old hotel ballrooms and the like. All convey an extravagantly doleful, nocturnal mood—the mood of romance fiction, of a Harlequin Hamlet.

What's new is their sweep. Symbolic devices, formerly static elements in Bleckner's paintings, are now subsumed by waltzing movements of painted light that fall somewhere between the cosmic-sublime and Liberace. Subtly shaded silvery strokes now seem to be agents of energy in the work, rather than of a certain starlit indolence. Bleckner also seems to be flirting with depth—the illusionistic kind. One painting in this show, for instance, looks as if it had been modelled after one of Anselm Kiefer's great architectural paintings of cavernous Third Reich interiors.

"Examined Life" is a recurring title in this show. Although the allusion is in part to AIDS (most of Bleckner's work since the mid-eighties has in one way or another been dedicated to vanquished friends and others who have died from the disease), it almost certainly points to the artist's own psychic state as well. Bleckner is probably unrivalled today as a master of the *vanitas*. For every Yorrick there must be a prince, if you get our drift.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A hundred and twenty-five paintings, drawings, and etchings by Eugène Delacroix (1798-1863). Also on view is a previously unpublished sketchbook of Delacroix's 1828 trip to Touraine. Through June 16. . . . ¶ "The Fauve Landscape" brings together nearly a hundred and twenty-five paintings made between 1904 and 1908 by Derain, Matisse, Braque, and their circle of friends. Through May 5. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Art of the Forties" is a cacophonous, exceptionally interesting show (including around three hundred works in many mediums, all from the museum's collection), chock full of messy meanings and emotions and wild contrasts. There is Matisse's exultant "Jazz," but also the little-known Alton Pickens' perfectly ghoulish "Carnival." There is Pinin Farina's gleaming red sports car, the "Cistalia 202 GT," but also David Siqueiros' rough and mud-caked red "Hands." In short, the exhibition offers the viewer an intense and bifurcated picture of a decade that was itself schizophrenically fragmented. Through April 30. . . . ¶ An unprecedented survey of paintings and drawings by the Russian avant-gardist Liubov Popova (1889-1924). Popova was clearly more of a sensualist, as well as a worldlier citizen, than her colleague Kasimir Malevich. Her "Painterly Architectonics" (1916-18), for instance, which are among her best works, convey more visual charm but much less spiritual heat than Malevich's Suprematist icons. Through April 23. . . . ¶ For the museum's "Projects" series, the artist Michael Craig-Martin has created a mural-size three-part wall drawing using architectural drafting tape. Through April 23. . . . ¶ "Ben Franklin Dreams the New World," a video installation by Peter Rose. Through May 12. . . . ¶ "British Photography from the Thatcher Years" includes seventy-five photographs by Martin Parr, John Davies, Paul Graham, Chris Killip, and Graham Smith. Through April 28. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until autumn.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Biennial: work by artists whose stars began to rise in the fifties and sixties is on the second floor; late-eighties and nineties artists are on the fourth floor. Artists who emerged in the seventies and eighties will be on the third floor, starting April 19. The "AIDS Timeline," by Group Material, is in the lobby. Through June 16. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Leon Golub's first three-dimensional installation, titled "WorldWide," employs photographic details from his wall-size canvases, reproduced onto transparent sheets of plastic. Through June 16. . . . ¶ "Albert Bierstadt." Appropriately subtitled "Art & Enterprise," this show—the first major Bierstadt exhibition in twenty years—is good old vulgar entertainment. This German-born, more or less self-taught late-Hudson River School artist (1830-1902) was an inspired stuntman-painter who relied on a grab bag of compositional and technical tricks to convey his visions of Manifest Destiny. Most often, this means anecdotal scenes and incidental details (dot-and-daub work) in the foreground, with broad and woozy strokes for mountains above and beyond. Through May 5. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse—"The Nearest Edge of the World," an exhibition of works in several mediums by nine contemporary artists from Cuba. (Open weekdays, except Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 11 to 4:30.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—Forty-one examples of ancient Chinese bronze vessels, weapons, and personal ornaments ranging from the Erlitou era (nineteenth century B.C.) to the Han dynasty (third century A.D.). Starts April 20. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The museum's collection—begun in 1896 by the three Hewitt sisters, Amy, Eleanor, and Sarah—is ably represented by "A Design Resource," a show of seven hundred objects. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Ninety sketches, studies, and more elaborate preparatory drawings by the master baroque portraitist Anthony Van Dyck (1599-1641). Through April 21. . . . ¶ A smaller selection of forty drawings by seventeenth-century Flemish artists such as Rubens, Jacob Jordaens, and David Vinckboons. Through April 21. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The Academy's hundred-and-sixty-sixth "Annual Exhibition" includes more than a hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, drawings, and watercolors. Through May 12. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A retrospective of works by Romare Bearden, which includes a hundred and forty-one oils, collages, and watercolors. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Elie Nadelman

Hannelore Baron (1926-87)—Exquisite, miniaturized collages and boxed assemblages from the nineteen-eighties. Kurt Schwitters and Joseph Cornell were Baron's most obvious models, but this extremely refined, introverted, and largely self-taught artist was also influenced by Egyptian art, ancient textiles, and religious texts. Through April 20. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Michael David—A number of motifs that David has worked with over the past few years come together in these strong, waxen paintings. Each contains a kind of metaphysical window in which various cosmic events occur: the partial eclipse of an egg by a cherry- or grape-colored circle, for example. Through April 27. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

David Salle—This is sort of his Old Master show. Salle's palette, always febrile, is now full of Greuze greiges, sickly High Mannerist yellows, and poignantly hollow slate blues. The background of each of these large paintings is a lightly traced, brushed-up reproduction of some connoisseurish Old World thing. Over these scenes and pastorals Salle imposes his skittish and voluble imagery. The photo-silk-screened inset is an effectively disruptive new device. For instance, in "Hamlet Mind," the masterwork of the show, a photographic inset of a shrouded shape—a woman in purdah, perhaps—seems an icon of perversity in relation to its more commonly fetishistic counterpart, a painted image of two women in Pierrot costumes, looking scared, as if faced with a disapproving master. There are all kinds of strange bondage metaphors in the kinky middle distance of these paintings, where literal-minded feminists had best not prowl. Once again, Salle-ome performs his old dance of the veils—that *nouvelle-vague* ballet of mid-thought weirdness, where love slaves beckon and subjects are sometimes loath to reveal their sources, their forms, and, on occasion, their names as well. Through May 4. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Anthony Van Dyck

David Storey—There are all sorts of playful conceits in these entertaining, high-style, fortiesish abstractions that deal with flattened pictorial space. The 2-D/3-D game tends to slip away in the few works with solid expanses of flat color, but the more congested ones, particularly two that are oddly shaped, could keep the mind's eye busy for hours. Through April 27. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Open Mondays.)

Short List—**varujan boghosian,** Bernard, 33 E. 74th St. (through May 26); **james lee byars,** Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (through May 18); **ralston crawford,** Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (through April 20); **nathan oliveira,** Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (open Mondays, through May 8); **marina stern,** Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (through May 11).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Nell Blaine—Post-Impressionist still-lifes of the finest color-bursting bouquets around. Through April 20. (Fishbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Ivan Chermayeff—Extremely competent and cheery collages by the noted designer. All of them depict visages—people's, dogs', and cats'—and most attest to the artist's intercontinental life, displaying hotel labels gathered from trips abroad and envelopes sent to his various homes from such foreign lands as Japan and Poland. Through May 4. (Ulysses, 41 E. 57th St.)

John De Andrea—A show of creepy, sexploitative sculptures. De Andrea has done a thorough job of studying human skin, and his hyperrealistic renderings of nude women in manipulated positions are painted with a clinical precision that can quite easily, pardon the pun, make your skin crawl. The poses are familiar and were inspired by such diverse sources as Michelangelo's "Dying Slave" and the well-known photograph of a witness to and a victim of the Kent State shootings. The last two figures are depicted in the nude, in particularly off-putting shades of corpse gray. Through April 20. (ACA, 41 E. 57th St.)

Win Knowlton—A strong show of new sculptures. Small works made of bits of wire or rubber tubing embedded in glass sit on window ledges and on the outer edges of a vast, gutted floor that's awaiting renovation as part of Blum Helman's expansion. Larger sculptures, made of concrete and metal, are in the center. The works have a process aesthetic similar to that prevalent around 1970, and a number of them seem to be homages to Richard Serra and Eva Hesse. There are also hints of Isamu Noguchi. Historically minded ironies abound, but it's not clear how much of the irony is intentional. Through April 20. (20 W. 57th St.)

Joan Mitchell—The artist's recent abstract paintings, here in a vegetable-garden palette, continue to exhibit great vigor and assurance, but they seem to have little to say right now. Compositional variations, such as the use of panels and clustered configurations, are like scales and chord progressions—just exercises. Through April 20. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Short List—**lennart anderson,** Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (through April 27); **lynn chadwick,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through April 27); **sue coe,** Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (through May 4); **leo copers,** Tilton, 24 W. 57th St. (through May 4); **marcel duchamp** and **gonzalo fonseca,** Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through April 30); **helen frankenthaler,** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (through May 11); **sidney goodman,** Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. (through May 11); **david humphrey,** McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through April 27); **sheila isham,** Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St. (through May 4); **piet mondrian,** Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through April 27); **juan muñoz,** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through April 27); **kenzo okada,** Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (through May 4).

“Maybe if someone else cared i I finish school, I would too.”

“There’s this poster in my homeroom; it says ‘Be cool, stay in school.’ Yeah right.

“If you’re cool, you don’t sit in class all day.

“Maybe school works for some people—they get a job, they wear a suit—but I don’t see too many people like that where I live, and they sure don’t see me.

“They just put up their slogans and hope I buy it. But I don’t.

“I need more to look up to than a poster.”

Here are two reasons why kids stay in school: because they think *it’s* worth it, and because they think *they’re* worth it.

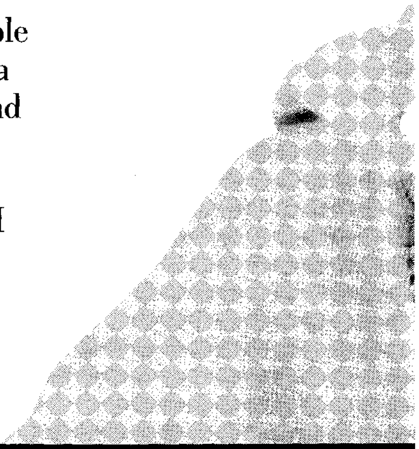
Unfortunately a lot of very promising students aren’t convinced of either, and all the preaching in the world won’t change their minds. They need personal attention, and that’s why hundreds of IBMers get directly involved, serving as mentors for students at risk.

With help from teachers and school administrators, our people form close bonds with individual students, meeting at least once a week to help with homework, to serve as role models, to advise and to listen. The success of these efforts has been very encouraging, producing results a lot more quickly than you might expect.

Mentoring is just one of the ways that more than 20,000 IBM people volunteer their time to the cause of education.

To learn more about what we’re doing, write to us at IBM, P.O. Box 3974, Dept. 871, Peoria, IL 61614.

IBM®



© 1991 IBM Corporation

GALLERIES—SoHo

John M. Armleder—This Swiss artist attracted a lot of attention in the mid-eighties for his furniture/painting combines, whose wry examination of the decorative was rooted in conceptual Dadaism and performance art. His aesthetic, however, is not aging well, as this display of new works attests. The most intriguing are two boards—one plywood, one peg—with little bulbs stuck in them that flash randomly with a nervous disco flutter, and a cluster of three garish crystal chandeliers lying on the floor. But even these well-dressed works bare little. Through May 18. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

Domenico Bianchi— The tour de force in this exhibition is an exquisite five-panel oil painting depicting a kind of warm light. Four of the panels are yellow, one is red; the first panel, in which one wisp of light embraces another, is certain to win over all romantics. Through April 27. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

James Biederman / Susan Leopold—In what is something of a breakthrough exhibition for him, Biederman has taken nonobjective painting and animated it with masterly streaks of rich, sensuous paint. / Tiny interiors that are viewed through the wrong end of convex lenses, which distort the images so that three-dimensional forms sometimes read as 3-D photographs or holograms. Through April 20. (Weber, 142 Greene St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Francesco Clemente—Five self-portraits, on paper, by the master of the genre. The works date from the late seventies, and each consists of a spare, inky image on a large field. Usually the self is seen in part, along with another figure—one assumes it to be another self—also seen in part. In one work, for example, Clemente reaches out for a pair of hands; in another, his upper body shares a womblike tondo space with a headless naked torso—his ethereal counterpart. Clemente's self-portraits are captivating because he seems to expose himself while at the same time never giving away much of anything. In the largest painting in the show, the artist kneels with one arm outstretched, a look of disengaged fascination on his face, while his clothes, rendered as a separate figure, fall away. The work is at once calming and unsettling, a portrayal of the artist's alienation from himself. Through April 26. (Rubenstein, 130 Prince St.)

Robert Grosvenor—Two huge sculptures, architectural in form and nearly so in size. One is a concrete-block "warehouse" with a low, corrugated-metal roof; the other is a Plexiglas canopied pavilion, housing a minimalist sculpture. Both exhibit strong figurative references and an almost incidental relationship to their material. Through May 4. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Karen Kilimnik—The artist's first solo exhibition is a very strong one. The show consists of five installation works, composed and combined in such a seemingly anarchic way that the gallery looks like a girl's bedroom after a visit from demonic intruders. The subject matter is bloody and tragic—a schoolyard massacre, the killing of the czar Nicholas II and his family—and the artist has the most fascinatingly bizarre way of creating images: big plastic eggs partially decorated, as if by a hyperactive eight-year-old, to resemble Fabergé; or blood in the form of a few shavings of dried-up red acrylic paint. There are makeshift disco balls, a mechanical dog who keeps bumping into things, a tape loop of the Boomtown Rats' "I Don't Like Mondays," trails of glitter, and other perverse twists on wholesome representations. While the work of some other practitioners of the currently popular scatter aesthetic has an underlayer of savvy colored by a sense of resentment—the spirit of Dada crossed with that of punk—Kilimnik's installations have the authenticity of outsider art. They deliver a disturbing visual bite with an endearingly fragile, fanzine naïveté. Through April 27. (303 Gallery, 89 Greene St.)

Guillermo Kuitca—If you've ever found yourself transfixed by a map, allowing your imagination to roam down roads you never intend to travel, then these essentially abstract paintings in the form of maps are certain to give your mind a workout. There is a great variety of texture and character to the works, whose subjects range from a section of Lausanne, marked as if for bombing, to a Purgatory-like region of Mexico, with high-contrast crinkly mountains and an endless number of towns named San Juan de la Cruz. Through May 2. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

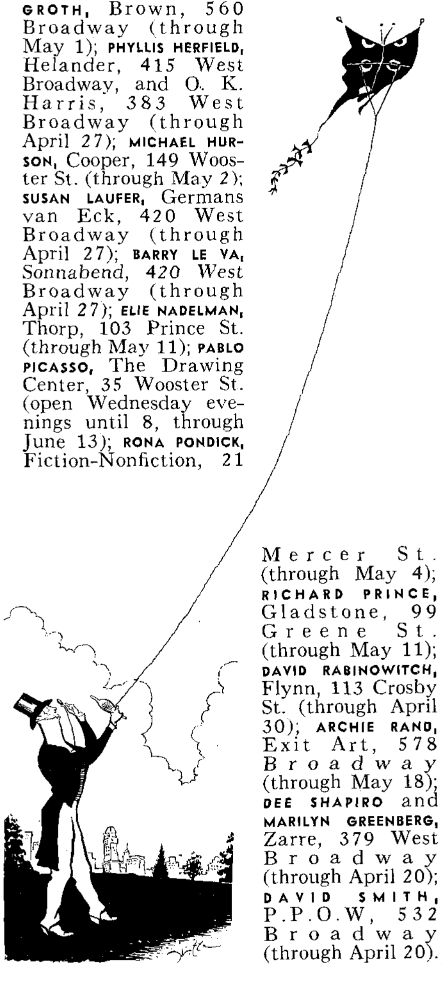
Lynn McCarty—Small, heavily worked paintings on Masonite. They have an almost incidental simplicity, and appear to illustrate unobservable physical phenomena, like magnetic fields and sound waves. Through April 27. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Judith Shea—Although Shea switched her main material from fabric to bronze several years ago, her figurative sculptures are still governed by a sense of the body as a hollow skin, an often thin veneer for the absentee self. These pseudo-classical bronze statues are overly contrived, but they also show a visceral intelligence and a guarded appreciation for fragility. One "damaged" sculpture depicts a female, nude from the waist up, who holds a white dress. Theoretically, the dress could clothe her, but it is still attached to the end of a bolt of fabric, which lies partially unravelled at the sculpture's base. The piece might sound almost corny, but it's a captivating study of dependence, representation, and presence in absence. Through April 27. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Ray Smith—The painter's first show of sculptures. Smith has combined various found elements (crutches, a tattered Chinese signpost) with fabricated ones to create playful and articulate totemic sculptures that recall late Picasso, Gonzalez, and Bourgeois. They also reveal a solid appreciation of primitive sculpture from Africa, Oceania, and perhaps even the Americas, while at the same time sharing a number of characteristics with the sculptures of fellow-painters Schnabel and Condo. Through April 27. (Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St.)

H. C. Westermann (1922-81)—Drawings and prints by the father of American regionalist surreal funky figuration. Although this is not the best selection one could gather, don't worry: there's no such thing as a pedestrian Westermann. Through May 11. (Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway.)

Short List—**STANLEY BOXER,** Dorsky, 578 Broadway (through May 11); **SOPHIE CALLE,** Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. (through April 20); **LOUISA CHASE,** Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (through April 27); **GENE DAVIS,** Cowles, 420 West Broadway (through April 20); **JAN GROTH,** Brown, 560 Broadway (through May 1); **PHYLLIS HERFIELD,** Helander, 415 West Broadway, and O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway (through April 27); **MICHAEL HURSON,** Cooper, 149 Wooster St. (through May 2); **SUSAN LAUFER,** Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway (through April 27); **BARRY LE VA,** Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (through April 27); **ELIE NADELMAN,** Thorp, 103 Prince St. (through May 11); **PABLO PICASSO,** The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. (open Wednesday evenings until 8, through June 13); **RONA PONDICK,** Fiction-Nonfiction, 21 Mercer St. (through May 4); **RICHARD PRINCE,** Gladstone, 99 Greene St. (through May 11); **DAVID RABINOWITCH,** Flynn, 113 Crosby St. (through April 30); **ARCHIE RAND,** Exit Art, 578 Broadway (through May 18); **DEE SHAPIRO** and **MARILYN GREENBERG,** Zarre, 379 West Broadway (through April 20); **DAVID SMITH,** P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway (through April 20).



PHOTOGRAPHY

Eikoh Hosoe's exhibition at Photofind provides strong evidence of the photographer's graphic sophistication. Hosoe, who lives in Tokyo, is not generally known here, but he has been an influential photographer in Japan for decades now. This show concentrates on his nudes from 1969 to 1971, and while the work is not as dramatic as some of his other pictures, its purity comes across with strong impact. Hosoe juggles figuration and abstraction expertly, and he achieves a sculptural quality through his use of graphic elements, like cropping, toning, and highlighting. These works remind us of the nudes of Bill Brandt and of Robert Mapplethorpe—and the echoes enhance their effect. The small, intimate pictures add up to a modest but powerful meditation on repetition and difference.

The simplicity Hosoe achieves is the result of his articulate use of black and white; the photographs point out the richness of these colors, and they suggest an infinite number of tones in between. A lightness and lyricism carry this work—qualities that sharply contrast with the darkness and melodrama of what may be Hosoe's most famous photographs, his portraits of Yukio Mishima (1961-62). Some of these images can be seen at the International Center of Photography Midtown, where a thirty-year retrospective of Hosoe's work has just opened. There one can also find Hosoe's intense and memorable pictures of Tatsumi Hijikata's Butoh dance company.

"British Photography from the Thatcher Years"—A show of seventy-five photographs—by Paul Graham, Chris Killip, John Davies, Martin Parr, and Graham Smith—that comment on the quality of life in Britain for the middle and lower classes in recent years. Through April 28. (Museum of Modern Art.)

Short List—**BRUCE BARNBAUM** and **KAREN HALVERSON,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway (opens at noon on Saturdays, through May 25); **JOSEF BREITENBACH,** Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (open Mondays, through April 27); **JOHN COPLANS,** Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (through April 20); **LEAH DEMCHICK,** Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (through April 20); **JOAN FONTCUBERTA,** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through May 22), and Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St. (opens at noon on Saturdays, through May 15); **EIKOH HOSOE,** Photofind, 138 Spring St. (through May 4), and International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. (open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8; through May 26); **LEN JENSHEL,** Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through April 20); **ANNIE LEIBOVITZ,** Danziger, 415 West Broadway (through May 4); **ERICA LENNARD,** Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (through April 27); **ROBERT LEVIN,** Borden, 560 Broadway (through April 27); **FRANK MAJORE,** Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through April 20); **RICHARD MISRACH,** Pyramid, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St. (through April 27); **ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG,** Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (through May 4); **SEBASTIÃO SALGADO,** International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6; through June 11); **JOSEF SUDEK,** Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. (through April 25).

MUSIC

William Butler Yeats wrote "Sailing to Byzantium" in 1927; he was only sixty-two, but he seemed to want to feel very old. "An aged man is but a paltry thing, / a tattered coat upon a stick," he wrote, and he felt that he was in "no country for old men." The idea of the fabled city of art and faith was his inward haven; thither he sailed in thought, to be gathered "into the artifice of eternity," to take on "such a form as Grecian goldsmiths make."

Yeats is not the first poet who comes to mind for the insistently democratic Michael Tippett to set to music. Mr. Tippett, who is twenty-four years older than Yeats was when he wrote that poem, has never seemed to want to withdraw from the world. He has eagerly embraced "the young / in one another's arms, birds in the trees / —those dying generations—at their song." Sometimes the composer's appetites and enthusiasms have seemed to embarrass even his champions just a bit. But his newest work is a setting of Yeats' "Byzantium"—another poem on the theme, written five years after the one quoted above. What attracted him, according to his program note for the Chicago Symphony performances that are scheduled for April 15 and 18 at Carnegie Hall, was his identification with Yeats' "emphasis on the notion of artifacts, enshrining values that can be set against the impermanence of the everyday world and the complexities of the human beating heart." Georg Solti and the orchestra have a slender but prominent continuing connection with this perplexing composer; we are eager to hear what music Tippett has made of Yeats and what the Chicagoans will make of Tippett.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 415-5440; and for Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St., 840-2824.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season. **LUISA MILLER,** with Aprile Millo, Florence Quivar, Michael Sylvester, Jan-Hendrik Rootering, and Paul Plishka; conducted by James Levine. (April 15 and April 19 at 8.) . . . **LA CLEMENZA DI TITO,** with Hei-Kyung Hong, Roberta Alexander, Tatiana Troyanos, Donald Kaasch, and Julien Robbins; James Levine. (April 16 at 8 and April 20 at 1:30.) . . . **TOSCA,** with Giovanna Casolla, Nunzio Todisco, and James Morris; Placido Domingo. (April 17 at 8.) . . . With Giovanna Casolla, a tenor to be announced, and James Morris; Placido Domingo. (April 20 at 8.) . . . **I PURITANI,** with Marina Bolgan, Chris Merritt, Haijing Fu, and Paul Plishka; Robert Duerr. (April 18 at 8.)

"Otello"—A concert performance of Verdi's opera, featuring Kiri Te Kanawa, Luciano Pavarotti (here giving his first portrayal of Shakespeare's jealous Moor), and Leo Nucci. Georg Solti conducts the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. April 16 and April 19 at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall. April 16 at 7:30: Neeme Järvi conducts Brahms' Serenade No. 1, Mozart's Clarinet Concerto (with soloist Stanley Drucker), and the Concerto for String Orchestra by Jaan Rääts. . . . ¶ April 18 and April 20 at 8, April 19 at 2, and April 23 at 7:30: Yoel Levi conducts Mahler's Ninth Symphony.

Chicago Symphony—Georg Solti conducts Mahler's Fifth Symphony, as well as the New York première of Michael Tippett's "Byzantium," featuring soprano Faye Robinson. (Carnegie Hall. April 15 and April 18 at 8.) . . . **NOTE:** Mr. Tippett will speak about his work at 6:45, on both nights; the lectures are open to ticket-holders.

Solisti New York—Ransom Wilson conducts music by Hindemith, Françaix, and Tania León. (Town Hall. April 18 at 8.)

New York Chamber Symphony—Maximiano Valdes conducts Beethoven's Second Symphony and Stravinsky's "Danses Concertantes," as well as Mozart's A-Major Piano Concerto (with soloist Vladimir Feltsman). (92nd Street Y. April 20 at 8 and April 21 at 3.)

National Symphony Orchestra—Mstislav Rostropovich conducts Prokofiev's cantata "Alexander Nevsky" (with mezzo-soprano Tamara Sinyavskaya and the Choral Arts Society of Washington). Randall Craig Fleischer assumes the podium to conduct Prokofiev's Sinfonia Concertante, with Mr. Rostropovich performing the solo cello part. (Avery Fisher Hall. April 21 at 3.)

I Solisti Veneti—Claudio Scimone conducts an all-Vivaldi concert that includes the composer's six Flute Concertos, Op. 10, featuring James Galway. (Avery Fisher Hall. April 21 at 7:30.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directs the chorus, soloists, and orchestra in Mozart's "Grabmusik," K. 42; "Litaniae de Beata Virgine," K. 109; and "Vesperae Solennes de Confessore," K. 339. (Avery Fisher Hall. April 19 at 8.)

Artek Ensemble—Presenting Monteverdi's "Vespers of 1610." The period-instrument ensemble is joined by numerous soloists, the Hoboken Renaissance Singers, and the Choir of St. Francis, all directed by Gwendolyn Toth. (St. Francis of Assisi Church, 135 W. 31st St. April 21 at 7. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

New York Concert Singers—Judith Clurman directs the choir and instrumental soloists in a program of music "of the Jewish heritage," including works by Mendelssohn, Solomon Sulzer, Robert Convery, and David Diamond (the première of his "Two Psalms of Praise"). (Merkin Concert Hall. April 21 at 7.)

Clarion Concerts—Newell Jenkins directs soloists and a period-instrument orchestra in a program that includes cantatas by Giovanni Battista Sammartini and Joseph Martin Kraus, a Mozart concert aria, and Zelenka's "Lamentationes Jeremiae Prophetae." (Merkin Concert Hall. April 23 at 8.)

RECITALS

Allen Blustine and Dennis Smylie—The clarinettists (performing on instruments of various sizes) present chamber works by Mendelssohn, Babbitt, Gunther Schuller, Donald Martino, and others; assisted by pianist Marcia Eckert. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. April 16 at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Performing quartets by Mozart and Beethoven, as well as Fauré's C-Minor Piano Quartet, with André-Michel Schub. (Alice Tully Hall. April 17 at 8.)

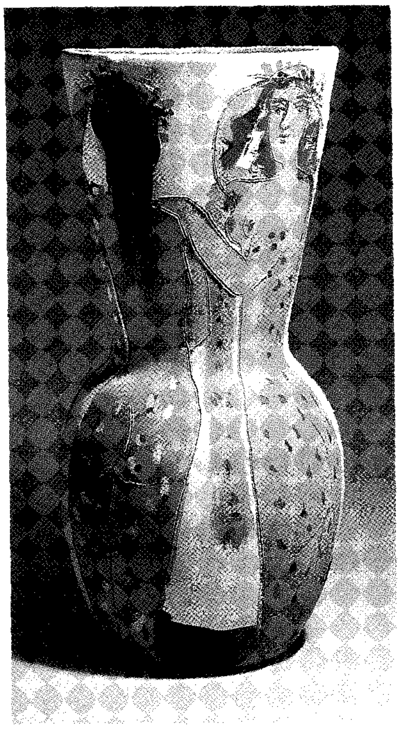
Bargemusic—Flutist Eugenia Zukerman, harpist Nancy Allen, and violinist/violist Ik-Hwan Bae perform chamber music by Beethoven, Saint-Saëns, Fauré, Debussy, and Persichetti. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. April 18 at 7:30 and April 21 at 4.)

Olaf Bär—In his New York début recital, the German baritone sings Schubert's "Die Schöne Müllerin," with pianist Geoffrey Parsons. (Alice Tully Hall. April 18 at 8.)

Thomas Zehetmair—Performing unaccompanied works for violin by Locatelli, Bach, Ysaÿe, and Karl Amadeus Hartmann (the American première of his First Solo Sonata, composed in 1927). (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. April 18 at 8.)

Musica de Camara—Four of the group's singers (including the musical director, Eva De La O) perform Schumann's "Spanisches Liederbuch" and works by contemporary composers (including Max Lifchitz, the evening's pianist). (Merkin Concert Hall. April 18 at 8.)

Patricia Neely—A specialist in historic string instruments, Ms. Neely performs medieval fiddle music as well as Renaissance and Baroque works for viola da gamba. With assist-



Old Master, Modern, American and Contemporary Prints

Auctions to be held May 14 and 15 at 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. in our galleries at 502 Park Avenue, New York, NY 10022. Our important spring auction of graphics and multiples includes an unusually fine selection of Picasso ceramics. Viewing begins May 10. For further information please contact the Print Department at 212/546-1022. For catalogues or subscription information contact Christie's Publications at 718/784-1480.

Pablo Picasso, *Big Vase with Veiled Woman* (Alain Ramié 116), red earthenware large vase, 1950, from the edition of 25, height 25¾ x diameter 12⅝ in. (65.4 x 32 cm.)

CHRISTIE'S 1766

CHRISTIE'S

ing artists. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. April 19 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Performing trios by Schubert and Zemlinsky; Schumann's "Fantasiestücke," Op. 88; and Beethoven's "Kakadu" Variations. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. April 19-20 at 8.)

Kronos String Quartet—Performing works written for the ensemble by Louis Andriessen, Scott Johnson, Steven Mackey, Jack Body, and Somei Satoh. (Alice Tully Hall. April 20 at 8.)

Mitsuko Uchida—The pianist performs three sonatas by Mozart (K. 279, K. 332, and K. 576), his A-Minor Rondo (K. 511), and his Variations on "Unser Dummer Pöbel Meint." (Alice Tully Hall. April 21 at 3.)

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—Members of the orchestra perform chamber music by Mozart, Dvořák, and Glazunov. (Merkin Concert Hall. April 21 at 3.)

Brooklyn Friends of Chamber Music—Presenting music by Debussy, Beethoven, Schubert, and Bartók (his "Hungarian Peasant Suite," with flutist Robert Stallman). (Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, 85 S. Oxford St., at the corner of Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn. April 21 at 3:30. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Julian Bream—The dean of classical guitarists and lutenists performs works by Dowland, Bach, Granados, and others. (Alice Tully Hall. April 21 at 7:30.)

Group for Contemporary Music—Performing string quartets by Jonathan Harvey, Charles Wuorinen, and Wayne Peterson. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. April 21 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Prokofiev Celebration—At Town Hall. Concerts and lectures in honor of the centennial of Prokofiev's birth, which falls on April 23. April 22 at 6:30: A lecture by the composer's biographer Harlow Robinson on "Prokofiev in America and Elsewhere." . . . ¶ April 22 at 8: The Manhattan String Quartet, pianist Christopher O'Riley, and others perform Prokofiev's first two string quartets, his Quintet for Strings and Winds, and his "Overture on Hebrew Themes." . . . ¶ April 23 at 6:30: Mr. Robinson lectures on the composer's relationship to Soviet musical politics. . . . ¶ April 23 at 8: The Piano Sonatas No. 7 and No. 8, the Flute Sonata, and the Cello Sonata, performed by pianists Daniel Epstein and Christopher O'Riley, flutist Ransom Wilson, and cellist Susan Salm.

Tina Chancey—Apparently the world's only full-time *pardessus de viole* player, Ms. Chancey (a member of Hesperus, an ensemble based in Washington, D.C.) presents works by Couperin, Corelli, Marin Marais, Jean-Marie Leclair, and Jean Barrière (assisted by harpsichordist Peter Marshall). The *pardessus de viole*, which enjoyed a brief but intense popularity in eighteenth-century France, is a fretted instrument with five strings. It was especially popular among women, partly because of its gentle tone, and partly because its playing position—propped upright on the lap—was less equivocal than that of the violin (which at that time was positioned not under the chin but just below the sternum). (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. April 22 at 8.)

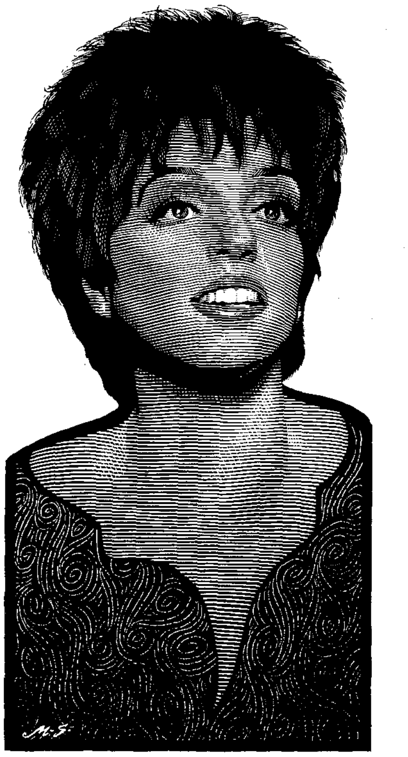
Gustav Rivinius—The German cellist, who brought home the gold from the 1990 Tchaikovsky International Competition, performs Bernd Alois Zimmermann's Sonata for Solo Cello; and his brother, pianist Paul Rivinius, accompanies him in sonatas by Beethoven, Brahms, and Debussy, as well as Webern's "Three Short Pieces," Op. 11. (92nd Street Y. April 23 at 8.)

Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg and Cecile Licad—The violinist and the pianist team up to present sonatas by Mozart, Beethoven, and Prokofiev. (Alice Tully Hall. April 24 at 8.)

Malcolm Bilson—Performing four Mozart sonatas on the fortepiano (K. 282, K. 310, K. 311, and K. 322). (Merkin Concert Hall. April 24 at 8.) . . . **note:** Mr. Bilson will also present a lecture-performance contrasting modern with historically informed approaches to Mozart's piano concertos. (Merkin Concert Hall. April 22 at 8.)

Eugenia Zukerman and Anthony Newman—The flutist and the harpsichordist play works by J. S. Bach and his son Wilhelm Friedemann. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 930-0855. April 24 at 6.)

Benita Valente and Tatiana Troyanos—The soprano and the mezzo-soprano collaborate with pianist Warren Jones in a program of arias, songs, and duets by Mozart, Brahms, Bizet, Gounod, Fauré, and Berg. (92nd Street Y. April 24 at 8.)



Liza Minnelli

Four Nations Ensemble—The early-instrument group performs works by, among others, Bach (his Fifth "Brandenburg" Concerto) and Handel (his cantata "Lucretia," with soprano Judith Malafronte). (Friends Meeting House, 15 Rutherford Pl., between Second and Third Aves. April 24 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

JAZZ / POP / ROCK
PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Liza Minnelli—The spiky black styling of Liza's hair in her current Atlantic City publicity photograph makes her look like Edward Scissorhands, but then there's always been something cutting and sudden lurking behind that vulnerability and cracked gloss. It's the resulting tension that gives this entertainer her power. In the twenty-five years since her local cabaret début, at the Persian Room, she's acquired so many guises that she can now shuffle them like a deck of cards: she's Judy's parenting daughter, Pookie Adams, Sally Bowles, the clubland goddess in a flat Warhol print, De Niro's Francine Evans, the Betty Ford graduate, the Sinatra sidekick, and, most recently, the Eurodisco queen, in her Pet Shop Boys-produced album, the magnificently campy "Results." And perhaps when she's frozen in the spotlight after the last note of a showstopper, you can't help but love her. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. April 23 at 8. Through May 12.)

Jane's Addiction / Happy Mondays—Here's a pairing of disparate bands, each deeply unwholesome and compelling in its own way. The L.A. noir-thrash quartet Jane's Addiction "chronicles a kind of aimless moral drift," according to a straight-faced Los Angeles *Times*, and five years into its career the band is suddenly finding that its glamorously creepy aesthetic is filling up arenas. (We'll see if it fills this one.) The brilliant and zonked Manchester stumblebums in Happy Mondays, on the other hand, have imported hook-filled and highly danceable house-rock, wherein England's Angry Young Men get too stoned to stay mad, and they are the real reason to attend this show. (Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. April 24 at 8.) . . . ¶ Happy Mondays are also appearing on April 20, at 9, at the Academy, 234 W. 43rd St., 249-8870.

Alvin Lucier—Performing several of his own works. Brian Johnson, Roy Wiseman, and Margaret Leng Tan will also play pieces by Mr. Lucier. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. April 15 at 8.) . . . ¶ Talking about his work. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. April 18 at 7.)

Manhattan Marimba Quartet—Alternative Museum, 17 White St. 966-4444. April 17 at 8.

Composers' Forum—Presenting Bobby Previte and Orlando (Puntilla) Rios. (Merkin Concert Hall. April 17 at 8.)

Yes—Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 794-9300. April 20 at 8.

Carla Bley and Steve Swallow—St. Ann's Church, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn. 1-718 858-2424. April 20 at 8.

"American Folk"—Presenting the Troxell Brothers and the Whitstein Brothers. (Merkin Concert Hall. April 20 at 9.)

Cabaret Series—April 17: Anne Francine. . . . ¶ April 18: Jeff Harnar. . . . ¶ April 19: Andrea Marcovicci. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Evenings at 8.)

Benefit Concert—Billy Bragg, Pete Seeger, and Gretchen Reed. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. April 23 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 962-0390.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Mets—Away until April 26, when they face the Pittsburgh Pirates.

Yankees—Vs. the Chicago White Sox, April 15 at 1, April 16 at 7:30, and April 17 at 1. . . . ¶ Vs. the Kansas City Royals, April 19 at 7:30, and April 20-21 at 1:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Detroit Tigers, April 22-24 at 7:30.

Knicks—Vs. the Philadelphia 76ers, April 16 at 8:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Charlotte Hornets, April 20 at 8:30.

Nets—Vs. the Indiana Pacers, April 16 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Miami Heat, April 20 at 7:30. (The Mets play at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499; the Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 293-6000; the Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; and the Nets play at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. Through May 6. . . . **trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8, and Tuesdays at 1. . . . *At the Meadowlands:* Weeknights at 7:30.

Men and Women—On April 20, runners compete in the Trevira Twosome (either two or ten miles) in male-female pairs. The races, in Central Park, start at 10:30 A.M. at W. 72nd St. and end at Tavern on the Green.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

The Dodgers—Brooklyn, that is. A bus tour of baseball lore in the borough, including the site of Ebbets Field (whose opening day was seventy-eight years ago last week) and Greenwood Cemetery, which contains the final resting places of several Dodgers. (April 21 at 11. For more information, call 1-718 287-3400.)

Talks—April 18 at noon: Gloria Steinem talks about advertising and publishing. (Roosevelt Hotel, Madison Ave. at 45th St. For information about tickets, call 997-0947.) . . . ¶ April 18 at 4: The Reverend Calvin Butts talks about race relations in New York. (West Building, Hunter College, Lexington Ave. at 68th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ April 21 at 2: David Shapiro talks about the urban environment in contemporary art and architecture. (Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. For information about tickets, call 935-3960.)

Readings—April 18 at 7: John Engels and Galway Kinnell read from their own poetry. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ April 19 at 8: Amy Hempel and Ntozake Shange read from their own works. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ April 22 at 12:30: Ally Sheedy reads from her poetry collection, "Yesterday I Saw the Sun." (Brentano's, 597 Fifth Ave., at 48th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ April 22 at 6: Adrienne Rich reads and talks about her poetry. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. For tickets, call 930-0571.) . . . ¶ April 22 at 8:30: Denise Levertov and Christopher Gilbert read from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Poison" (directed by Todd Haynes).
Theatre 2: "The Comfort of Strangers" (†).
Theatre 3: "La Femme Nikita" (†).
Theatre 4: Through April 18: "City Zero" (Karen Shakhnazarov). From April 19: "Requiem for Dominic" (Robert Dornhelm).
Theatre 5: (Separate admissions) "Iron & Silk" (Shirley Sun), with Mark Salzman; and "Ay Carmela!" (Carlos Saura, in Spanish), with Carmen Maura and Andrés Pajares.
Theatre 6: "Cyrano de Bergerac" (Jean-Paul Rappeneau, in French), with Gérard Depardieu.

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Through April 18: "The Comedian Harmonists" (1976, Eberhard Fechner; in German), a documentary.
April 19-21: (Separate admissions) "Maria's Story" (Monona Wali, in Spanish with English voice-overs and subtitles), a documentary about María Serrano; "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" (1964, Sergei Paradjanov; in Ukrainian); and "Water and Power" (Pat O'Neill).
From April 23: (Separate admissions) "Maria's Story"; "The Color of Pomegranates" (1969, Paradjanov; in Georgian); and "Water and Power."

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "The Doors" (†).
Theatre 2: "Out for Justice" (John Flynn), with Steven Seagal.
Theatre 3: "Dances with Wolves" (†).

Cinema 12, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"The Vanishing" (†).

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "Defending Your Life" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Killer" (James Woo, in Mandarin).
Theatre 3: "The Object of Beauty" (†).
Theatre 4: "Mr. and Mrs. Bridge" (†).
Theatre 5: "Mister Johnson" (†).
Theatre 6: Through April 18: "The British Animation Invasion," twenty-five short films. From April 19: "Forever Mary" (Marco Risi, in Italian).
Theatre 7: "The Grifters" (†).

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†).
Theatre 2: "Dances with Wolves" (†).
Theatre 3: "Out for Justice" (John Flynn), with Steven Seagal.
Theatre 4: "The Marrying Man" (†).
Theatre 5: "Alice" (Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow.
Theatre 6: "Guilty by Suspicion" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Eminent Domain" (John Irvin), with Donald Sutherland and Anne Archer.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II: The Secret of the Ooze" (Michael Pressman).

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "The Field" (Jim Sheridan), with Richard Harris, John Hurt, Tom Berenger, and Brenda Fricker.
Theatre 2: "Defending Your Life" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Object of Beauty" (†).
Theatre 4: "Class Action" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Marrying Man" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 18: "Out for Justice" (John Flynn), with Steven Seagal. From April 19: "Mortal Thoughts" (Alan Rudolph), with Demi Moore and Glenne Headly.
Theatre 3: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Guilty by Suspicion" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Reversal of Fortune" (†).

Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "The Marrying Man" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Grifters" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Sleeping with the Enemy" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Cyrano de Bergerac" (Jean-Paul Rappeneau, in French), with Gérard Depardieu.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Object of Beauty" (†).
Theatre 2: "New Jack City" (Mario Van Peebles), with Wesley Snipes.

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Five Heartbeats" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through April 18: "The Hard Way" (John Badham), with Michael J. Fox and James Woods. From April 19: "Mortal Thoughts" (Alan Rudolph), with Demi Moore and Glenne Headly.
Theatre 2: "Class Action" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Defending Your Life" (†).
Theatre 2: "Guilty by Suspicion" (†).
Theatre 3: "Mr. & Mrs. Bridge" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "The Doors" (†).
Theatre 2: "Out for Justice" (John Flynn).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Impromptu" (James Lapine), with Judy Davis and Hugh Grant.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†).
Theatre 2: "Alice" (Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Cross My Heart" (Jacques Fansten, in French).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Dances with Wolves" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II: The Secret of the Ooze" (Michael Pressman).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: Through April 18: "The Hard Way" (John Badham), with Michael J. Fox and James Woods. From April 19: "Mortal Thoughts" (Alan Rudolph), with Demi Moore and Glenne Headly.
Theatre 2: "The Five Heartbeats" (†).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Out for Justice" (John Flynn).
Theatre 2: "The Marrying Man" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: Through April 23: "Echoes of Conflict" (1989, directed by Jorge Johanan Weller; in Hebrew). From April 24: "Chameleon Street" (1989, Wendell B. Harris, Jr.).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "Paris Is Burning" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Five Heartbeats" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"The Marrying Man" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Class Action" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 18: "Sleeping with the Enemy" (†). From April 19: "Mortal Thoughts" (Alan Rudolph).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Long Walk Home" (†).
Theatre 2: "Guilty by Suspicion" (†).
Theatre 3: "GoodFellas" (†).
Theatre 4: "Reversal of Fortune" (†).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Defending Your Life" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 18: "Warlock" (Steve Miner), with Julian Sands. From April 19: "Mortal Thoughts" (Alan Rudolph), with Demi Moore and Glenne Headly.
Theatre 3: "The Hard Way" (John Badham), with Michael J. Fox and James Woods.
Theatre 4: "Sleeping with the Enemy" (†).
Theatre 5: "Class Action" (†).
Theatre 6: "Misery" (Rob Reiner), with James Caan and Kathy Bates.
Theatre 7: "The Grifters" (†).
Theatre 8: "Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin.
Theatre 9: "The Object of Beauty" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "The Five Heartbeats" (†).
Theatre 2: "New Jack City" (Mario Van Peebles), with Wesley Snipes, Ice-T, Judd Nelson, and Van Peebles.
Theatre 3: "The Five Heartbeats" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Marrying Man" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "The Long Walk Home" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Hard Way" (John Badham), with Michael J. Fox and James Woods.
Theatre 3: "Misery" (Rob Reiner), with James Caan and Kathy Bates.
Theatre 4: (Separate admissions) "Mr. & Mrs. Bridge" (†) and "The Grifters" (†).
Theatre 5: "Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin.
Theatre 6: "Eminent Domain" (John Irvin), with Donald Sutherland and Anne Archer.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Doors" (†).

Loews Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"True Colors" (Herbert Ross), with John Cusack and James Spader.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Mister Johnson" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "La Femme Nikita" (†).
Theatre 2: "Iron & Silk" (Shirley Sun).

Loews Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"Daddy Nostalgia" (Bertrand Tavernier, in English and French), with Dirk Bogarde and Jane Birkin.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through April 18: "Eminent Domain" (John Irvin), with Donald Sutherland and Anne Archer.
From April 19: "Requiem for Dominic" (Robert Dornhelm).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Defending Your Life" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Class Action" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "The Nasty Girl" (Michael Verhoeven, in German), with Lena Stolze.
Theatre 2: "Korczak" (Andrzej Wajda, in Polish).
Theatre 3: "Ju Dou" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Object of Beauty" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Alice" (Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow.
Theatre 2: "Out for Justice" (John Flynn), with Steven Seagal.
Theatre 3: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II: The Secret of the Ooze" (Michael Pressman).
Theatre 4: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Marrying Man" (†).
Theatre 6: "Dances with Wolves" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through April 18: "The Hard Way" (John Badham), with Michael J. Fox and James Woods. From April 19: "Mortal Thoughts" (Alan Rudolph), with Demi Moore and Glenne Headly.
Theatre 2: "Guilty by Suspicion" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "The Five Heartbeats" (†).
Theatre 2: "New Jack City" (Mario Van Peebles), with Wesley Snipes, Ice-T, Judd Nelson, and Van Peebles.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through April 18: "If Looks Could Kill" (directed by William Dear), with Richard Grieco. From April 19: "Up Against the Wall."
Theatre 2: "Out for Justice" (John Flynn), with Steven Seagal.
Theatre 3: "Out for Justice."

MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

Theatre 4: "The Five Heartbeats" (†).

Theatre 5: "GoodFellas" (†).

Theatre 6: "Sleeping with the Enemy" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)

"Dances with Wolves" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

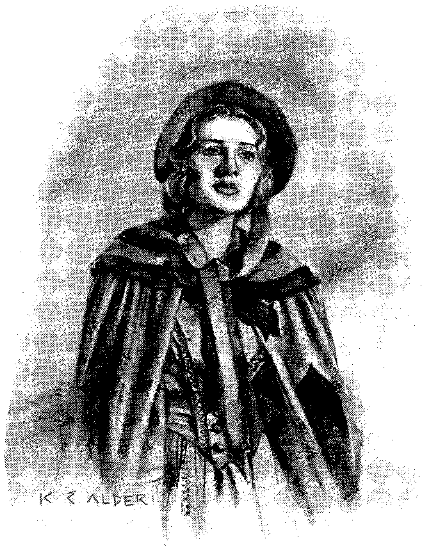
Theatre 2: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Perfect Weapon" (Mark DiSalle), with Jeffrey Speakman.

Theatre 4: "Ghost" (Jerry Zucker), with Patrick Swayze, Demi Moore, and Whoopi Goldberg.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II: The Secret of the Ooze" (Michael Pressman).



At Film Forum 2, Joan Fontaine as "Jane Eyre"

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through April 18: "Warlock" (Steve Miner), with Julian Sands. From April 19: "Mortal Thoughts" (Alan Rudolph), with Demi Moore and Glenne Headly.

Theatre 2: "Class Action" (†).

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)

Theatre 1: "New Jack City" (Mario Van Peebles), with Wesley Snipes, Ice-T, Judd Nelson, and Van Peebles.

Theatre 2: "New Jack City."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

April 15: "The Confession" (1970, directed by Costa-Gavras; in French), with Yves Montand and Simone Signoret; and "Story of Women" (1989, Claude Chabrol; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.

April 16-17: "The Nun" (1965, Jacques Rivette; in French), with Anna Karina; *and "The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir"* (1969, Renoir; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Françoise Arnoul, and Fernand Sardou.

April 18-20: "Jules and Jim" (1962, François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "The Bride Wore Black" (1968, François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau.

April 21-22: "Coup de Torchon" ("Clean Slate"; 1981, Bertrand Tavernier; in French), with Philippe Noiret, Isabelle Huppert, Jean-Pierre Marielle, and Stéphane Audran; and "Le Boucher" (1969, Claude Chabrol; in French), with Audran and Jean Yanne.

April 23-24: "Elevator to the Gallows" (†); and "The Soft Skin" (1964, François Truffaut; in French), with Jean Desailly.

Cinema Village, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)

Through April 16: "Home of the Brave" (1986, Laurie Anderson), with Anderson; and "Koyaanisqatsi" (1983, Godfrey Reggio).

April 17-20: "The Legend of Lylah Clare" (1968, Robert Aldrich), with Kim Novak, Peter Finch, Coral Browne, and Valentina Cortese; and "Laura" (1944, Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, and Dana Andrews.

April 21-23: "Vincent & Theo" (1990, Robert Altman), with Tim Roth and Paul Rhys.

From April 24: "King of New York" (1990, Abel Ferrara), with Christopher Walken, David Caruso, Larry Fishburne, Victor Argo, and Wesley Snipes; and "The Krays" (1990, Peter Medak), with Billie Whitelaw, Gary Kemp, and Martin Kemp.

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)

April 15: "The Covered Wagon" (1923, James Cruze; silent); and "The Silent Enemy" (1930, H. P. Carver).

April 16: "Man of Aran" (1934, Robert Flaherty), a documentary; "The Drifters" (1919, John Grierson; silent); and "Granton Trawler" (1934, Grierson).

April 17: "Nanook of the North" (1921, Robert Flaherty), a documentary; and "Eskimo" (*1932, Flaherty*).

April 18: "Trader Horn" (1931, W. S. Van Dyke), with Edwina Booth and Harry Carey; "Bring 'Em Back Alive" (1932, Clyde E. Elliott), with Frank Buck; and "Congarilla" (1932, Martin and Osa Johnson).

April 19-20: "Jane Eyre" (1944, Robert Stevenson), with Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles; and "Rebecca" (1940, Alfred Hitchcock), with Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates.

April 21: "The Power and the Glory" (1933, William K. Howard), with Spencer Tracy and Colleen Moore; and "Silver Dollar" (1932, Alfred E. Green), with Edward G. Robinson.

April 22: "The Last Laugh" (†); and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919, Robert Wiene; a German silent film), with Werner Krauss, Conrad Veidt, Lil Dagover, and Friedrich Feher.

April 23: "In Which We Serve" (1942, Noël Coward and David Lean), with Coward, Celia Johnson, John Mills, and Kay Walsh; and "Things to Come" (†).

April 24: "The Bad and the Beautiful" (1952, Vincente Minnelli), with Lana Turner, Kirk Douglas, Dick Powell, and Gloria Grahame; and "Keeper of the Flame" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 15: "Wild Strawberries" (1957, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Shame" (1968, Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Max *von Sydow, and Björnstrand.*

April 16: "My Man Godfrey" (1936, Gregory La Cava), with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady; and "Nothing Sacred" (1937, William Wellman), with Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger.

April 17: "The Nanny" (*1965, Seth Holt*), with Bette Davis, Jill Bennett, and Wendy Craig; and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962, Robert Aldrich), with Davis and Joan Crawford.

April 18: "Bombshell" (1933, Victor Fleming), with Jean Harlow, Franchot Tone, Lee Tracy, and Frank Morgan; and "Red Dust" (†).

April 19-20: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940, George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "Bringing Up Baby" (1938, Howard Hawks), with Hepburn, Grant, and Charles Ruggles.

April 21: "The Blue Gardenia" (1953, Fritz Lang), with Anne Baxter, Richard Conte, and Ann Sothern; and "The Woman in the Window" (1944, Lang), with Edward G. Robinson, Joan Bennett, and Dan Duryea.

April 22: "The Earrings of Madame de . . ." (1953, Max Ophuls; in French), with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica; and "Le Plaisir" (1952, Ophuls; in French), with Darrieux, Simone Simon, Gaby Morlay, and Daniel Gélin.

April 23: "The Last Laugh" (†); and "Spies" (*1929, Fritz Lang; a German silent film*), with Rudolph Klein-Rogge.

April 24: "Family Plot" (1976, Alfred Hitchcock), with Karen Black, Bruce Dern, Barbara Harris, and William Devane; and "Marnie" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—April 15 at 2:30: "Melancholia" (1989, directed by Andi Engel), with Jeroen Krabbé and Susannah York. . . . ¶ April 15 at 6: "Venus Peter" (1989, Ian Sellar), with Ray McAnally. . . . ¶ April 16 at 2:30: "Fellow Traveller" (1990, Philip Saville), with Ron Silver and Hart *Bochner. . . . ¶ April 16 at 3: "Le Retour"* (1946, Henri Cartier-Bresson and André Bac; in French) and "Let There Be Light" (1946, John Huston). . . . ¶ April 16 at 6: "I'm British But . . ." (1989, Gurinder Chadha) and "The Debt" (1988, Miguel Pereira; in Spanish). . . . ¶ April 16 at 6: "Campaign in Poland" (1940, Fritz Hippler), "Words for Battle" (1941), and "The Nazis Strike" (1942, Frank Capra). . . . ¶ April 18 at 2:30: "The Debt." . . . ¶ April 18 at 3 and 6: "Abolição" (1988, Zozimo Bulbul), a documentary. . . . ¶ April 18 at 6: "Caravaggio" (1986, Derek Jarman), with Nigel Terry. . . . ¶ April 19 at 2:30: "Out of Order" (1988, Jonnie Turpie). . . . ¶ April 19 at 3: A program of short films, including "Song of the Godbody" (1972, James Broughton and Joel Singer). . . . ¶ April 19 at 6: "Silent Scream" (1989, David Hayman). . . . ¶ April 19 at 6: A program of short films, including "Murder Psalm" (1981, Stan Brakhage). . . . ¶ April 20 at 2: "Friendship's Death" (1987, Peter Wollen), with Bill Patterson. . . . ¶ April 20 at 2:30: A program of short films, including "Critical Mass" (1971, Hollis Frampton). . . . ¶ April 20 at 5: "Out of Order." . . . ¶ April 20 at 5: *A program of short films, including* "Rainy Season" (1987, George Kuchar). . . . ¶ April 21 at 2: "Distant Voices, Still Lives" (1988, Terence Davies). . . . ¶ April 21 at 2:30: "Doomed Love" (1983, Andrew Horn). . . . ¶ April 21 at 5: "Silent Scream." . . . ¶ April 21 at 5: A program of short films, including "Silent Partner" (*1978, Peter Gidal*). . . . ¶ April 22 at 2:30: "The Love Child" (1987, Robert Smith), with Shirley Hancock. . . . ¶ April 22 at 6: "Fellow Traveller." . . . ¶ April 22 at 6:30: "Machete Gillette . . . Mama" (1989) and "Your Television Traveller" (1991), both films by Larry Gottheim, who will be present. . . . ¶ April 23 at 2:30: "Distant Voices, Still Lives." . . . ¶ April 23 at 6: "The Love Child."

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—April 20-21 at 2: "Mean Streets" (1973, Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, and Amy Robinson. . . . ¶ April 20-21 at 4:30: "GoodFellas" (†).

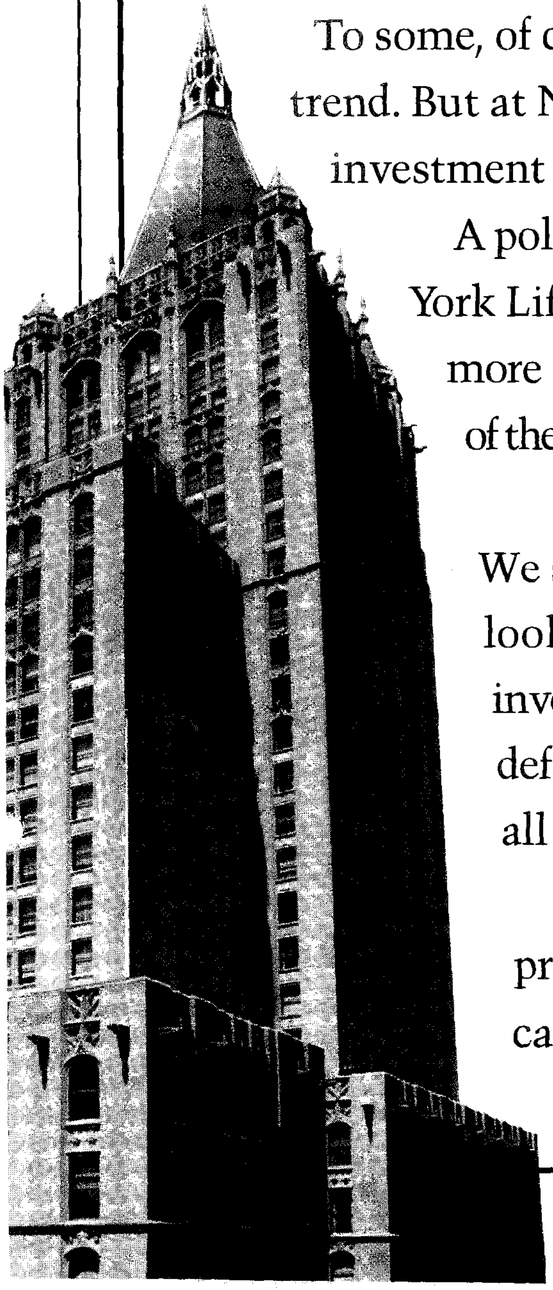
Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—April 17 at 8 and 10, April 18-20 at 10, and April 21 at 8 and 10: "Charleen" (1978, Ross McElwee) and "Backyard" (1986, McElwee). . . . ¶ April 18 at 8: A program of films by past and present students in N.Y.U.'s Graduate Film Program. . . . ¶ April 19 at 8: A program of avant-garde films. . . . ¶ April 20 at 8: A program of films by James Broughton and Joel Singer, who will be present. . . . ¶ April 21 at 7: "Le Sang d'un Poète" (1930, Jean Cocteau; in French, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ April 24 at 8: "Space Coast" (1979, McElwee and Michel Negroponte). . . . ¶ April 24 at 9:30: A program of films by Douglass Crockwell and Maya Deren.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—April 19 at 6:30: "*The Crazy Family*" (1984, Sogo Ishii; in Japanese), "Over the Threshold" (1989, Yoshiharu Tezuka; in Japanese), and three short films by Kohei Ando.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—April 16 at 6:15 and April 17 at 2: "Friendly Witness" (1989, Warren Sonbert), "Site/Recite" (1989, Gary Hill), "Volcano Saga" (1989, Joan Jonas), and "From Here and There Too: Moscow Postcards 1989" (1990, Hans Breder). . . . ¶ April 18-19 at 2: "New York Portrait: Part III" (1990, Peter Hutton), "Siskyavi: The Place of Chasms" (1989, Victor Masayesva), and "Fade to Black" (1990, Tony Cokes and Don Trammel). . . . ¶ April 20-21 at 2: "Sur del Sur" (1990, Francesc Torres), "Belladonna" (1989, Ida Applebroog and Beth B), "Memories from the Department of Amnesia" (1989, Janie Tanaka), and "Sink or Swim" (1990, Su Friedrich). . . . ¶ April 23 at 6:15 and April 24 at 2: "Paris Is Burning" (†), "Video Is Television?" (1989, Antonio Muntadas), and "They Are Lost to Vision Altogether" (1989, Tom Kalin).

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Programs about contemporary comedians and people who influenced them. Jane Curtin: April 16-20: Clips from Curtin's appearances on "Saturday Night Live"; and "That's My Boy?" (1963, CBS), an episode from "The Dick Van Dyke Show." . . . Gilda Radner: From April 23: Excerpts from Radner's appearances on "Saturday Night

New York Life is large, conservative, and dull. Reassuring in times like these, isn't it?



Things are a bit shaky these days in the financial world. Investors are getting a lot less adventuresome. And words like "stability" and "security" are coming back into vogue.

To some, of course, this is just the current economic trend. But at New York Life, we've had a conservative investment policy for 146 years.

A policy that, over the years, has allowed New York Life to amass assets under management of more than $50 billion. And why 95 percent of the bonds in our portfolio are investment grade.*

Does that make us large and conservative? We should say so. And as for dull, well, we look at it this way: If being exciting means investing heavily in junk bonds that end up in default, that's the kind of excitement we can all do without.

For information on any of our full range of products and services, call New York Life today.

NEW YORK LIFE

The Company You Keep.®

©1990 New York Life Insurance Company, 51 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010. All rights reserved.
New York Life Insurance and Annuity Corporation, 51 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010.

*As of December 31, 1990; includes New York Life Insurance Company and New York Life Insurance and Annuity Corporation, a Delaware Corporation.

MOVIE HOUSES—*Cont'd*

Live"; "Lucy's Italian Movie" (1956, CBS), an episode of "I Love Lucy"; and clips of Lily Tomlin, Ruth Buzzi, and Soupy Sales. Showings Tuesdays at 12:15 and 5:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:15. . . . ¶ "On Stage at Carnegie Hall: A Centennial Celebration." April 16-20: "Carnegie Hall: The Grand Reopening" (1987, PBS), with Isaac Stern, Leonard Bernstein, Marilyn Horne, Frank Sinatra, and others. . . . From April 23: "Richard Tucker: The American Caruso" (1988, PBS). Showings Tuesdays at 2:30 and 5:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 2:30. . . . ¶ "A Salute to Monty Python." April 16-20: Episodes 21-25 of "Monty Python's Flying Circus," with Graham Chapman, John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin. . . . From April 23: Episodes 26-30 of "Monty Python's Flying Circus." Showings Tuesdays at 12:15, 2:30, and 5:30; Wednesdays through Fridays at 12:15 and 2:30; and Saturdays at 12:15.

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—April 17 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Life Is a Long Quiet River" (1988, Etienne Chatiliez; in French), with Beniôt Magimel and Hélène Vincent. . . . ¶ April 24 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "L'Amoureuse" (1988, Jacques Doillon; in French), with Eva Ionesco, Valeria Bruni-Tedeschi, and Dominic Gould.

Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building, 163 W. 125th St. (873-5040)—April 19 at 1 and 3:55: "Zou Zou" (1934, Marc Allégret; in French), with Josephine Baker and Jean Gabin; and "Princess Tam Tam" (1935, Edmond T. Gréville; in French), with Baker and Albert Préjean. . . . ¶ April 19 at 6:30: "Abby" (1974, William Girdler), with Carol Speed, William Maxwell, and Terry Carter; and "Def by Temptation" (1990, James Bond III), with Kadeem Hardison. . . . ¶ April 24 at 1 and 4: "From These Roots" (William Greaves), "Frederick Douglass: An American Life" (1988), "Ida B. Wells: A Passion for Justice" (1990, Greaves), and "Black Power in America: Myth or Reality?" (1987, Greaves). . . . ¶ April 24 at 6:30: "The Education of Sonny Carson" (1974, Michael Campus), with Rony Clanton, Don Gordon, and Paul Benjamin; and "The Spook Who Sat by the Door" (1973, Ivan Dixon), with Lawrence Cooke, Paula Kelly, and Janet League.

Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619)—April 16 at noon: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938, Howard Hawks), with Cary Grant, Katharine Hepburn, and Charlie Ruggles. . . . ¶ April 18 at noon: "Killer in the Village" (1983, Alec Nisbett). . . . ¶ April 23 at noon: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940, George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey. . . . ¶ April 23 at 2:30: "Sunny Side of Life" (1984, Scott Faulkner, Anthony Slone, and Jack Wright) and "Sourwood Mountain Dulcimers" (1976, Gene DuBey).

92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100)—April 21 at 7:30: "My Michael" (1974, Dan Wolman; in Hebrew).

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. (638-5000)—"William Greaves: Chronicler of the African-American Experience." April 20 at 7: "Ali, the Fighter" (1971). . . . ¶ April 21 at 2: "That's Black Entertainment" (1989) and "Miracle in Harlem" (1947, Jack Kemp).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

Class Action—In this high-concept legal thriller, directed by Michael Apted, Gene Hackman plays a flamboyant lawyer who specializes in civil-liberties and consumer-advocacy cases, and Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio plays his daughter, an ambitious associate in a slick corporate-law firm. The script—by Carolyn Shelby, Christopher Ames, and Samantha Shad—contrives to pit the father and the daughter against each other in a negligence suit against an auto manufacturer. Sparks, both personal and professional, are meant to fly, but the Hollywood engineers who designed this piece of product have cut a few too many corners: the thriller plotting is predictable, the family drama is broad and sentimental, and the connections between them are facile. Yet Hackman and Mastrantonio somehow manage to impart lifelike rhythms to their scenes together: their skill keeps this rickety contraption from stalling completely.—T.R. (Murray Hill Cinemas, Coronet, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and National Twin.)

The Comfort of Strangers—Harold Pinter's screenplay, adapted from a novel by Ian McEwan, is a kinky contemporary variation on the sort of plot that made Victorian readers shiver—the story of innocents lured into the clutches of charming villains. The innocents here are an unmarried English couple (Natasha Richardson and Rupert Everett) vacationing in Venice; the evil seducers are a husband and wife (Christopher Walken and Helen Mirren) whose tastes run to voyeurism and sadomasochism; the dread lair in which the monsters toy with their prey is a huge, ornately furnished apartment with a spectacular view of the city. The director, Paul Schrader, dresses his characters in Armani and sets the camera in motion to swirl gracefully around them, picking up miragelike shimmers from the canals and beautiful but ominous architectural details; the languorous camera movements create an authentically gothic sense of catastrophe just around the corner. Walken glides effortlessly through his role as the embodiment of Old World evil. He gives the character a lordly, sinister air, and suggests, as well, that he's wearing something really odd underneath his superbly tailored white suits. And Richardson is characteristically amazing: she brings a touch of humanity to this rather formal party. The movie improves on the novel by jettisoning its dubious psychology and its pretensions to literary significance. Schrader treats the story as an elegant horror-movie game, a trick done with mirrors, and he carries it off. Dante Spinotti's cinematography and Gianni Quaranta's production design contribute to the luxurious, decadent atmosphere. Music by Angelo Badalamenti. —T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/8/91.) (Angelika Film Center.)

Dances with Wolves—Set during the Civil War, this big Indians-versus-Cavalry epic is like a New Age social-studies lesson. Kevin Costner, who directed and is the star, has an untroubled face and laid-back diction. As Lieutenant Dunbar, a Union officer, he sees that the Sioux have a superior culture and he changes sides. This is a nature-boy movie, a kid's daydream of being an Indian. When Dunbar has become a Sioux named Dances with Wolves, he writes in his journal that he knows for the first time who he really is. Costner has feathers in his hair and feathers in his head. He and his friend Michael Blake (who worked up the material with him in mind and then wrote the novel and the screenplay) are trying to show the last years of the Sioux as an independent nation from the Sioux point of view, and it's probably that sympathy for the Indians that the audience responds to. But Costner is a moviemaking novice: instead of helping us understand the Sioux, he simply makes the Sioux like genial versions of us. This three-hour Western weeper, with its sluggish action and poorly shaped scenes, was made by a bland megalomaniac. (The Indians should have named him Plays with Camera.) Shot in South Dakota; the wide-screen cinematography, by Dean Semler, is spacious and open at times, and there are fine images of buffalo pounding by. With Mary McDonnell, Maury Chaykin, Robert Pastorelli, Graham Greene as Kicking Bird, and Rodney A. Grant as Wind in His Hair.—P.K. (12/17/90) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews Tower East, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

Defending Your Life—With Albert Brooks and Meryl Streep, directed by Brooks. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema I, Chelsea Cinemas, and Loews Paramount.)

The Doors—Oliver Stone's film about the sixties rock group focusses on Jim Morrison, its lead singer and main songwriter, who died in 1971, at the age of twenty-seven. Morrison (played by Val Kilmer) presented himself as a combination of shaman and *poète maudit*, and he was a star in life and a legend in death because he made the physical, intellectual, and spiritual excesses of the counterculture sexy. The movie is pure exploitation—an extended, self-important freakout. Stone reduces the richly contradictory experience of that period to the myth of Morrison, and, in the process, reduces Morrison and the Doors as well: the movie restricts the viewer's freedom to imagine the sixties culture as anything but a movement with a single voice, or to imagine the Doors as anything but a metaphor. (Kilmer is physically convincing as Morrison, but his performance can be only an impersonation: what the script—by Stone and J. Randal Johnson—gives him to play is the icon, not the man.) For a while, the obviousness and flat-out vulgarity are sort of entertaining, and it might be possible to enjoy the movie as a camp classic if you could ignore the mean-spiritedness that keeps breaking through—the fundamental hostility Stone seems to feel toward his subjects. He wants to turn the audience (and himself) on, but the movie's bad faith and tabloidlike sensibility leave us exhausted and depressed; we feel like voyeurs of our own memories. Also with Meg Ryan, Kathleen Quinlan, and Michael Wincott; the other Doors are played by Kyle MacLachlan, Frank Whaley, and Kevin Dillon.—T.R. (3/11/91) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gemini, and Ziegfeld.)

La Femme Nikita—The end of French cinema as we know it. Written and directed by Luc Besson. With Anne Parillaud, Jean-Hugues Anglade, Tcheky Karyo, and (in a cameo) Jeanne Moreau. In French.—T.R. (Angelika Film Center, and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

The Five Heartbeats—There isn't a good scene per Heartbeat in this rags-to-sequins story of a Temptations-like five-man singing group. The sweet temper and eager-to-please showmanship of director-star Robert Townsend (who co-wrote the script with Keenen Ivory Wayans) can't compensate for his amateur filmmaking. The early sequences of the quintet's formation have some vaudevillian humor and unzipped energy, but then Townsend crams too much in: racism, "crossover" pressures, drugs, criminality, sexual and professional competition, and, yes, religious redemption. None of the Heartbeats (Townsend, Michael Wright, Leon, Harry J. Lennix, Tico Wells, and, later, John Canada Terrell) score the way Lonette McKee did in the girl-group movie "Sparkle." The only singer who *does*—Tressa Thomas, who plays Townsend's baby sister—performs once and is never heard from again. She tears through a number called "We Haven't Finished Yet." Townsend should have taken that cue: his movie is painfully unfinished.—M.S. (59th Street East Cinema, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, 23rd St. West Triplex, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

GoodFellas—The director, Martin Scorsese, gives you a lift. He loves the Brooklyn organized-crime milieu, because it's where distortion, hyperbole, and exuberance all commingle. The movie is about being cock of the walk, with banners flying and crowds cheering. Based on Nicholas Pileggi's nonfiction book "Wiseguy," it's a triumphant piece of filmmaking—journalism and sociology presented with the brio of drama. But the three major hoods, played by Ray Liotta, Robert De Niro, and Joe Pesci, don't have a strong enough presence, and the movie lacks the juice and richness that come with major performances. (It's like the Howard Hawks "Scarface" without Scarface.) What you respond to is Scorsese's bravura: the filmmaking process becomes the subject of the movie. Watching it is like getting strung out on pure sensation. Paul Sorvino as Paulie and Lorraine Bracco as Karen both come through, and other performers in minor roles give the movie a frenzied, funny texture. The screenplay is by Pileggi and Scorsese; the cinematography is by Michael Ballhaus; the editing is by Thelma Schoonmaker.—P.K. (9/24/90) (Quad Cinema, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ American Museum of the Moving Image; April 20-21.)

The Grifters—This adaptation of one of the punchier pulp novels by Jim Thompson retains Thompson's hardboiled pitilessness. It's about three scam artists: tough, seductive Lilly (Anjelica Huston); her son, Roy (John Cusack), who won't have anything to do with her; and his bubbly bedmate, Myra (Annette Bening), a sex fantasy come to luscious life. These chisellers never got a break and don't give anybody else a break. The director, Stephen Frears, and the scriptwriter, Donald E. Westlake, are smart enough not to attempt to make a big thing out of this L.A. film noir. They keep it snappy, and heighten the sexual electricity. And they smack us with discord; we're watching a form of cabaret. Huston is astounding—you can see why the son is getting even with her by throwing his life away—and Bening's two-faced little-girl quality is just what film noir thrives on. (This is a picture with two competing femmes fatales.) It's thin stuff, but it's pretty terrific. (It even has great opening titles.) With Pat Hingle giving the performance of his life.—P.K. (11/19/90) (Village East Cinemas, Sutton, Chelsea Cinemas, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Guilty by Suspicion—Can a mannequin acquire political consciousness? That's the only question raised by this flaccid anti-HUAC morality play. To judge from Robert De Niro's hollow impersonation of a blacklisted director, the answer is no. Irwin Winkler, the veteran producer who here makes his directing début, has designed De Niro's hero as a good-hearted liberal (circa 1951) who just wants to keep making movies without naming names. Winkler and De Niro hope to forge a magnet for sympathy and instead construct a vacuum. The politics get sucked right in. Only peripheral figures turn out to be lapsed or unrepentant Communists, or even steady sympathizers. The victims include a Joseph Losey-like director (played with amusing snap by Martin Scorsese) and a Dorothy Comingore-like actress (Patricia Wettig, in a stupefying histrionic exhibition). How virtuous is this movie? Annette Bening plays De Niro's ex-wife—a schoolteacher. Because of the blacklist, they kiss and make up. The script is credited to Winkler.—M.S. (Loews 19th Street East 6, 34th St. East, Cinema II, Quad Cinema, and Metro Cinema.)

Ju Dou—It's been compared to James M. Cain, but the postman barely rings once in this tale of adultery Chinese style. In a small mountain village in the twenties, an impotent dye-mill owner (Li Wei), crazed over his lack of an heir, tortures his beautiful young bride (Gong Li). She seeks comfort in the arms of his worker nephew (Li Bao-Tian). There's no compelling plot, only the grinding inevitability of fate and tradition. The director, Zhang Yimou, simply metes out punishment to the lovers, the tyrant—and the audience. The lovers' son does most of the damage. He has the lethal power of the Children of the Damned—unfortunately, without the gimmicky zest of their eerie, glowing eyeballs. Yimou started out as a painter and still photographer. He remains one, devoting more attention to the dye mill's set design than to the story or the characters. The bolts of fabric are colored in subtle, vivid hues; the people are made out of whole cloth. In Mandarin.—M.S. (Lincoln Plaza.)

Keeper of the Flame (1943)—Tracy and Hepburn, but not a comedy, and not good, either. She plays the widow of a "great American"; Tracy is a journalist admirer of the dead man who wants to write the definitive biography. The widow won't coöperate with him and puts obstacles in his path, because she's trying to conceal the fact that her husband was the secret head of a traitorous Fascist organization. The screenwriter, Donald Ogden Stewart, had become very political during the war years, and he seems to have felt it incumbent on him to stuff the script (based on I. A. R. Wylie's novel) with anti-Fascism. Tracy is monotonous, and Hepburn looks beautiful but suffers all over the place and speaks mournfully, like a spiritualist's medium. It's a gothic wet blanket of a movie, directed by George Cukor, with an impressive, wasted cast—Richard Whorf, Frank Craven, Margaret Wycherly, Horace McNally, Donald Meek, Howard da Silva, Percy Kilbride, and Audrey Christie.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; April 24.)

The Last Laugh (1924)—A breathtaking achievement in silent-film technique, from the German studio UFA. Emil Jannings is the man whose self-esteem and position in society depend on his uniform, in F. W. Murnau's masterpiece of design and cinematography. The scenario is by Carl Mayer; the camerawork is by Karl Freund. With an added musical track.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; April 22. . . . ¶ Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 23.)

The Long Walk Home—Sisterhood—and liberalism—are powerful once again in this soul-stirring civil-rights drama. A bit too programmatic for the big screen, it would have been a landmark TV movie. But the cast overcomes. Sissy Spacek plays a proper Southern matron with an independent streak, and Whoopi Goldberg is the housemaid who inspires her to become a car-pool driver during the Montgomery bus boycott of 1955-56. Goldberg has never been better. In a part calling for restraint and constant wariness, she has all-seeing eyes. She summons an embattled dignity that gathers tremendous cumulative force. Spacek is appropriately smug as well as sharply empathic; for a role of this type, she's unusually unsentimental. Working from a script by John Cork (a Montgomery native), under the direction of Richard Pearce, these actresses embody the old integrationist dream: they descry each other's positions and seize a common ground. The movie is designed to be "inspirational," but it respects your intelligence. The climax is rousing, not rabble-rousing.—M.S. (Quad Cinema, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

At Theatre 80 St. Marks, Anne Baxter in "The Blue Gardenia"

Marnie (1964)—Hitchcock scraping bottom. Marnie (Tippi Hedren) is a frigid kleptomaniac; Sean Connery, looking pale and beleaguered, plays the man scheduled to cure her on both counts. It hardly seems worth the trouble. With Diane Baker, Martin Gabel, Louise Latham, and Bruce Dern. Screenplay by Jay Presson Allen, based on a novel by Winston Graham; music by Bernard Herrmann.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 24.)

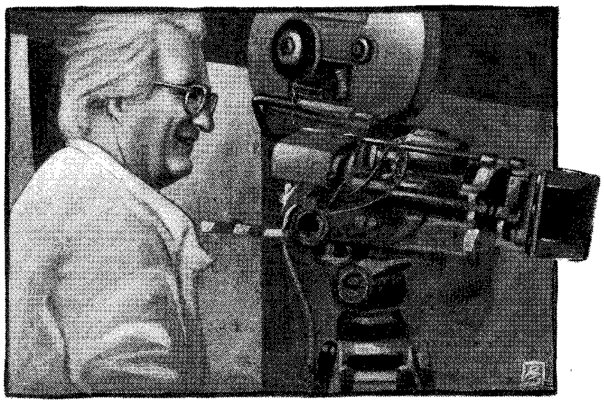
The Marrying Man—Vicki Anderson, Bugsy Siegel's favorite saloon singer, is devastatingly attractive to Charley Pearl, the toothpaste heir. It's lust at first sight; by the fourth time he marries her, it's turned into love. For the farce to work, the audience would have to share Charley's funny feeling. But Kim Basinger, as Vicki, is the only one who does. She gives a self-adoring, cartoonish performance. Basinger's vocalizing is passable, but her onstage moves (choreographed by Jeffrey Hornaday) are as embarrassingly bald as Madonna's on a bad night (say, Oscar night). Alec Baldwin impersonates a dashing leading man without convincing anyone that Charley is having a good time. What's left of Neil Simon's script plays like a first—or two-hundred-and-first—draft; it takes nearly half the movie for Charley to choose Vicki rather than good girl Adele (Elisabeth Shue), the daughter of movie mogul Lew Horner (Robert Loggia). Paul Reiser, Fisher Stevens, Peter Dobson, and Steve Hytner, as Charley's show-biz and sporting buddies, are put in the squirrelly position of being the comic relief in a comedy. They're not a relief; they're just additional pests. Jerry Rees directed.—M.S. (Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, 8th St. Playhouse, Guild, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Mr. & Mrs. Bridge—An adaptation, by the Merchant-Ivory team (the director James Ivory, the producer Ismail Merchant, and the writer Ruth Prawer Jhabvala), of Evan S. Connell's novels about the painfully respectable Bridge family of Kansas City. Walter and India Bridge (Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward) are pure exemplars of the middle: they're middle-aged and middle-class; they live in a medium-sized city in virtually the dead center of the United States; and they are neither truly happy nor consciously unhappy. They're monsters of moderation. At the beginning of the film, Ivory seems eerily in tune with the novels' distinctive sensibility. The picture gets by, initially, on its strange mood of chilling coziness, and when we tire of that—and we do, because it doesn't change or develop—the actors keep us engaged a while longer. Newman doesn't try to soften the character, or to distance himself from it with exaggerated effects, and his scrupulousness pays off. The character seems not more likable but more human than it does in the novels; by very simple means, Newman enables us to understand Mr. Bridge's insensitivity and emotional ineptitude. And Woodward, too, gives a delicate, subtle performance; she embodies a foolish woman vividly and unpatronizingly. But the screenplay retains the static quality of the books' construction, so at a certain point the scenes begin to feel arbitrary. And Ivory's perspective on the material seems to become clouded by a storm of minutiae—a surfeit of period detail. (The action takes place in the late thirties and early forties.) In the end, the Bridges aren't large enough either to move us or to terrify us: they're the Ambersons without the magnificence. Also with Blythe Danner, Kyra Sedgwick, Robert Sean Leonard, Margaret Welsh, and Simon Callow.—T.R. (12/3/90) (Village East Cinemas, Cinema 3rd Avenue, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Mister Johnson—An adaptation, directed by Bruce Beresford, of a 1939 Joyce Cary novel about a young Nigerian who works for British colonists in a remote rural outpost. The title character (played by Maynard Eziashi) is an outsized, broadly conceived comic invention—a man who seems to identify more strongly with his employers than with his countrymen. He composes grandiose songs of praise to "England, my home" (he's never been there), and he serves the stolid, pipe-smoking colonial district officer with ferocious enthusiasm. For Johnson, the ways of the white man's civilization are the elements of a romance, an epic song full of color and grand adventure: he looks at the world through the eyes of a poet, and transforms all he sees. The subject of the novel isn't the conflict between the culture of West Africa and that of the imperialist occupiers; it's the contrast between the wild fertility of an artist's imagination and the barrenness of his actual circumstances. The movie is skillful, handsome, and consistently enjoyable, but its studied style makes Cary's story seem a far more conventional colonial satire than it really is. For the most part Beresford directs like an intelligent man who just isn't quite getting the point. Eziashi, however, is a splendid Johnson: the movie's few surviving traces of the novel's complex wit are all contained in fleeting expressions on the actor's broad, smiling face. Also with Pierce Brosnan, Edward Woodward, Femi Fatoba, Beatie Edney, Bela Enahoro, Nick Reding, and Kwabena Manso (who gives a lovely performance as Johnson's quiet, very correct friend Benjamin). Screenplay by William Boyd; cinematography by Peter James.—T.R. (Village East Cinemas, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

The Object of Beauty—With John Malkovich and Andie MacDowell, directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Manhattan Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, and Regency.)

Paris Is Burning—Jennie Livingston's documentary about gay black and Latino men who compete in drag balls is a beautiful piece of work—lively, intelligent, exploratory. The drag queens we see here seem to be holding



Bertrand Tavernier, director of "Daddy Nostalgia" (at the Loews Fine Arts)

up a mirror to the world of the empowered as they see it in movies, TV shows, and magazines. In the ballroom, some present themselves as elegant, glamorous women in designer outfits, and walk with the hip-swinging slouch of runway models, while others adopt more mundane personas: college students (of both sexes); military men; Wall Street businessmen; aristocrats at play, dressed for yachting or riding to hounds. The criteria by which all these turns are judged is verisimilitude—"realness." The material is almost too rich, too suggestive. Everything about the ball culture signifies so blatantly and so promiscuously that the movie induces a kind of semiotic daze. Livingston is smart enough not to reduce her subjects to the sum of their possible meanings, perhaps because she realizes that the way the drag performers manipulate image and fetishes and the iconography of popular culture is for many of them a sophisticated form of humor. The most self-aware of the gay men in this picture revel in the ironies of their social and sexual identities, and Livingston makes us appreciate the comic grace and the strange wisdom of that approach. Like all the best documentary filmmakers, she does her subjects the honor of allowing them to retain some of their mystery. Edited by Jonathan Oppenheim.—T.R. (3/25/91) (Film Forum. . . . ¶ Whitney Museum; April 23-24.)

Red Dust (1932)—A sexy jungle melodrama from M-G-M, with Jean Harlow as a bawdy, tough girl who has been around and an unshaven Clark Gable who thinks he prefers cool, ladylike Mary Astor. Harlow is intensely likable, delivering her zingy wisecracks with a wonderful dirty good humor, and Gable is at that early peak of his career when he is so sizzlingly sexual that it seems both funny and natural for the two women to be fighting over him. M-G-M remade the film in 1953 as "Mogambo," with Ava Gardner in the Harlow role and Grace Kelly as the lady, but by then Gable, still manfully holding down his old role, didn't bring much heat to it. The original was directed by Victor Fleming in a racy, action-packed style, from a script by John Lee Mahin, based on Wilson Collison's story. With Gene Raymond, Tully Marshall, and Donald Crisp. ("Red Dust" was also recycled in 1940 as "Congo Maisie.")—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 18.)

Reversal of Fortune—An entertainingly trashy sick-joke docudrama about how Claus von Bülow's conviction for trying to kill his superrich wife was overturned on appeal through the brainpower of the Harvard law professor Alan Dershowitz and his team of students and former students. Jeremy Irons' von Bülow is a pop conception of a decadent aristocrat, and the crowd-pleasing satirical subtext is that the heirs and heiresses of the great fortunes are useless, bored, unloving, and unloved. The fun here is that Irons' performance is a masterly conceit. His von Bülow is a depraved cuckoo; he simply can't resist playing ghoulish comedian and making Dershowitz (Ron Silver) his stooge. The script, by Nicholas Kazan, is skillfully constructed, but it's based on Dershowitz's book about the case, and he's the protagonist—the crusading lawyer searching for evidence of innocence. Silver's Dershowitz seems to be overdosing on proud sentimental Jewishness. (That this is a positive stereotype makes it no less a stereotype.) The direction, by Barbet Schroeder, is assured but often impersonal and emptily energetic. With Glenn Close (very effective as Sunny von Bülow, the comatose narrator), Christine Baranski as Andrea Reynolds, Julie Hagerty (uncredited) as Alexandra Isles, and Stephen Mailer, Annabella Sciorra, Uta Hagen, and Fisher Stevens. Music by Mark Isham.—P.K. (11/19/90) (Eastside Cinema, and Quad Cinema.)

The Silence of the Lambs—Adapted from a novel by Thomas Harris, Jonathan Demme's thriller is artful pulp—tabloid material treated with intelligence and care and a weird kind of sensitivity. The heroine, Clarice Starling (Jodie Foster), is an earnest F.B.I. trainee who is selected to interview Dr. Hannibal Lecter (Anthony Hopkins), a psychiatrist who is also a famous mass murderer; her superiors hope that Lecter's twisted expertise can somehow be used to help them catch a serial killer known as Buffalo Bill, who flays his victims. In the course of the movie, these conversations between the trainee and the psychiatrist turn into edgy, complex transactions in which she reveals pieces of her inner life in return for his hints on how to find the killer. Hopkins plays the monster with a fine, cold relish: he gives the character a mesmeric animal stillness, the terrifying opacity of a cobra. And the impact of his performance is heightened by its contrast with everything surrounding it: the scrupulous realism of Demme's style, the mundane details of police procedure, and, in particular, the emotional transparence of the heroine. Demme keeps our attention on Starling and her shifting reactions to the world, and his most striking achievement in this picture is his direction of Jodie Foster. The suspense of this manhunt isn't of the straight-ahead kind we're used to: it's reflective, oscillating between approach and avoidance—it has an unnerving intimacy. Also with Scott Glenn, Ted Levine (as Buffalo Bill), Anthony Heald, and Brooke Smith. The screenplay, which is extremely faithful to the novel, is by Ted Tally.—T.R. (2/25/91) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Waverly, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

Sleeping with the Enemy—Julia Roberts, as a frightened young wife who fakes her death and changes her identity to escape her rich husband (Patrick Bergin), a psychopathic perfectionist. Roberts is an incredible object—you can at least see why a perfectionist would want to hang on to her. But she's a blank goddess here, and the settings—Cape Cod and Cedar Falls, Iowa (both shot in North and South Carolina)—are uninspiring. The director, Joseph Ruben, does a smooth job, with snappy editing every time there's a cut to the enraged husband on the wife's trail. There are no surprise twists, though; the picture is a glossy combination of secondhand, showing-off-Julia scenes from "Pretty Woman" and secondhand scares from "The Stepfather." Ronald Bass's script, out of a novel by Nancy Price, is one letdown after another. With Kevin Anderson, Elizabeth Lawrence, and Nancy Fish. The score, by Jerry Goldsmith, keeps plugging away at ominousness.—P.K. (2/11/91) (Gotham Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Art Greenwich Twin; through April 18.)

Things to Come (1936)—The most elaborate science-fiction movie ever made in England until "2001." H. G. Wells wrote the tendentious screenplay (based on his book "The Shape of Things to Come"); the celebrated designer William Cameron Menzies directed, Vincent Korda (with Lázló Moholy-Nagy) worked on the sets, Georges Périnal was the cinematographer, and Arthur Bliss wrote the score. Wells peers ahead through a century of devastation to the cold, abstract architecture of 2055. The whole "scientific" phantasmagoria is posh and modernistic—an amusingly dated view of the future. (It suggests the twenties.) The movie is more handsome than dramatic, with spacious sets and great costumes (they're like what actors wore in avant-garde productions of Greek tragedies in the twenties), and some wonderful howlers in Raymond Massey's and Ralph Richardson's dialogue and acting. With Cedric Hardwicke, John Clements, Ann Todd, Margaretta Scott, and Derrick de Marney.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; April 23.)

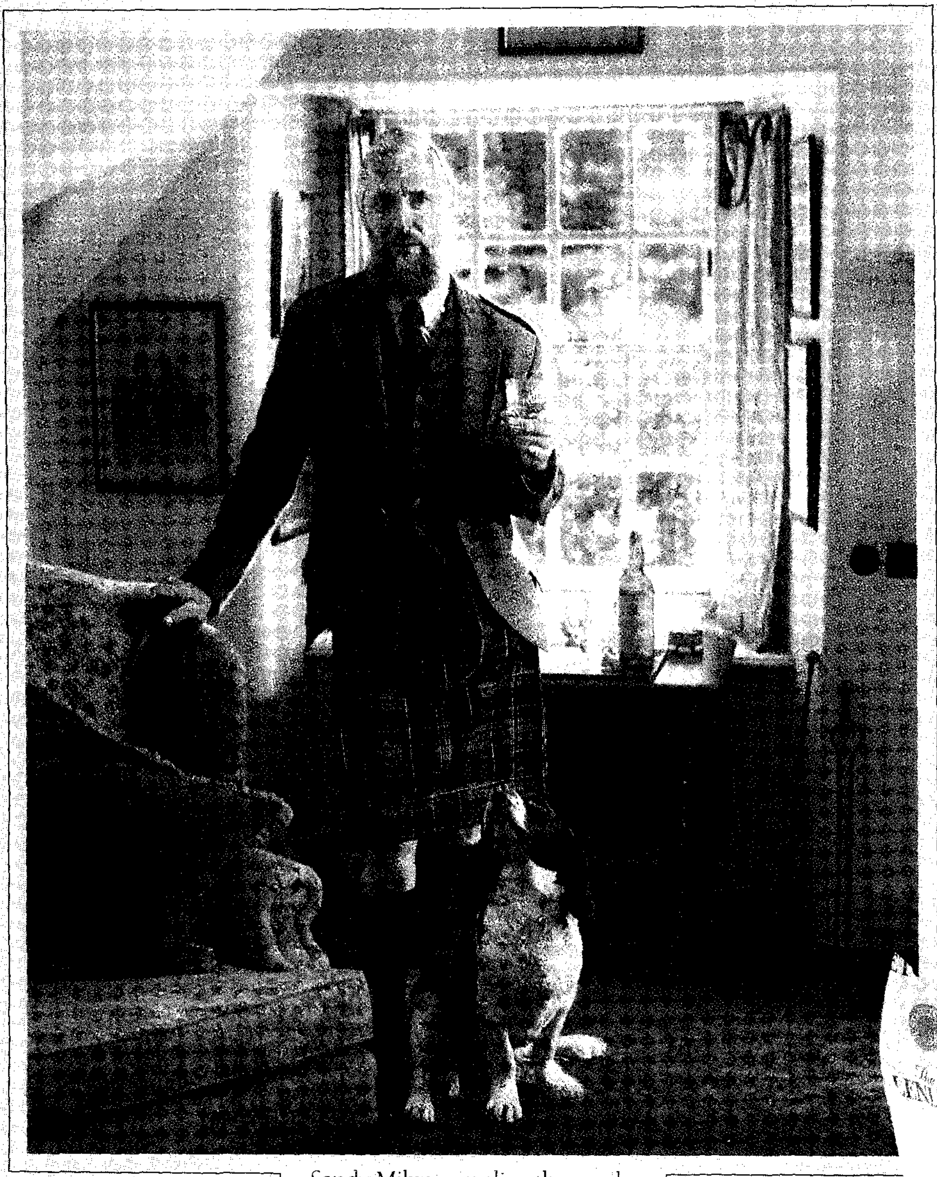
The Vanishing—George Sluizer's film has a simple, powerful thriller hook: a young Dutch woman, Saskia (the radiant Johanna Ter Steege), vacationing in the South of France with her boyfriend, Rex (Gene Bervoets), walks into a highway rest stop to buy a soda and beer and never comes back. Rex's search for Saskia, which takes place over several years, produces suspense of an unusually melancholy kind. This fiendishly intelligent little movie is adapted from a novel called "The Golden Egg," by the Dutch writer Tim Krabbé (who collaborated with Sluizer on the adaptation), and its form is essentially literary. It's a sophisticated example of the sort of hermetic intellectual mysteries that Borges is famous for: the fates of Saskia and Rex are worked out with an almost geometric precision. But the movie's rigor isn't alienating, and its symmetries are evocative rather than merely clever. The film is about ordinary lives interrupted, hijacked out of time, and Sluizer, with documentary-style attentiveness to detail, does justice to the varied beauty of ordinariness. The narrative is constructed with flawless elegance, but the movie is far less self-contained than it seems: traces of deep feeling keep escaping from the artifice, like puffs of breath into cold, thin air. Not many thrillers have the sort of suggestiveness this picture has. It's a small classic. Bernard-Pierre Donnadieu gives a chilling performance as the perverse, enigmatic villain. In Dutch and French.—T.R. (1/28/91) (Cinema 12.)

With the 1957 melodrama "Elevator to the Gallows" (playing April 23-24 at the Biograph Cinema), Louis Malle scored a hole in one. His first feature is a seductively chic and precious tour de force: a suspenseful policier *that gains charge from its suaveness. Maurice Ronet plays the debonair, sensitive war hero who becomes a killer out of love for Jeanne Moreau—the wife of his boss, a middle-aged Parisian tycoon and war profiteer. In the opening minutes, Ronet appears to pull off faking the husband's suicide. But before he leaves the crime scene for good, he gets trapped in the office elevator and a feckless young couple steals his posh getaway convertible. Moreau, seeing them drive away, thinks he's run off with another woman. In Malle's hands, these glitches have a satisfying precision and inevitability, like bolts dropping in a time lock.*

Malle's mastery of skewed sympathies gives the film a rare ardent flavor. The audience never stops rooting for the lovers to beat the odds. The subplot about the runaway youths bears a conspicuous resemblance to the plot of Jean-Luc Godard's "Breathless" (which came out two years later). Both feature a stolen car, a gun found in the glove compartment, and a load of alienation. But to Malle (unlike Godard) these kids are just kids—foils to the fervor of Ronet and Moreau. Ronet's elegant melancholy exudes a gravitional pull, and Moreau is, as always, nonpareil at conveying amorous tension and loss. Miles Davis's skittering, improvised score augments the movie's impulsive emotionality and escalating crises. The title presages the outcome. But getting there is sophisticated, nerve-rattling fun.

"If you cannot drink The Glenlivet® the correct way, I beg you to drink some other Scotch."

—Sandy Milne,
our Resident Sage.


Sandy Milne sampling the goods.

At the pinnacle of Scotches sit the single malt whiskies. Slightly above them sits The Glenlivet, the father of them all.

At this topmost level of Scotch, there is a ritual to the drinking of it.

"Ice massacres the smooth, mellow taste," says our Sandy Milne somewhat testily. "So, no ice. All you want is a drop or two of water to bring out the 'nose,' or aroma. Spring water, if you've got it. Cool, not cold. And use a fine crystal glass, gently warmed in a cupped hand to release the full bouquet.

"Save the ice cubes and big splashes of water for other Scotch," advises Sandy, "where it hardly matters a hoot."

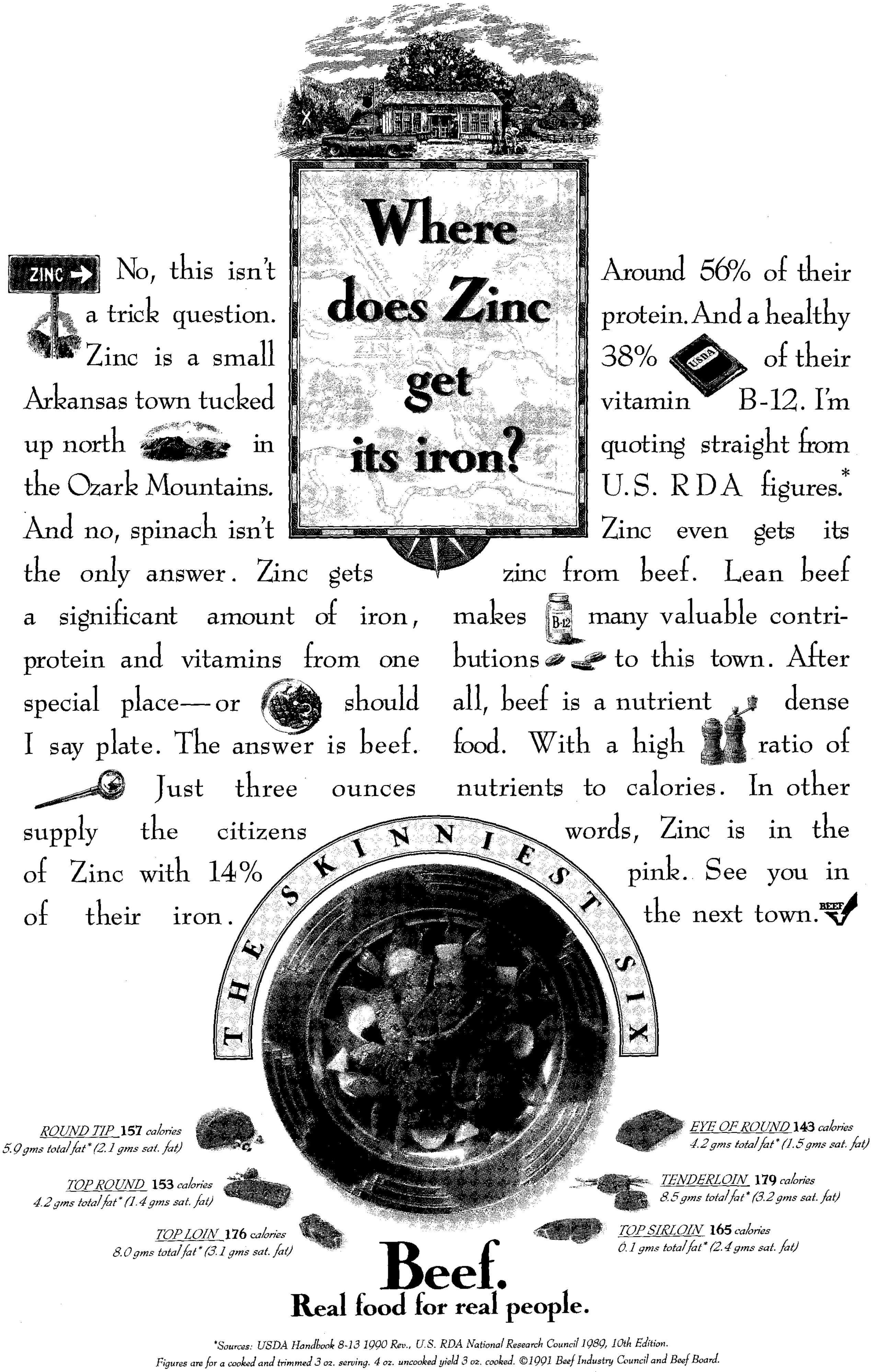
The GLENLIVET
AGED 12 YEARS
The GLENLIVET
12 YEARS OLD

What is a single malt Scotch?

A single malt is Scotch the way it was originally: one single whisky, from one single distillery. Not, like most Scotch today, a blend of many whiskies. The Glenlivet single malt Scotch whisky should therefore be compared to a château-bottled wine. Blended Scotch is more like a mixture of wines from different vineyards.

The Glenlivet.
The Father of All Scotch.

©1990. Imported by The Glenlivet Distilling Company, N.Y., N.Y. 12-year-old single malt Scotch whisky. Alc. 43% by vol. (86 proof). The Glenlivet is a registered trademark.



Where does Zinc get its iron?

No, this isn't a trick question. Zinc is a small Arkansas town tucked up north in the Ozark Mountains. And no, spinach isn't the only answer. Zinc gets a significant amount of iron, protein and vitamins from one special place—or should I say plate. The answer is beef. Just three ounces supply the citizens of Zinc with 14% of their iron. Around 56% of their protein. And a healthy 38% of their vitamin B-12. I'm quoting straight from U.S. RDA figures.* Zinc even gets its zinc from beef. Lean beef makes many valuable contributions to this town. After all, beef is a nutrient dense food. With a high ratio of nutrients to calories. In other words, Zinc is in the pink. See you in the next town.

THE SKINNIEST SIX

ROUND TIP 157 *calories*
5.9 gms total fat (2.1 gms sat. fat)*

TOP ROUND 153 *calories*
4.2 gms total fat (1.4 gms sat. fat)*

TOP LOIN 176 *calories*
8.0 gms total fat (3.1 gms sat. fat)*

EYE OF ROUND 143 *calories*
4.2 gms total fat (1.5 gms sat. fat)*

TENDERLOIN 179 *calories*
8.5 gms total fat (3.2 gms sat. fat)*

TOP SIRLOIN 165 *calories*
6.1 gms total fat (2.4 gms sat. fat)*

Beef.
Real food for real people.

**Sources: USDA Handbook 8-13 1990 Rev., U.S. RDA National Research Council 1989, 10th Edition.
Figures are for a cooked and trimmed 3 oz. serving. 4 oz. uncooked yield 3 oz. cooked. ©1991 Beef Industry Council and Beef Board.*

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

CHILD psychologists measure something called moral development. They chart the progress, if any, from a psychology of pure self-interest toward a concern with the impact of behavior on others. How do people learn to distinguish right from wrong? Is it that an act that results in punishment is wrong, and an act that results in no punishment is therefore right? Or are right and wrong determined on the basis of compassionate judgments about what is good or bad for other people as well as for oneself?

On the spectrum of human affairs, individual development could be said to reside at one end and the clash of nations at the other, and yet the same questions sometimes arise in both areas. In the case of the Gulf War, Iraq's invasion of Kuwait was judged morally wrong by virtually every government on earth, and a broad alliance of nations set about correcting the injustice. When Saddam Hussein, driven from Kuwait, turned his firepower on his own people, killing countless thousands and driving more than a million Kurds from their homes, the same international chorus condemned him. Although a painfully self-serving interpretation of the concept of national sovereignty was then used to justify the world's inaction, no one doubted that great questions of right and wrong were again at stake. When President Bush, studiously on vacation in the Florida Keys, was accused of ignoring the suffering of the Kurds, much as he had ignored that of the Lithuanians in 1989, he snapped, "I think I was right in 1989, and I think I'm right now."

Sorry WE'RE
CLOSED

The President meant that intervention in each case was unwise—not worth the risk to American interests, at least as he calculated them. But the spectacle of subject peoples under assault by a dictator's army raises more than geopolitical questions, particularly for an American President who has been loudly occupying the moral heights for many months, and demonizing his foe in the most extreme terms. Didn't we set ourselves a higher standard of behavior than the icy self-interest decreeing that we wait for a palace coup to topple Saddam Hussein once he had starved, murdered, maimed, or impoverished vast additional numbers of his people? And is a new round of arms sales to the frail, undemocratic regimes of the Middle East, which the Bush Administration is reported to be weighing, really the course indicated by our recent experience there? What would be the ultimate impact of such armaments on the people of the region?

The American share of the responsibility for the slaughter of the Kurds is considerable. Our outrage at the brutal treatment of Kuwait, and our willingness to mobilize every resource to stop it, seemed to vanish when the Iraqi Army's victims were not wealthy American clients and oil suppliers. Sheer political embarrassment finally pushed the Bush Administration into a belated relief effort, but the medieval spectres of mass starvation and disease still hang over huge numbers of terrorized, uprooted people in and around Iraq.

The President, though clearly upset and defensive about the Iraqi Army's latest rampages, and concerned about the shadow being cast on the American military triumph (a White House official told the Washington *Post* that Republicans were "not really happy about having the positive images of the war besmirched"), could at least take comfort from opinion polls showing that a majority of Americans did not support giving aid to the rebels in Iraq. It may be unknown to child psychologists, but the opinion-poll method of distinguishing right from wrong is widely accepted among politicians. And the President's extraordinarily high approval ratings in polls taken since the war no doubt strengthened his confidence in his own moral judgment.

Still, the national mood of self-congratulation seems increasingly misplaced. One evening recently, CBS broadcast an "All Star Salute to Our Troops." The idea was to welcome our soldiers returning home from the Gulf the way soldiers returning from Vietnam were never welcomed. Actually, it seems unlikely that any soldiers returning from anywhere were ever welcomed by such an onslaught of glitz. The program resembled the Academy Awards ceremonies, with a two-hour procession of show-business celebrities singing, telling jokes, and making short and not so short speeches, interspersed with film clips of the war: incinerated trucks, an oil-covered bird, Presidential speeches. Mr. and Mrs. Bush sat in the audience and sang along with the country singer Randy Travis's chorus "If you see what's wrong and you try to make it right, you will be a point of light." The evening's leitmotiv seemed to be a passionate belief in our national innocence and goodness. President Bush, the show's true headliner, declared that in the Gulf War we had all "regained confidence in America's special decency, courage, compassion, and devotion to principle."

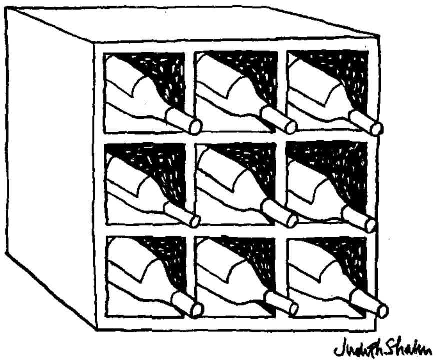
The soldiers coming home from the Gulf certainly deserve a proper welcome. How proper was it, though, to be proclaiming our "special decency" while Iraqi helicopter gunships were raining napalm down on innocent people whom the United States was pointedly refusing to help? And this was after our bombers had just finished pounding an entire country back into what a United Nations damage survey called "a pre-industrial age," leaving some seventy-two thousand people homeless, a hundred thousand soldiers and an unknown number of civilians killed or wounded, and food and water in desperately short supply. Had we really made things right, or were we simply drawing the most comforting conclusion from the fact that we had inflicted a devastating defeat on our enemy and managed to escape relatively unscathed ourselves?

Making the "All Star Salute" still harder to watch was the knowledge that its co-executive producer was Roger Ailes, the Republican political operative responsible for some of the sleaziest moments of George Bush's 1988 Presidential campaign. This conflation of war, political oompah, and national television belonged in some bad conspiracy thriller. It was a poor advertisement indeed for the land of the free and of the skeptical commercial press. Republicans have not been shy about their intention of casting themselves as the party of the Gulf War victory. Representative Newt Gingrich, the House Republican whip, has begun a star search for Gulf War veterans willing to run for Congress against Democrats who voted against the resolution to launch the war. But the conventional wisdom that says that politicians who opposed the war will have trouble in the next election may not outlive the triumphal hoopla of these weeks, or months. (New York City's "Operation Welcome Home" parade will take place in June.) Given the environmental catastrophe sparked in Kuwait and the chaos and carnage unleashed in Iraq, the Gulf War may begin to look less and less like a victory in the months ahead. Wars don't have happy endings. The only happy part is that they end at all.

• •

The Frimbonians

OUR old, old friend E. M. Frimbo, the world's premier railroad buff, has been much in the news these past weeks. At the special request of W. Graham Claytor, Jr., the president of Amtrak, the ceremonial inaugural run, on April 4th, of the railroad's new Hudson River service down the West Side of Manhattan into Pennsylvania Station was officially styled The E. M. Frimbo Special, and each of three hundred guests aboard the train was handed an Amtrak press release detailing the great man's legendary career. On the sixth, the last day of Amtrak service into Grand Central Terminal—which for seventy-four years had been the final destination for all passenger trains travelling south from Niagara Falls or Buffalo or Montreal or Albany—press cameras flashed as sixteen train lovers boarded the Black Diamond, a seventy-five-year-old open-platform observation car, for a trip to Albany and back: a sentimental journey dedicated to Frimbo's memory and featuring a carefully researched sitdown luncheon based on Frimbo's favorite old death-takes-a-holiday, the-hell-with-cholesterol dining-car recipes: lobster Newburg (garnished with hand-cut watermelon pickles), creamed-spinach soufflé, saffron rice, toasted corn bread, and strawberries in heavy cream.



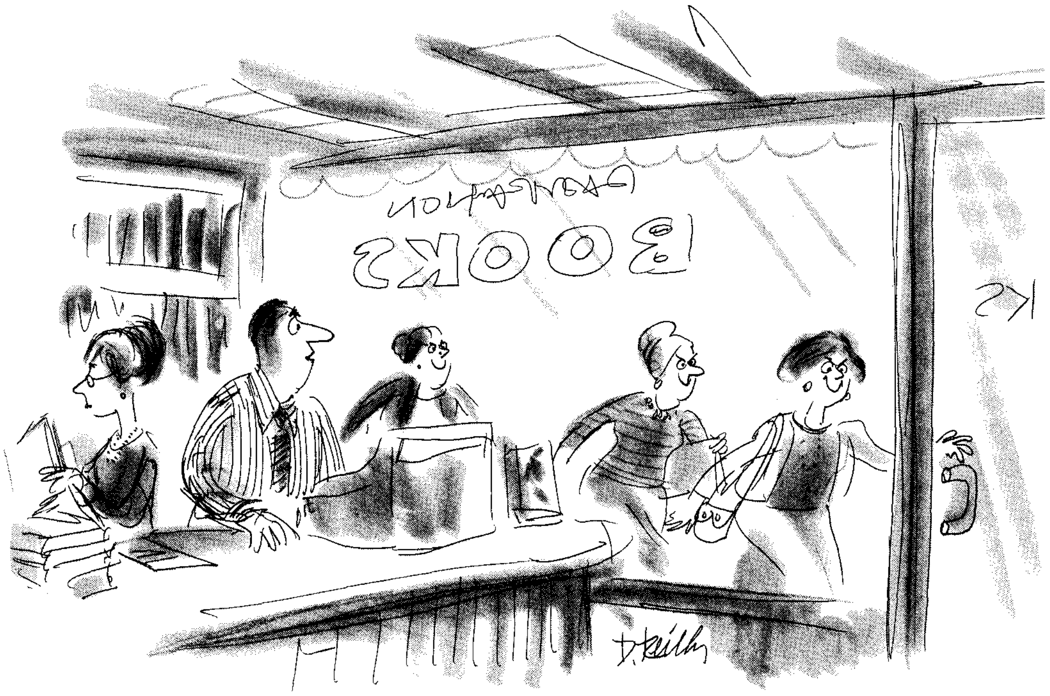
The debonair and farseeing Frimbo, whose exploits appeared often in these pages, was, as many *New Yorker* readers know, loosely based on the career of our own Rogers E. M. Whitaker, a staffer here for fifty-five years, who in addition to doing editing and covering night clubs for us and writing our football column managed, riding on weekends and during vacations, to travel almost three million miles on trains all over the world. During his lifetime, Whitaker, who died in 1981, had a railroad car named in his honor—the E. M. Frimbo was a snack-bar-cum-bookstall car that trundled around the country one spring and summer on a special steam train commemorating the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the Chessie System—but, of course, few railroad passengers, however celebrated in their day, are singled out for even greater honors ten years after leaving this world.

As we climbed aboard The E. M. Frimbo Special, which smelled faintly both of fresh paint and of champagne (a bottle of Glenora Brut, which is made in New York State, had just been sloshed across its prow), and again as, two days later, we stood swinging in the April sunset out on the observation platform of the Black Diamond, we had our hand wrung and our back whacked by a succession of Frimbo well-wishers, and we began to understand why the old man's name commands respect among a new generation of railroaders. Back in the dark days before Amtrak, when those who admired trains lived in dread of each new timetable, because so often it would mean only absences, disfigurements, and heartache, as famous old trains were cancelled or else had their running times extended so that they just missed the connections they had once made so handily, the railroads had few public champions, and Frimbo's tirelessly stouthearted defense of trains rang out across the land almost the way Churchill's voice rallied England after Dunkirk. (Whitaker himself looked rather like a combination of Churchill and W. C. Fields.) The United States, if it let its railways slip away, Frimbo warned, would become the largest underdeveloped country in the world. And he ridiculed automobiles in memorable phrases. "What is a car?" he once asked. "A rolling sneeze. A little slice of selfishness."

The real news today, we found out to our pleasure, is not just that, against all odds, train travel has survived in this country. It's that there is now a world of Frimbonians out there—among them some seemingly unlikely converts—trying to create a national high-speed-railroad system that will take dread and frustration out of transportation and replace them with such all but forgotten qualities as enjoyment, ease, convenience, and a sense of community. Even some members of the Bush Administration seem to be getting the message. Gil Carmichael, a former Volkswagen dealer and highway advocate from Mississippi, who is now serving as the head of the Federal Railroad Administration (he was one of the honored guests aboard The E. M. Frimbo Special), goes around the country giving speeches about the need for what he calls "ethical transportation," meaning a transportation system that doesn't kill people, doesn't waste fuel, doesn't pollute the air, and doesn't cost more than the country can afford. "Railroads," he told us as the inaugural special streaked past a dozen swans bobbing gently on the Hudson, "are the one mode that fits almost automatically within these parameters."

As the train slid into Manhattan over its new trackage, we caught up with Senator Alfonse D'Amato, another born-again Frimbonian, who had a seat in the head car of The E. M. Frimbo Special. (D'Amato has been a key player in the new Hudson River service: at almost the last minute, he came up with eleven million dollars in federal money that enabled the new Manhattan right-of-way to be double-tracked and thus avoid a considerable amount of snarled traffic.) For a moment, it seemed as though we were back in conversation with our old friend Frimbo, because all that the senator wanted to talk about was how trains link people together. "In 1944, when my grandfather moved from Brooklyn out to Island Park, he bought a house only two hundred and fifty yards from the town's Long Island Rail Road station, and because everybody walked by our house to go down to the station we knew everybody in town," he said. "The sense of neighborhood extended all the way into the city, too, because the same crowd gathered every workday to play pinochle on the train. We were a nice community because of the train—better informed, even, because the train ride also gave people time enough to read the papers. The new Hudson River service, which brings Long Islanders and upstaters into the same station for the first time, won't be a boon just for travellers. It will extend a New York State sense of commonality, so that people from Albany and folks from Island Park won't be cut off from each other's psyche and knowledge."

On Saturday, at the invitation of Richard A. Horstmann, one of the owners of the Black Diamond, we went on board the car for a private, twilight run up the Hudson. As dusk fell, we wandered out onto the observation platform. The blue peaks of the Hudson Highlands hovered just over our head, and almost at our feet small waves smacked against the riverbank and a newly awakened chorus of spring peepers sang out into the gathering night. Then Horstmann turned on the car's running lights, so that the track fading away behind us took on a golden glow, and we stood there listening to the clickety-clack of the wheels. This time, the cadences of the motion itself seemed to take on Frimbo's voice. "Be of good cheer," we heard the rails say. And Frimbo's own battle cry: "Get on a train!"



"Two Nancys to go—make that three."

• •

Sunday

WHERE were we on Sunday? Following a quick dip into the *Times* and breakfast, not brunch, at a local coffee shop, we were on a different train—a D train headed toward Brooklyn and the Empire Roller Disco, half a block away from where Ebbetts Field used to be. While we were waiting in line to get in, we met Lakisha Wilson and her friends Winsom Brown, Petal Johnson, Rakeem Farrah Turner, and Ice: "No beginning, no middle, and no end to me—just like my name," he said. They are all in their early teens and spend an average of ten hours a week in the rink practicing signature routines, which have earned them a small following.

"I'm short and sweet, just like my skating," Petal said. "Rakeem is loud but def. I met him on my first day here, like two years ago. My girlfriend, she said to his face, 'You're fine.' I said to his face, 'I hadn't noticed.' "

Lakisha, Winsom, and Petal had similar hair styles—cornrows laced with gold brilliants and purple fake hair—and skates with so many different-colored pom-poms attached to the laces that they almost covered the boots. Pointing to Winsom's skates, Ice said, "Those Afros should be retired."

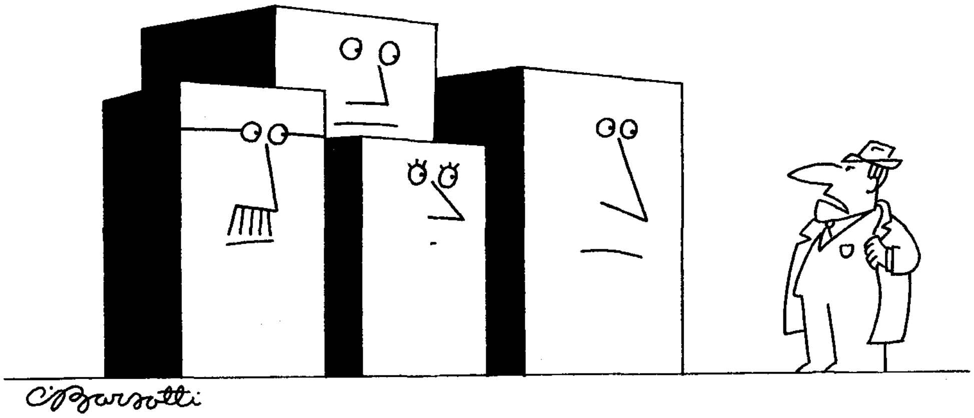
As we approached the ticket booth, we heard the thump, thump of a loudspeaker's bass. Overhead, large neon letters spelled out "EMPIRE" (in pink) and "ROLLERDOME" (in green), but they in no way prepared us for the Empire's interior, which is a huge, cavernlike space dominated by words. There were words of warning accompanied by drawings illustrating "THE CORRECT WAY TO FALL" (on your rear) and "THE WRONG WAY TO FALL" (on your hands); there were words that shimmered in the music ("Sweat / Sweeaaat / Makes me feel right / Work me all night"); and there were a lot of neon shapes—orange lightning bolts, blue palm fronds, yellow squiggles—that amounted to words in another kind of language (a weak translation might be "Excitement").

The Empire Rollerdome—or, as it is called by the staff, the Dome, or the Roller Disco—consists of two rinks: one for medium-to-advanced skaters and, a yard or two behind it, one for beginners. Many people flock to the first rink regardless of their skating skill. It's there that the latest fashions are discussed and you can stop and fix your hair and watch and listen. The hum of wheels on wood can tell you how popular a song is: a steady hum with many squeals spells popular, and a hum that diminishes to a sputter says not so popular. The sputter is people like Lakisha, Petal, Winsom, Ice, and Rakeem leaving the floor.

"Those children, their mothers are so glad they're doing something sophisticated like this, they thank me," Peter Brown, who has been the Empire's public-relations and promotions director since 1979, said as he stood beside us at the edge of the first rink, looking on. Mr. Brown, whom Petal had introduced us to, is a very tall man who has a white stubble dotting his face—it doesn't quite add up to a beard—and who was wearing a black knit cap and worrying a piece of wood larger than a toothpick in one side of his mouth. "This is the most popular place to skate in Brooklyn, since it's the only place left," he told us. "When I started working here, I was a member of the group We Four Guys. We promoted roller-skating and trips to the Caribbean. When We Four Guys sponsored parties here, I had to bring my own 45s and play them on those old fat dispensers. Now we have a sound system that is technical."

When we asked Mr. Brown about the history of the Empire, he ushered us into a wood-panelled office just off the ticket booth and went looking for Gloria McCarthy, a co-owner of the Empire. A television and a transistor radio were on, and taped here and there on the walls were inspirational press clippings. One was headed "24 QUALITIES THAT GENIUSES SHARE."

"I've got *five* minutes," Mrs. McCarthy said when she entered. Mrs. McCarthy is a short woman with big brown curls shaped like wheels. She was wearing a blue sweatshirt, blue sweatpants, and carpet slippers. She said, "My father, H. Abrami, bought this place in 1956. We told him he was crazy, since it was close to Ebbets Field, where the Dodgers were stationed. Who needed the competition? If you're not selling hot dogs—my mother said this—forget it. He liked all kinds of music. He put in an organ.



"Nobody leave this room."

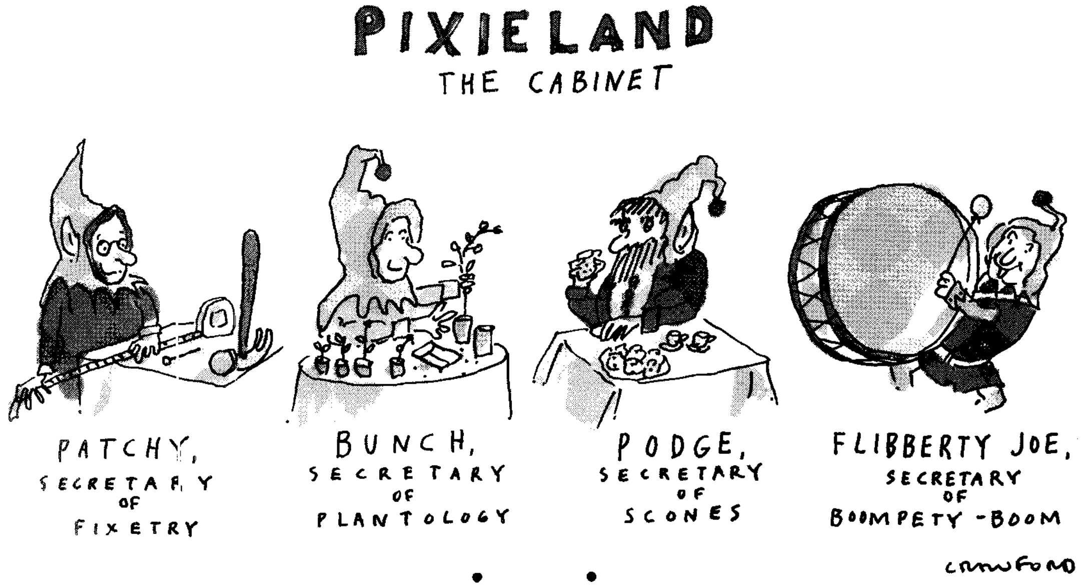
Years later, for a couple of days a week, he put in a miniature golf course, too. He didn't know from golf. Who wants golf when they want skating? *You* go figure. He dropped the golf. A few more people came. He got rid of the organ. *I* started coming. He played popular records and more people came. He was a Teamster, so he was used to making quick decisions like that. He lived to see the Empire become popular. He liked it here. My mother never came, but I did. When my father died, in 1980, I took over. Brown had been hanging around here forever, so I gave him a chance to make himself honest." An attendant came into the office on his skates, and she turned to him and said, "*Don't do that!* Don't walk in here on *those things!* Would you on your mother's carpet?" Then she went on, "Anyway, I better get going. The matinée is almost over. Excuse me."

Outside the office, we watched faces go around and around the rink in single file or in small clusters. There were Lakisha and Petal holding hands. There was Winsom and, behind her, moving backward, Rakeem. We spotted Ice making his way toward us. Just then, the d.j. announced that it was fifteen minutes until closing. Ice glistened with perspiration. "I like it here on Sunday," he said, wiping his forehead with his shirt sleeve. "But, man, am I tired. Like a dial tone. Click."

Oonbelievable

MORE and more objects in the air. Six balls. Nine rings. The Russian Sergei Ignatov, of the Moscow Circus, does eleven rings at once, a world record. The Russian Gregory Popovich does nine rings at some matinées and at most evening shows at Madison Square Garden, where the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus is now ensconced. We watched Popovich perform this feat the other night. A trim twenty-seven-year-old, Popovich appears in the center ring in Act I. He twirls three Chinese devil sticks, spins three colored boxes, tosses five clubs two-handed behind his back, flips six balls using his feet, and juggles five clubs while standing on an eight-foot ladder and balancing a chrome strut and a ball on his forehead. The nine-ring toss is his capper. There is a drumroll and then, of course, a hush, during which

Popovich prepares himself by donning a special ring-carrying holster. He flexes his knees, limbers his wrists, and abruptly rockets white disks roofward in a parabolic blur. Then he catches them crisply and—poof—the whole thing's over so fast you don't even know you've been impressed.


PIXIELAND
THE CABINET
PATCHY, SECRETARY OF FIXETRY
BUNCH, SECRETARY OF PLANTOLOGY
PODGE, SECRETARY OF SCONES
FLIBBERTY JOE, SECRETARY OF BOOMPETY-BOOM
CRAWFORD

"Lots of guys throw multiple rings," our companion, a circus professional, told us. "But aerial combos don't mean much unless you've got art. Popovich has art but not beauty. You don't find many beautiful jugglers."

We asked what, exactly, he meant by a beautiful juggler, and his immediate answer was "Lottie Brunn."

Later, we asked Michael Moschen, one of the preëminent jugglers of our day, about Lottie Brunn, and he said, "Lottie's style was incandescence. Think of her as the sun with objects moving around her like planets. Her technique was complicated and sure. Very few people can take the human scale and make it epic. That's where the beauty came in."

"For elegance no one has ever topped her," Brian Dubé, of Brian Dubé, Inc., a juggling supply house, on Park Place, told us. Mr. Dubé has a mailing list of nineteen thousand customers, and we had telephoned him in the hope that Lottie Brunn was on it. "Let me look for her number," he said. As Mr. Dubé searched his list, he told us that Lottie Brunn is a famous juggling stylist, that she is one of the very few women ever to juggle eight rings, and that she has been retired for four years. "Even now, if you ask knowledgeable jugglers who's brilliant, they'll all say Lottie Brunn," he said. Mr. Dubé found the number, and we thanked him. Soon afterward, we found ourself in the presence of Lottie Brunn.

A compact, birdlike woman of sixty-three, Lottie Brunn has graying hair, which she wears in a feathered helmet, sharp brown eyes, and squarish, businesslike hands. She lives in Moonachie, New Jersey, and no longer performs, because of arthritis, but she gives juggling clinics and remains unstoppably opinionated about her craft. She speaks rapidly, with the tatters of a German accent. "Oonbelievable" from Lottie Brunn is a word of high praise. In her estimation, the Russian jugglers Popovich and Ignatov are oonbelievable for their crispness and speed. The American jugglers Michael Moschen and Bill Irwin are oonbelievable for their imaginative art. "But nowadays people throw three knives in the air and call themselves jugglers," she told us. "It's become a sport. To tell you the truth, I wouldn't cross the street to see most jugglers today."

Lottie Brunn began juggling at age twelve, in a town near Frankfurt. She learned the skills from her older brother, Francis, who was self-taught and still performs. "When we were growing up, we never saw other jugglers, so we made up our own business," Lottie Brunn told us. "The juggling world was very different then. There was a circus tradition, and you had to be imaginative and constantly invent new tricks." From tossing three balls the Brunns graduated to spinning many balls on their fingers and under their arms, and to working backhand, always increasing their speed. Mostly, they employed homemade props. "In Germany during the Second World War, you were lucky to get a rubber ball," she said. Her first set of Indian clubs was made from toilet plungers, cut down and covered with colored paper.

"In the nineteen-forties, Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey sent scouts to Europe, and they decided they wanted Francis and me," Lottie Brunn went on. "In those days, jugglers and circus performers were recognized. In Germany, we were a name act. We were considered stars, if you can believe it. But we couldn't get out of Europe. We were trapped." The Brunns finally made it to the United States in 1948, and appeared as headliners with Ringling Brothers on and off for the next decade. Lottie Brunn developed a seven-minute act juggling clubs, balls, pins, and then all these things in combination, and crowned it with the phenomenal eight rings. She once opened the stage show at Radio City Music Hall; she worked on the road with Milton Berle, Harry James, Betty Hutton, Tommy Dorsey, and the Three Stooges; and she played Ed Sullivan's show, where she was billed as the world's greatest female juggler. (There weren't many men who could top her.)

"What made my act special was showmanship and speed," Lottie Brunn said, with no immodesty. "But it wasn't numbers that sold the act. You had to deliver a job. My routine was timed seven minutes to the second, and, believe me, nobody ever asked, 'Can you stretch it to ten?' Today, everyone's into numbers, and the numbers are amazing. The Russians have technique that's unreal. But numbers alone don't move me. I always say that to students when I give clinics. No matter how many balls you have in the air, if it's not beautiful you have nothing."

CARMEN

IT doesn't happen on the Wednesdays, when Carmen's meeting her mother at LaGuardia. Every time, for the past few years, it's when her mother's about to leave, during those final steps to the airport bus. Last trip it was math. "Carmen, honey. It's thirteen years since that stuff with Eddie."

"Ma—"

"Eighteen and thirteen is thirty-one, honey. What about the next . . ."

And the trip before that:

"Carmen, if you could keep your eyes on one guy—"

"Ma, there's nothing wrong with my eyes; it's these *guys!*"

It's almost too much for Carmen to think of when she tries to follow it back. Her mother didn't go to college, because of getting married. Then she herself didn't get married—but she didn't go to college, either.

Her mother, when she was the age for it, was all "What's he like? What's he like?" That's the way Carmen's Aunt Jean, her mother's sister, tells it, and how Carmen's parents got together. Aunt Jean had been seeing some guy while she was finishing her last year of high school, but kept putting him off because she was getting ready to go to college. Then he catches the eye of her little sister, just one grade down, who starts asking what he's like.

Aunt Jean said she knew it was going to be trouble because her little sister had also started talking about home not feeling like home anymore and, gee, sometimes she'd sure like to get out of the house. From the very first week Aunt Jean went away, she started sending presents back, one a week—Ohio State sweatshirts, T-shirts, pins—to try to make the idea of college more real, to get her sister to hold out one more year.

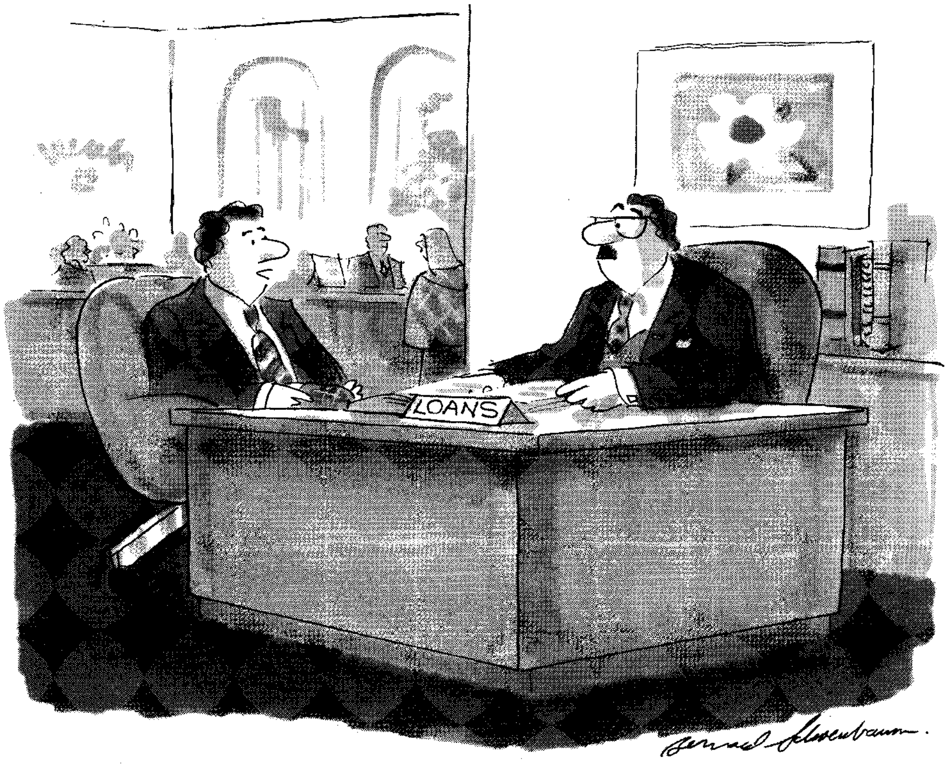
That same guy her aunt put off back then her mother took on. And it was the same week in November the pregnancy test came back that the bookmark with the college song, "Carmen Ohio," on it arrived.

"'Carmen,' that's a nice name." That's what her Aunt Jean told her her mother said. That if it was a girl that's what she'd call her. "Your mother didn't really have much on her mind in those days, Carmen."

"Aunt Jean! I was named after a bookmark?"

AS far as Carmen could tell, from all the things she could remember, her parents' marriage had never been good. What could it be like for her mother? Because she always finds in her own life that when it's not working out either she starts to forget or she starts to remember what life's all about.

Her Aunt Jean, a few years after graduating from college, moved out to the state of Washington and got married. She wrote back to her sister that she'd heard things weren't so good for her, to bring Carmen and come out there to live. Carmen had read the letter when her mother left it in the telephone-table drawer. But they didn't go. All Carmen's been able to figure out in all the time since is that her mother didn't ever want to do anything that made it look like she'd made a mistake, even if staying was a bigger one.



"I'm having an out-of-money experience."

MAYBE other mothers thought the kind of things her mother would say; Carmen didn't know. Once, a woman her mother's age came into their tuxedo-rental place and said, "You sure are lucky, Mrs. Mitchell. You get to be around so many *men*."

Carmen's father wasn't far—he had to have heard. Carmen's mother looked at the woman as if she were focussing, concentrating, compressing before she delivered her response, full but not loud, and through a narrow smile. "Men?" And then, as if it were music, she let a few silent beats go by before finishing. "I *hate* men."

Carmen had a good view, standing there behind the cufflink showcase, with her mother and the woman in front. She could see that for a few seconds the woman didn't know how to take it, but then her mother's smile broadened, which made it look as if she were just joking, which allowed the woman to smile also.

Carmen wasn't even in high school yet, but she already knew her mother always chose her words carefully. Since she's been out on her own and thought about it, she's realized that though there are so many things beyond her mother's control, at least her thoughts and her words are her own.

Even in those days, when she was helping her parents after school in the shop, Carmen would look at her mother speak and notice she never seemed to start a sentence until she was sure of the end of it. And even after they enlarged the place, when Carmen couldn't always get a clear view of her mother saying the things she said, Carmen could still imagine, from the tone of her mother's voice, the exact look on her face.

AT first it *was* all men, because they'd conceded the wedding-dress trade to the women's shop down the street, but when Carmen was in tenth grade her mother prodded her father into taking over the small store next to theirs. They broke through a wall to make a large arch, and in the new part they put the women's section, with wedding dresses, bridesmaids' outfits, flower-girl things.

Her father mostly avoided that area, while her mother roamed in and out of both. Before the shop expanded, if a bride-to-be came along to help her future husband pick out a style for his tux, Carmen's mother might say to her, especially if the bride was very young, "Are you sure you're doing the right thing?" Meanwhile, Carmen's father would be kneeling on the floor, trying to call out measurements to her mother, who was supposed to be putting them down on a form sheet. But her mother would still be turned to the bride. "Have you talked it over with your mother?" Her voice was clear and low. "Do you know what it can mean to be married?"

At times like these, the grooms invariably deferred to Carmen's mother as some kind of wit, and her father, down near ground level, couldn't say or do much about it. The business may have been his, as it had been his father's before him, but he could never control what his wife thought about it. And, when customers were there, the things she might say. "Wait a while," she'd tell the brides-to-be. "Maybe come back in five years—we'll *still be here*."

THE worst thing for Carmen about the stuff with that boy in their town, Eddie, was that she really didn't know what her father thought about it. Not then and not now. If he really did think she should marry the boy and stay around town, shouldn't go to Ohio State—if there was any possibility at all that that's what her father was thinking—she didn't want to know. But not knowing made her even more frightened then than she already was. Just another reason now for not going back home.

"Carmen . . ." her mother had said to her when she asked.

"Well? What *does* Daddy think?"

"Carmen, honey . . . I know you've got your heart set on Ohio State—but I just don't think Columbus is far enough away."

Well, Eddie *had* said to Carmen, "You think I can't drive over to Columbus and find you?" Yes, she knew he could. He could find her by phoning her dorm or hanging around outside, or at the part-time job she had waiting for her at the Lazarus department store downtown. He could bother her. He could make her nervous. And it would be when she was just new in Columbus, new in the dorm, new at work.

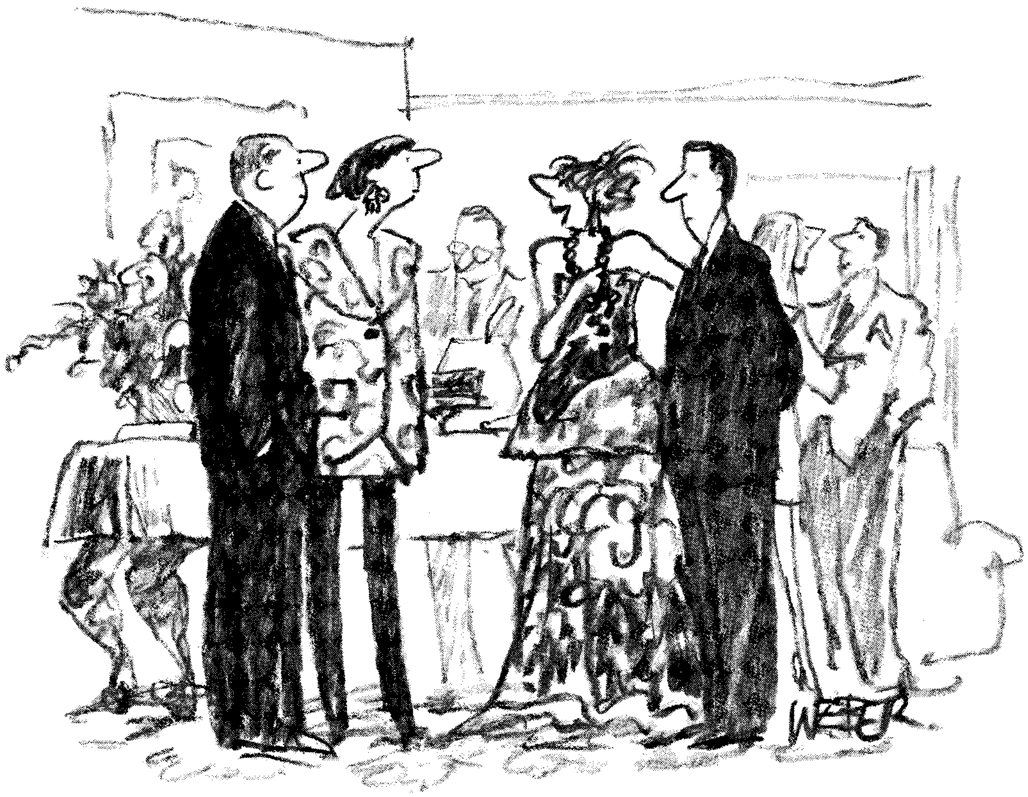
"Carmen . . ." her mother had said softly, standing in the doorway of Carmen's room, reaching behind herself and producing one of those little squarish suitcases that you hardly ever see anymore—train cases, Carmen thought they were called. Women always used to carry them. Inside they had five-by-eight mirrors, fitted sideways into the top part, and elasticized pouches along the edges, with bobby pins or grit left in them from some previous trip.

This was a dull-blue-green one her mother was holding. Carmen looked at it, then at her mother. "Ma, am I going out to Washington to stay with Aunt Jean?"

"You're going to New York. There's a place you might like there—it's a hotel where I stayed that trip Daddy couldn't go. I liked it so much I wanted to live there."

Her mother had entered Carmen's room and started packing, as if it were she, not her daughter, who was going. "I know it's late, honey, but maybe in the dark is the best time to leave. I'll drive you to the bus station and wait with you. I can send you more dresses and things later." Her mother packed the case better and quicker than Carmen could have herself. And whichever drawer her mother's hand went to Carmen didn't mind. She hadn't thought about it before, but there was really nothing anywhere that she was hiding from her mother.

AS long as it was August, it was fine there in the Gramercy Park Hotel. But as soon as the calendar said



"Kevin's sort of a negative person, while I tend to be positive, so we have an electrical connection."

• •

September, Carmen had to keep reminding herself why she wasn't in Columbus.

During the three weeks in August, she hadn't really done much besides taking the check that would have been *her tuition and dorm fees to a bank* around the corner and opening an account. That was probably the biggest thing—*there seemed something very* final about it.

The rest of the days were more or less the same. In the morning she read every word in the newspaper over a long breakfast. In the afternoon she napped and read magazines. She would always go down for dinner *after* she watched the news on television—it broke up the evening, and when she came back up to her room it was almost time to get ready for bed.

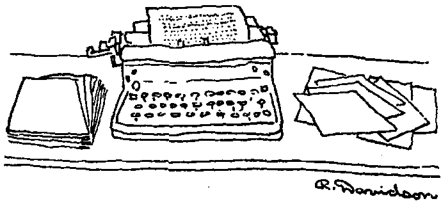
Then, for the first two weeks in September, she really wanted to call Ohio State to find out what the textbooks were for the courses she would have taken. So she could sit in her hotel room in New York and read them. Was that so strange? She started thinking *that there was nothing about herself* she couldn't explain—explain *away*, she thought—in a few seconds. *If there had been anyone asking.*

From her hotel room, the stuff with Eddie began to become clearer to her. When it happened, it had taken her completely by surprise; she didn't understand what was going on. After all, she didn't know him that well, even if he had graduated from her school the year before. But there he was, all of a sudden, calling her. Just small talk, and then he would say, in different ways, that he wanted to see her in a wedding dress. And she always seemed to be running into him, near her house, or near the shop. Then it got worse. "Your long dark curls and a long white *gown—hey, rosy cheeks?*"

"Stand a pretty little thing like that around all these wedding dresses and *what do you expect?*" the policeman who came to take the report had even said to her mother. He said they would, if she wanted, send someone around to talk to the boy and his parents, but that might not produce the desired effect. That a court order of protection could be requested, but it's just a piece of paper. And since the boy really wasn't threatening her—what he was doing was asking her to get married—a judge might not take it too seriously. "Maybe it's harassment, and maybe it isn't," the policeman said. "Either way, she can keep saying no."

THOSE first few weeks in New York it was no good calling her mother every day, collect or not. Whether she called the house or the shop, her father almost always answered, and when she asked to talk to her mother her father would stand by the phone while they talked, so her mother really couldn't say much about how she was doing. And the times she did get her mother alone all Carmen wanted to ask her was "Now what do I do?" But she began to realize that her mother couldn't answer that, so after the first couple of weeks she called less.

Every day, for those six weeks in the hotel, venturing a little further into her new world, she found herself learning things in, for her, a completely new way: which newspapers not to buy, which restaurants not to eat at, which apartments not to go see, which jobs not to apply for, who not to give her last name to. All this while trying not to cause any problems for her mother and not to be anything like her father, while also trying not to make the same mistakes as her mother.



Mornings, alone, not fully awake, she'd look at the yellowing leaves outside in the morning light, figuring out what she wasn't going to do that day—when going to Ohio State would have been the natural order of things. August was too late to apply to any of the universities in New York, but she knew she wasn't going to start midyear, or the following fall, either. The whole idea had been to go to Columbus after twelfth-grade summer vacation. To her, no other place and time for that was ever going to make sense.

HER mother visits her twice a year now, spring and fall. She always arrives on a Wednesday eve-

• •

MR. COGITO LAMENTS THE PETTINESS OF DREAMS

Even dreams become smaller
where are our grandmothers' and grandfathers'
entranced processions
when colorful as birds lighthearted as birds they mounted high
on an imperial staircase a thousand chandeliers were glowing
and grandfather familiar now only with the cane pressing to his side
a silver sword and unloved grandmother who was so kind
she put on for him the face of their first love

to them
Isaiah spoke from clouds that looked like clouds of tobacco smoke
and they saw how St. Teresa
white as a wafer carried a real basket with kindling

their terror was as great as the Tartar Horde
and their happiness in dream was like golden rain

my dream—a doorbell I am shaving in the bathroom I open the door
a collector hands me the bill for gas and electricity
I have no money return to the bathroom meditating
on the number 63.50
I raise my eyes and see in the mirror
my face that is so real I wake with a shout

if I dreamt at least once of an executioner's red jacket
or the necklace of a queen I would be grateful to dreams

—ZBIGNIEW HERBERT

(*Translated, from the Polish, by John and Bogdana Carpenter.*)

ning and Carmen always meets her plane. And she always leaves on a Sunday afternoon, and lets Carmen go with her only as far as across the street from Grand Central, where she catches the airport bus.

"Ma, can't I—"

"Carmen, honey, I'll be all right."

Every trip her mother leaves it until then: Shouldn't she look for an apartment in a better area; shouldn't she try for a job with some future? "And, you know, someday you *could* get married, Carmen."

It's true that she's never had the same boyfriend two trips in a row. Some of these visits of her mother's she doesn't have a boyfriend at all. The last guy lasted six months, which was about right; if her mother saw her with the same guy twice, she might get her hopes too high.

"It's not easy, Ma. It looks easy, but then maybe their friends have to like you, maybe their family has to like you. And if somebody doesn't like you there's nothing you can do to make them like you—they're going to look for things."

Her mother was married at seventeen, so how could she know of such problems? Because it seems to Carmen it's taken every year of her life in New York to learn them.

So Wednesdays her mother gets there, Fridays and Saturdays Carmen follows her around while she shops, but Thursdays she just takes her mother along to work, a costume-design place in a loft in Chelsea. "They're not *real* wedding dresses, right, Ma?" And her mother's got it sorted out, after so many trips, that some of the boys there prefer boys, and some of the girls prefer girls. There's not really what you'd call job security, not much health insurance, but it's quiet up on that high floor, and there's never anybody who's not speaking to someone else, so it's an easy place to be for whole days.

ON the Sunday mornings, when she's leaving, Carmen's mother always counts out some twenties. She squirrels them away for these trips, for Carmen. "Save it or spend it—up to you. You're on your own, anyway." Her mother always tells her something like that.

And Carmen saves it to spend it. Once a year, she'll have two parties. When, in the beginning, she thought of having a party, she started to worry. So many invitations to repay—all those people, and she didn't mean numbers. Then she figured out what to do: two parties, on two nights in a row.

To the first night's party she invites people who may not like each other, but she doesn't really care if they do. To the second she invites people who she knows will. So on the first night she worries but doesn't really care; on the second she cares but doesn't have to worry.

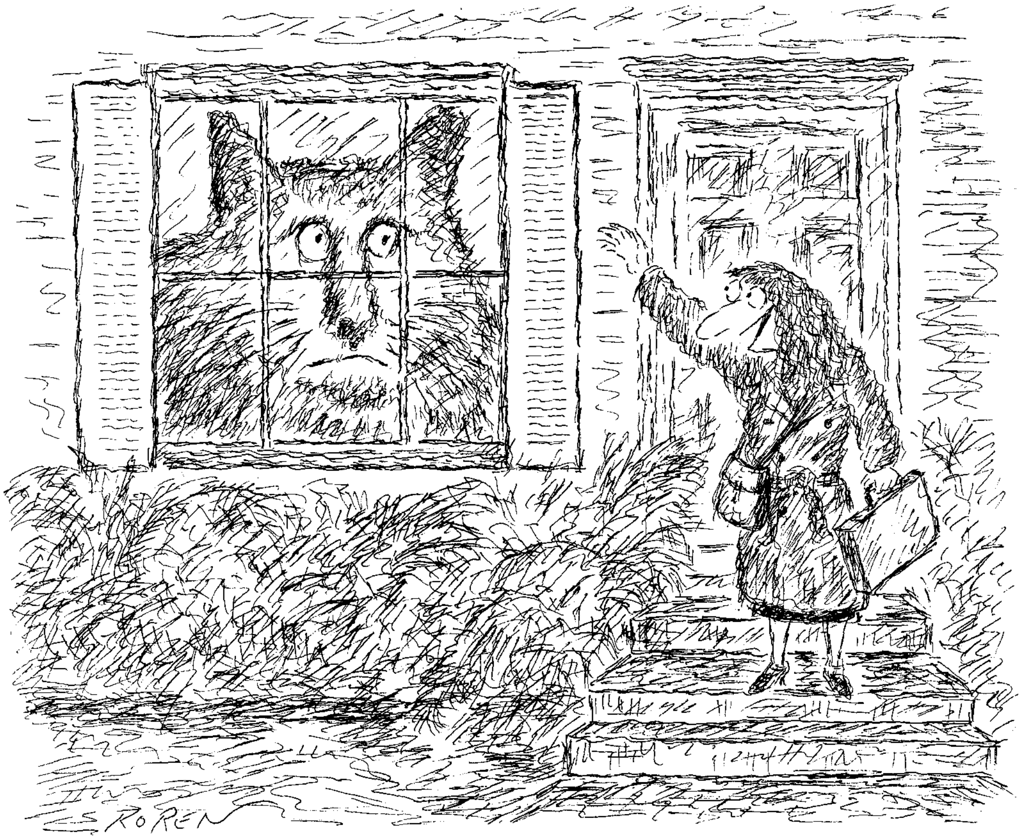
Of course, she tells everybody that her place just isn't big enough, which it isn't, to have all those people arrive at one time. And if she thinks one half of a couple could be right for the first night and the other for the second, she feels bad about it, but they both have to come the first night. Because she's trying to get the second night the way she wants it. On the first night she'll have freedom of thought at least, but on the second she's got to also have freedom of speech.

It's on the second nights she finishes paying the caterers with those twenties from her mother. She pays them half in advance when she books them, half when the second night's party is just as she wants it to be.

"You see?" she says to the caterers, always making a sweep with her hand to include all her guests. Besides herself, the caterers are the only ones ever there both nights. "You see?" She says it every time she has these parties, on the second night. "You see?" And she always says it in the same way she answers her mother across the street from the airport bus, every trip now.

"Carmen, honey . . ." her mother will say, starting to tell her one thing while Carmen looks for a way to tell her another: that she has her own place, she pays her own rent, that some of the people she knows really like each other.

—Rick Rofihe



"*Love you!*"

• •

•

ANOTHER CLEVER BUSINESS NAME WE'RE TRYING TO FORGET

Prints of Peace Christian Book Center, in South Orange, N.J.

BACK BAY TO THE BUNDU

EVERY day before she took the lunch Cook had scraped together down to That-Man-Stan, Frances Eliot worked on her memoirs. “Back Bay to the Bundu” was her running title.

She wrote propped in her ancestral bed. It filled the end of her one-room house like a great ship in a tiny harbor. It was a bed, Frances said, carved by some wag in order to turn the theme of its marital purpose inside out. The headboard, in deep relief, pictured Daphne changing to a tree, foiling the randy Apollo in graphically hot pursuit. Across the top of the footboard a row of fat-cheeked cupids stood pissing, as it were, on the mattress. Gargoyles and devils popped out of the high posters. Even someone like Frances, who was shucking off possessions, could not have left such a thing behind in Boston, where it might have ended up in an estate sale.

“I’m packing with my tongue firmly in my cheek,” she told her nieces, who loved the thought of having an old, fat, eccentric spinster auntie living off in darkest Africa. “Taking only the most necessary nonessentials”—bits of heirloom silver, her mother’s pearls, crystal candlesticks, the Sargent portrait of her grandparents, the little Winslow Homer watercolor, and the bed, of course. Everyone else in the family was furious and tried to have her declared non compos because she had cashed in this and that and made a nonsense of one of their sacrosanct trust funds.

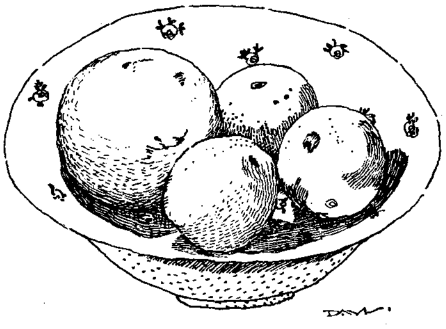
“It’s one of the oldest, most primitive impulses in man,” she told the nieces as she emptied out her trunks and closets into their waiting arms, “to go off and die in the wilderness.” The arthritis in her hip was so bad, she said, and her bones were so big that she hurt twice as much as anyone else her age. The end could not come soon enough, she said. And so on.

Going off to the wilderness to die was the main theme around which she developed her reasons for leaving. Hadn’t she watched her own father, old as Methuselah and ready to go, being rescued again and again from the jaws of death while she and everyone else stood around saying, “Not me. Don’t ever let this happen to me. Not with all those tubes.” Then it dawned on her that he, too, had made such requests, all of which were roundly ignored, even as he screamed out into the corridors of Mass. General, “Call off the ghouls!” Cars from chase scenes poured out of a TV mounted on the ceiling. “The monsters! The monsters!” he went on shouting. He was already in hell, as far as Frances could see. She told the hospital, using language she reserved strategically for such times, to take the goddam fucking television down and let the old man die. She was glad for her height and flesh then, as she brushed nurses aside like so many flies.

Later, when she announced her plans to emigrate to Kenya, she told the family, “I know that, at my age, the only way I can be saved from doctors is to go someplace where there aren’t any.” Then came the hearty laugh she had developed when she was a girl at Vassar, playing the Red Queen in an avant-garde production of “Through the Looking Glass.”

At other times, weaving a theme around the advantages she had had all her life, she declared that she was sick of being so everlastingly comfortable. Her life had been exciting, yes—a series of grand tours, starting in India when she was ten, punctuated by periods in Boston when, as a girl, she attended boarding schools and, as an adult, she did what the childless wealthy were expected to do, sponsor civilization and help the poor. She said that she wanted to go live humbly in a remote, wild place. “Among lions and nomads,” she liked to say.

Her family paid no attention to any of the reasons they extracted from her, because they attributed everything she did to an overblown nature and to failed ambitions on the stage. In fact, she confessed to her nieces, *they* were the reason she was leaving. “To get away from their everlasting everlastingness.”



IT was on one of her grand tours that she had first come to Kenya and met Stanley. His last name, which was Polish, she dismissed immediately as unpronounceable, christening him That-Man-Stan. He was originally from Boston himself, a coincidence they got monumentally snockered on for the several nights spent in Nairobi. It caused a terrible scandal in the tour group because they kept going off together and coming back in an opera-buffa condition—she huge and afloat in her floppy trousers and stained blouse, and he all skin and bones in pants gathered by an old string.

Stanley had been detailed to Kenya during the Second World War to fight Germans in the battle for the bundu, and he never went home. Some British settler conned him into buying a derelict piece of property by daring to call it a ranch: eight hundred acres of semi-arid bundu, onto which Stanley put two hundred head of European beef cattle that he sold as steaks to whites in the capital.

It was a good business for a long time, but on the night Frances met Stanley he was just about to go belly-up, with only forty head left, and these looked rather more like the indigenous zebu cattle than Herefords, with big humps and big horns and very little in the steak department. On a lark, Stanley offered Frances a full partnership in the ranch, at a price to be fixed later, explaining that he could restock the place and make a fortune.

The crowd of scurrilous Brits who drank at the Norfolk Hotel in Nairobi warned Frances not to do it. The ranch was a farce, they said. Stanley had gone completely bush. He lived in a shack so run-down and terrible that even his African woman refused to live in it. He had hired a bunch of Borana ranch hands to keep the Masai from stealing his cattle, but the Borana, with no thought whatsoever for the laws of civilization, had simply moved in and overrun the place, grazing their own cattle on Stanley’s pasture—such as it was—and mating their miserable bulls with Stanley’s heifers.

“Oh, who cares?” Frances roared. Certainly she didn’t care.

She went out to see the ranch with

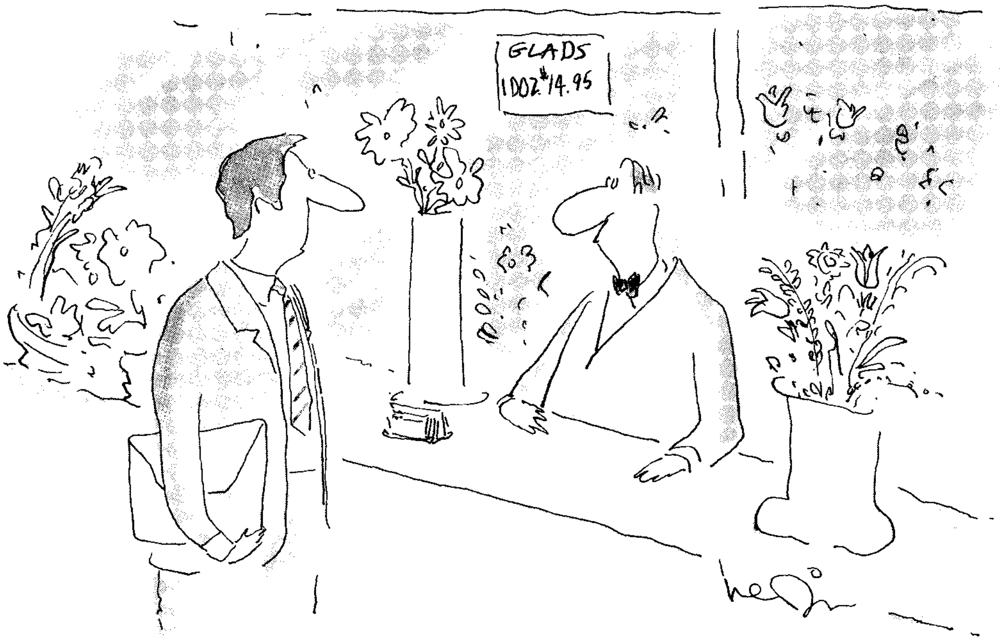
Stanley, who, quite sober, was driving around in his ancient Land Rover. Even his appalling house had a certain value—showed how little one truly needed, hinted at some ordeal of purification. The land was dry, claiming its riches only from the colors of earth—layers of rusts and ochre. Even the sky that day was washed a faint sepia. Trees were burnt scribbles along the edges of empty riverbeds, and the wadis' thick black scars dragged through the dust. She loved it there. In the northern section there were huge boulders that could have been clouds turned to rock and fallen from the sky. She imagined the Borana had stories about the boulders—myths, legends. But Stanley said no. He had no explanation from geology, and no curiosity, either. So she joined it all, accepting the great rocks as evidence of things that could not be understood, an appealing idea one can come to late in life and not lose balance.

Images returned to her—the Himalayas, the long valley of Kashmir turning violet and purple before a storm, the River Jhelum (or was it Ganges?) down below, a silver wire twisted around jade forest. She saw all of China rising tier on tier until it made a dome, a tiny opening of sky into which she would evaporate. As if she were drowning and her life were passing in front of her, she tried to understand at last what messages, if any, could be given in the language of such haunting landscapes. They stood on a ridge and could see down each slope, into the whole world, it seemed. "I will build a house right here," she said, "with windows on both sides."

Later, in Boston, she attempted to translate the feeling into words by talking about Olduvai—"Why not take your last footsteps in the place where mankind took its first?"—although she sounded unfortunately like a travel brochure or whoever it was that had stepped down on the moon.

HER Maragoli cook, whom she called Cook in her Red Queen voice, brought cup after cup of the best coffee as she scribbled on the memoir, strewing papers like rose petals in some pagan festival. But the deuced thing was impossible to write. She was compelled to start over each day with a new idea, so she never got past the first chapter, sometimes entitled "Fire in Ipswich: The Childhood Years," referring to a fire that almost destroyed the family's summer house on the salt marshes. She was nearly lost to it, glowing in her bedroom closet, hidden in anticipation, waiting for something to be revealed. She intended, in the chapter, to discuss the story of youthful defiance against the destiny determined by her ancestry. But she couldn't find any form. There was some parallel she felt between her own spirit and the fire that had turned the house to ash (not exactly ash: timbers marked out a ghostly frame, the chimneys remained); it had to do with the way the firemen had pulled her out and given her back to her father, which was like being captured and turned over to an enemy. Thinking of it—her life enclosed between the fire and where she sat writing now—in terms of composition, she was suddenly inspired by the concept of parenthetical expression.

"I have lived my life in parentheses!" she enunciated. She tossed a sheet of paper. She was not exactly sure what she meant. She tried another version: "I *am* a parenthetical expression!" She was practicing for lunch with That-Man-Stan. She would swoop down and enclose him as well. She inhaled. Air filled her lungs and seemed to lift her, like a balloon, against the pain of stiffened joints. She was roused. Her house was perched as if on the rim of the world. She had survived the flood. Through the banks of windows looking out both sides, Africa offered continually dramatic views. In this way she felt diverted by each small moment, especially in the morning, with a herd of zebra just inches away. "Cook!" she shouted. She was floating, but she still needed a little help getting out of bed.



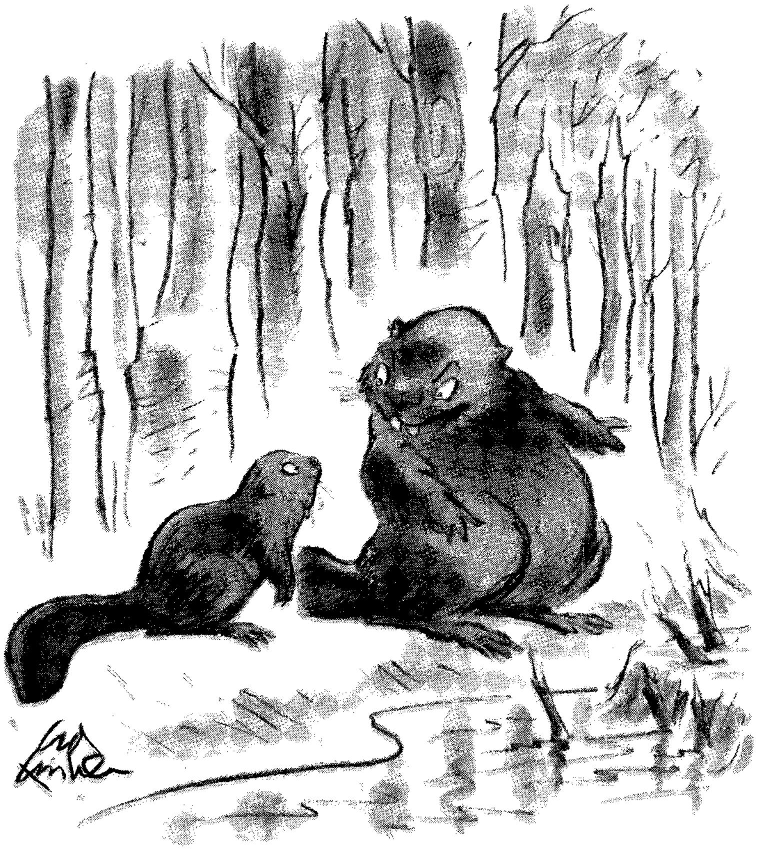
"Could I get a single perfect olive branch?"

AS a neo-rancher, Frances cultivated an image. She bought an old pickup, a relic christened Queen Victoria, which she got in and out of with some difficulty but drove fiercely, like an ambulance, administering first aid to the Borana who lived on the ranch. She deliberately looked like hell, with her baggy trousers and sweaters full of holes. Her luxury was not to care. She had cropped her hair and come out domed, rather like Gertrude Stein. She thought it uproariously funny that her cook had the pinched looks of Alice B. Toklas; instead of making hashish fudge, he dumped local gin into everything. They needed the empty bottles to store water, he said. This caused confusion when it came to making gin-and-tonics at sundown, until Frances got the idea of hanging her mother's pearls over the real thing.

She liked the scene she made each day, roaring out in her truck to look for Stanley. She might find him down near the north well with some of his Borana herdsmen, watching a newborn calf. She was often struck by how perfectly ridiculous he looked (he was bowed in the legs and getting worse), and she drove up on a long laugh, raucous enough to meet his chortles. Lord, how his teeth had gone yellow. She could have wept.

"If it ain't Miss Fran." He had some kind of Texas accent that he usually put on at lunch. ("Wha, ah'm ready to eat a dad-blast horse if ever a man was born.") He came along to help her get out of the pickup, sniffing for the lunch, which she knew was dismal because she hadn't gone shopping for a month. It was boiled meat wrapped in a bit of cloth.

Oh, still, it was delicious to sit near the well, where a few trees had struggled and survived, gnawing on the salty, stringy meat and drinking beer. Drinking, actually, rather a lot of beer so that she dozed and woke up in confusion, looking, as always, for something that was receding into the distances all around. Into the emptiness.



"Sure, kid. You start by working for the ecosystem, but pretty soon you figure out how to get the ecosystem working for you!"

"Stanley . . ."

There were so many things she wanted to say, in a serious way. Time, quite clearly, was running out.

He was looking at her. He could have been one of the cattle himself, big brown eyes, an innocent lope, despite the fact that he was sitting down, and in the act of swallowing.

"Last night," he said, "hyena chased down a sheep. BLAST!"

"Last night I had a dream," she said. In fact, there was no dream. She was going to make one up to tangle Stanley: he looked so small, half his size, even pumped up full of beer that way.

"Yeah, a dream?" His legs were wires holding his feet on. She realized she had never seen his feet: it made her miserable.

"I dreamed . . ." But there she was without any dream, stranded. "It's actually a recurring dream," she lied, "in a very big house that is growing bigger all the time." She could hear him breathing and she could smell his smell, tobacco, cow shit, never mind.

"I need to tell my men a thing or two," he was saying, ignoring the false dream; then he started talking to his headman, a Borana he called Tonto. He seemed to speak the language, but Frances was never sure. All the giggling the Borana women did whenever Stanley opened his mouth indicated that he was making mincemeat of it. And if it wasn't outright disobedience, then it must have been ignorance that caused them to ignore his simplest instructions.

"Does he understand what you just said? I doubt it," she grumbled, to challenge the image he played up as a macho, although a bit arthritic, Kenya cowboy.

"You can only trust a Boran so far," he admitted. He thought they were devils incarnate, second only to the Masai, a hook on which he hung his grudging admiration. The more the Borana stole from him, the more he liked them—bloody bastards—continually pitching his own wit against them in losing battles. But if he won and caught the buggers rustling his cattle—well, then it was the triumph of the century, and he would gather the Borana all around into something like a court that no one took seriously. Then they slaughtered a bullock and had a feast.

FOR the rest of the afternoon, Frances and Stanley drove around checking on the stock and the condition of the pastures, such as they were. Near the east boundary there was a rock with a gentle configuration that allowed Frances to climb up its left bank. She called it Lion Lookout—not terribly original, but, yes, you mostly saw a lion if you stood up there. This was where the two of them usually ended the day, with a thermos of hot tea prepared by Cook and, if they were lucky, a packet of fried chicken legs that tasted rather like the pickup by then.

That day they could see Borana gathering in what Frances called Sunset Ravine, a wadi that filled up with red and orange light as the day went down. They were shadows marked by the edges of their white cloths and the black slashes of guns across shoulders. They were stencilled forms that looked like lettering. She never got tired of all the things they were. A gathering of clans, no doubt. A few camels had arrived—a festival? From the ridge where her house stood she had often looked down on their fires, which were like phosphorescence in the grass. In bed she could feel them alive and moving in the dark, drums that had no fixed place, calling.

"They're at it again," Stanley said. "I'm sure that pain-in-the-ass Tonto will be off tomorrow hustling my cattle on over to his brother's place." Cattle, it was known, had been created expressly and exclusively for them and sometimes had to be reclaimed—including Stanley's, half of which belonged to Frances. She and Stanley leaned shoulder to shoulder on the rock, contemplating the gall of Borana.

But when they went down there to see what was going on they found that a child was missing, a girl who had a Masai name, Nolomai. Frances became a riot of concern. She piled warriors and women into the back of the pickup and tore off to search, grinding the gears. They broke into parties, fetching Stanley's Land Rover, as well as warning Cook. They searched until the bitterest dark, along the wadis, fearing lions. There were cascades of stars, dry bushes falling from the sky over the windshield. Cows were flying. Frances forgot about her arthritis as she jumped in and out of her pickup and, with searchers flanked out on either side, walked, almost blind, calling "Nolomai." She knew she was berserk. When it seemed impossible to go on, she watched for Stanley's lights along a track and went to meet him.

"Nothing," he said. "We'll go back out in the morning."

Borana had surrounded the two vehicles and were still intense. A delegation waited in the back of the pickup, ready to escort Frances home or simply to go on riding fast, exalted by the dark night—anybody's passion.

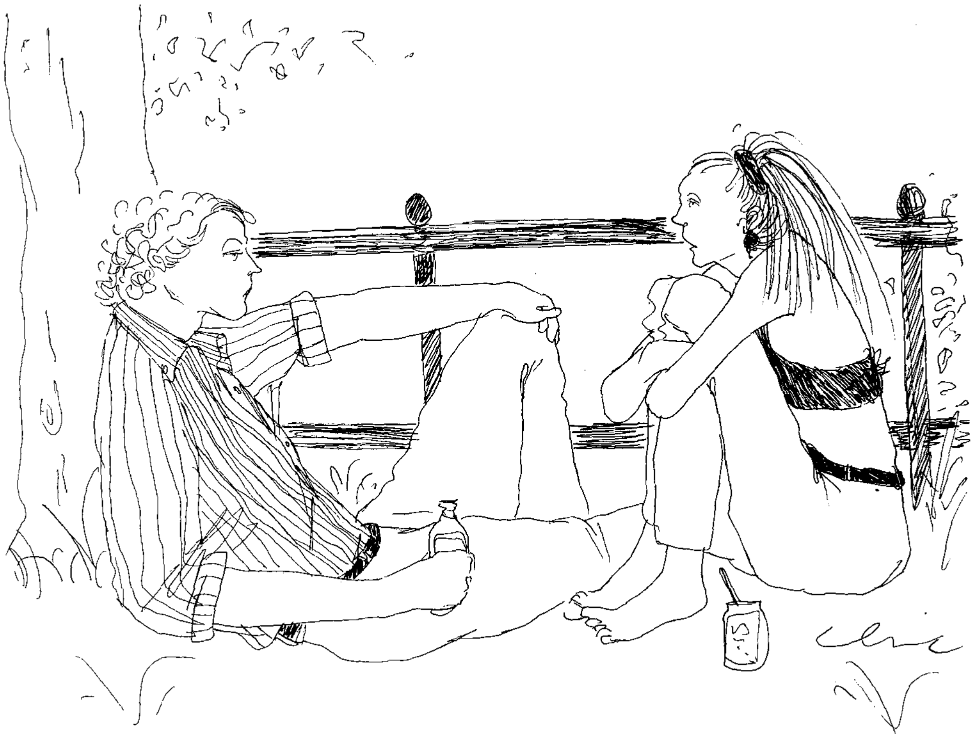
"Are you coming up to my place?" Frances asked Stanley.

"Sure," he said. "We'll be able to see what's going on." Stanley hovered like a U.F.O., possibly thinking of gin and maybe food up at Frances' place.

As they approached her house, a small light on the ridge growing brighter, they saw Cook running, waving an old rag.

"She is here!" he was shouting. "She is here. The lost girl."

He had brought out a chair and allowed her to sit. She was about ten. Easily the first time in her life on a chair, she had it all wrong, was perched with the weight on her feet, ready to topple. When she saw Frances, she stood. Like a statue. Like a Giacometti, Frances was thinking, all angles, her feet and hands exaggerated. Her face, however, defied any sort of comparison, as if it were black crystal, or black cut glass. Her head was shaved. She was naked but for a tiny leather apron covered with colored beads.



"Where did you get all those deep currents? College?"

Cook was chattering the most insane nonsense. "A white man," he said, pulling at Frances and Stanley. "She says a white man is bring her." He ran around. His words were like ribbons, drawing them in, tying and wrapping.

"Oh, yes, certainly, a white man." Frances laughed. Stanley was the only white man for a hundred kilometres.

"Yessssndio," Cook hissed, combining languages. "I am say no." He shook his head. He had never trusted the Borana, and vice versa. He was one of those Maragoli from Kakamega, the sort that became crooks, the sort the Borana had no use for. "A white man?" So Cook was having a laugh, too. "A lie, sure."

"Ask her again," Stanley said.

There was a flurry of languages. Stanley said something, but there were no answers, only giggles until the girl finally spoke. And then there was silence. A party of Borana had followed the commotion up to the ridge and now stood watching, shifting quietly. Cook was pressing close to the girl but looking at Frances and saying, "*Bwak, bwak,*" like a chicken.

Cook was bonkers; Frances had always known.

Frances took charge. "Ask her what this *mzungu* looked like. Was he tall? Was he short? Was he fat? Was he thin?"

Stanley tried asking, but the girl wouldn't answer, tipped her head away.

"You see!" cried Cook. "There is no *mzungu*. She is trying to break into the house and steal." According to him, the sole occupation of Borana.

"Well, ask her where he went, then," Frances insisted.

"Yes, where . . ." Cook began, and translated in a threatening tone.

The girl spoke softly, her voice amazed. She opened her arms like wings and lifted them, then lifted her head up and back, lifted her body, too, up on her toes. Frances saw now that she was marvellous.

Stanley asked her something. Again she rose, up, up, said something in her voice, whatever the words were. The whole thing had silenced Cook.

"She says," Stanley reported, "that after he brought her to the house he told her to stay here and then he lifted his arms and went up."

" 'Went up?' " Frances repeated.

"Up." It was difficult to tell what Stanley thought, if anything.

"Really, Stanley . . ."

"I didn't say it."

"Ask her again what he looked like. What he was wearing."

Stanley hunkered so he was looking right at the girl. Cook held a lantern close. The child positively glowed. They talked. Stanley looked up at

THE GRANDSIRE BELLS

At first quick glance and lingering second,
the five sludge-smeared miners on the roadway—
through this pre-morning light, with their shock
of canary in its braided cage—
might have seemed to the five ringers approaching

like a portrait of memory, like the sway
and blear of themselves in memory: the bend
of boot soles in the myrtle grass, black
caps, yellow lantern flame, the knapsack stings
of rhubarb and mildew. And the village

below, coal fires granting to the fresh day
plumes in the fashion of cypresses—base knot,
stalk, the splintering crown-tip—a kind
of memory also, as the ringers trudged
up the hillside, past the miners and smoke strings,

past the fluted iron churchyard fence, the dollops
of marble headstones. Then into the breezeway,
where belfry steps accepted the trudge,
and the bells, above, waited. Five. In a blend
of copper and tin, each shouldered the hub ring

of a great wheel, the bell ropes lashed to spokes
and threaded, the soft-tufted cordage
dangling down to the ringers like a spray
of air roots. With the motion of climbing
the treble was cocked, pulled up to suspend

at the balance point, waist and mouth-edge
inverted, hovering. Then the others cocked,
turned up, each ton of fish-scale-glistening
arc at rest on a pin tip of stay.
And toppled. One after one, treble, second,

third, fourth, tenor, toppled. Quick pump and spillage,
like heartbeats. Again, the ringers releasing
the strike and hum notes, handstroke to backstroke,
the bells pulled up, up, the snapping ropes wound
up, tail tufts and sally-grips in the jig-play

of dancers. All morning, the swinging
treble wound through its hunt path, a nudge
into second ring, third, fourth, and the second
replacing the tenor bell, and the third knocked
into lead. In the village the day

was a braiding of change-rings, notes swelling,
fading, as the bells turned. In the bracken
and mine shafts. In the foundry, when the forge
bellows hushed and the furnace tapway
spilled a rush of smoking bronze down brick-

lined troughs in the earth floor. Bell notes. When
bronze curled down through buried bell molds, cut half rings
in the earth, cut bell shapes. When the cupped clay
flared and stiffened. Bell notes. Change upon change.
Then ending. Ending. In an instant, closing back

in their first order. All ringers for that second
claiming past, present, like walkers on a roadway:
in the half-light of morning, one shock
of canary in a braided cage,
one curve of lantern flame approaching.

—Linda Bierds

• •

Frances. "She doesn't know," he said, "but no trousers. A cape maybe, a *shuka* is what she says. No shoes."

Cook was laughing nervously. "A white man in a *shuka*? With no shoes? Flying up?"

"His face. What was his face like?" Frances asked. A wild image was forming. "Was there a light shining on his face?"

"What kind of stupid questions . . ." Stanley said.

"Ask it!" The Red Queen voice pushed out.

Stanley asked. The girl was nodding. She was smiling at Frances.

"Yes, a light . . ." Stanley said. "But she says what she thinks you want her to: it's an old Boran trick, the rotters." He was extricating himself, trying to stand up, and his bones creaked.

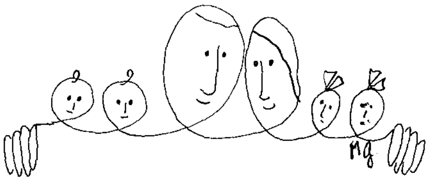
"A djinn," Cook said. "A *shetani*. Yes, it is true." He was quite frightened now.

"A *shetani* would have eaten her, for God's sake," Frances said.

"Later, it will be eat," Cook said. He suddenly remembered something: "An owl bird. I have seen." According to him, this was a terrible sign; he threw stones at owls. "Two owl birds." Soon it would be three, then a flock, Frances thought.

"Sounds like Jesus." Frances snorted. She had a fantastic suspicion that, indeed, it was a miracle that had happened, even though she had been raised an atheist. She had the sensation that she possessed *something*. Was it the girl? Or was it the girl's bizarre hallucination itself that was being given to her this way, delivered to her doorstep as a test? Or something even more astonishing, like those boulders, that would allow no explanation?

"No, never!" Cook, who had been baptized, after all, a Seventh-Day Adventist, bowed his head. "Borans people can never see Jesus, the Lord!" he declared.



"Oh, why ever not?" Frances was irritated and wanted to be alone with the child. "Nolomai. Nolomai." She bent, coaxed, offered a hand. And the girl swayed.

"How can Jesus . . . ?" Cook was frantic, wringing his cloth, trying to enlist Stanley.

"Admit it, Stanley," Frances said, laughing. "Exactly like the ascension." She lifted her arms; her large bosom rose.

Stanley was either gagging or laughing. "You never know what a Borana will tell a person," he said, dragging out, she thought, another of his tiresome Borana clichés.

Cook was a severe annoyance, almost crying. "Memsab—all of us—down in the hellfire."

"Nonsense!" she bellowed. The child was shining in the meagre lantern light. The Borana were simply standing around. Professional at waiting, they had settled, bringing all their life with them, regardless of the hour. Women were nursing. Kids were dragging sticks around. Dogs were lining up.

"Who are the parents of Nolomai?" Frances asked. The reaction was classic: no one would admit to anything. Cook's shoulders slumped. The Borana shifted; a few of the women stopped nursing.

"Nobody is parents," Cook said.

"Hopeless," Stanley whispered.

"Tell them that Nolomai will be staying with me for a few days." Up until now she had had no idea what she might do, though she knew she had to do something. She still was unclear, had no instincts that applied to such situations, only this voice telling her to keep the child. The child had been delivered to her door. She instructed Cook to explain this to whichever person out there was in charge, offering a hundred shillings for the girl.

Cook walked forth, a sad figure, and returned an equally sad figure. "They say you never put her inside this car. Because in this car you will take her far away, maybe Nairobi, maybe New York."

"No car," Frances swore.

"This one will be wait to watch you." He pointed to one of the women.

"We will not leave the premises," Frances promised. She was obsessed now. Oh, if only she had been such a child, led by a vision away from the lions in the night—well then, who, who indeed would she have become? She saw that she was nothing, the confirmation of her worst suspicion.

"Come, Nolomai," she said gently, and the girl, without looking back, walked to the house with her.

INSIDE the house, all the next day, she talked to Nolomai, whose name could have been wind blowing over the tops of boulders. She began to take down all her nonessentials from the crude shelves Cook had installed—the silver, the crystal, old books, jewelry. Splinters from the brittle wood stabbed her hands.

"This and this and this—all for you, Nolomai." She went on talking about everything as Nolomai listened, her eyes round, pupils like jet. Her lashes were long as the swirls of Arabic script.

Nolomai appeared to know she had been chosen and sat relaxed, as any proper goddess ought to do, waiting to be delivered to her fate, or to deliver others to theirs. The old woman thought they were both being twisted together in order to find out something at the same time. Easy, then, to drop at the child's feet all the worldly goods of Frances Eliot, her last will and testament.

"All of these things are for you, Nolomai . . ."

So glorious because the things, in absolute fact, were pure and had no value at all. She could see the silver pot in a tarnished future, covered with the soot of Borana fires. And the little Winslow Homer, which Nolomai was viewing upside down.

By nightfall the girl was weary and wanted to go, but Frances wouldn't let her. Cook brought them roasted goat while Frances lit all the candles she had so that they would be dazzling on the ridge, a cosmic sign.

Cook sputtered, "But, but, for wasting why? All your light."

Frances was hopeful that the apparition of the night before would return but didn't know how to make it happen. The candles seemed as good an idea as any. Perhaps there had to be terror and the threat of a lion for it to appear.

She began again to tell Nolomai about the gifts that were still laid out on the floor, kneeling among them in front of the child goddess. There were people who knew what you had to offer, and if there was nothing concrete left there were insubstantial things—what you knew, or didn't know. Nolomai, who had remained placid, like a fetish, rose, and put her hands on the old woman's head, as if to draw something from her; as if the memoir would be formed against everything Frances had ever done to prevent it.

"It was an empty life," Frances confessed. Then she wept and the girl absolved her.

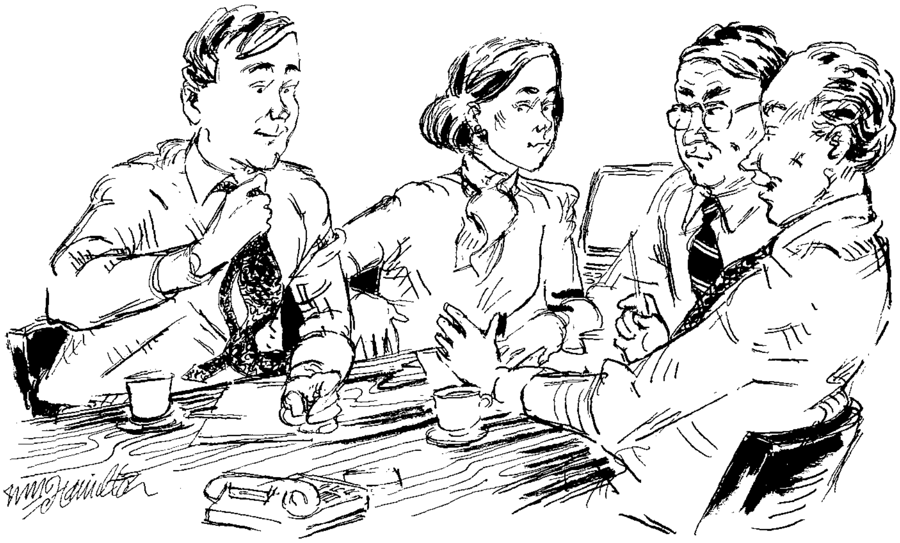
Cook, endlessly nosy, would not let such horror continue. He called the Borana in to take Nolomai away from the kneeling, crazy memsab, whose face was startlingly white. Frances tried to protest, but she was weak and being stabbed to death in her hip. Was it broken? Seized up like an old engine. Did it matter now?

Next day, though stiff, and worn down by emotion, she faced Stanley at lunch with a bottle of gin and the liver of the roasted goat.

"I knew they'd take her. I knew they wouldn't let me keep her," she told him. She was in a fit of crying. "She was like a daughter to me." It sounded rather absurd, she knew, but she wanted to tell him.

"A daughter to you? Whatever you say, old girl." Stanley put his arm around Frances and ogled. There were things that he had no capacity to understand, like truth.

Still, he was what she had, an awful choice—no choice, in fact. We will die together like two old marrieds, she fantasized, though we have both avoided that—wanted to avoid it—all our lives. Oh, yes, she longed to see his feet, or to touch the spotty old hand that was perilously close. —MARIA THOMAS



"Yes, Ted, on this team we take off our jackets, but we don't loosen our ties."

• •

PROFILES

UNCONQUERABLE

"FIGAROVÁ SVATBA," which Marcia Davenport and I are watching at the Smetana Theatre in Prague, is better known as "The Marriage of Figaro" and is better sung in Italian. Mrs. Davenport has never heard it in Czech before, and has warned me that we might want to leave after an act or two. But now, settled in her box, she is shadow-conducting with her right hand, cuing with her left, and marvelling at the voices, the orchestra, and the authentic two-tiered cembalo (similar to the one from which Mozart himself conducted). At the first intermission, she declares, "It's the only other language I've heard that it makes sense in—it sounds like hell in German and English." So we're not leaving? "You couldn't drag me away!"

Sixty-one years ago, it was Mozart who first drew her to Prague. Fifteen years after that, it was Czechoslovakia's Foreign Minister Jan Masaryk, and she thought she was there to stay. At the time of the Communist putsch, in 1948, she escaped, but he did not. Her recent return there, six months ago, was not so much a personal triumph as a vindication of the Czech dream and of Masaryk, whose long-suppressed story is finally being revealed in full, through her, to his countrymen.

The indomitable Mrs. Davenport, now a silver-haired grande dame of eighty-seven, has spanned the realms of music and literature for more than half a century. She was the first American to write a biography of Mozart, and she is the last survivor of the celebrated novelists edited by Maxwell Perkins. It is not surprising that the daughter of the soprano Alma Gluck and the stepdaughter of the violinist Efrem Zimbalist should have devoted herself to music as well as to writing; what is unique is her third great passion—a deep involvement in the twentieth-century history of Czechoslovakia—and the way it has permeated and linked the two others and provided her life with a heroic dimension. "If it hadn't been for Mozart, I would never have heard of the Czechs," she says. "They became my fate." She was Czechoslovakia's most vocal wartime champion and a leader of its American relief effort, all the while pursuing her work as a popular writer of fiction.

Some people think that Marcia Davenport retired from life forty-three years ago, when Masaryk died in Prague, and from writing twenty-four years ago, when her autobiography, "Too Strong for Fantasy," was published. That book, whose title comes from a John Donne poem, contains a definitive account of Masaryk's death—and of the death of Czechoslovakia itself—and so was unpublishable there until now. Her recent pilgrimage to Prague in connection with that project makes "retirement" a dangerous term to use in her presence. "I hate that word!" she exclaimed when we first met, in Pebble Beach, California, where she has made her home since 1977. We were in her car, heading into the dying sun, on our way to dinner, and Mrs. D. was in the driver's seat, in more ways than one. "I did *not* retire!" she insisted, batting down the car's sun visor with a kid-gloved hand for emphasis, causing a sharp veer to the left. " 'Retire' is something insurance-company executives do, with golf carts—not what I did."

Characteristically, she does not deign to provide a substitute for the offending verb. Mrs. Davenport is correctional and unyielding. She was shaped by the high artistic standards of her parents, and she retains both her cultivation and the language of an earlier day—even unto proud anachronism. She is a woman who still speaks of "the gramophone" when she plays a record, and of "Idlewild" when she flies out of New York. She is also strict to the point of being severe, with herself and with the world—not unlike her heroine Mary Rafferty, in "The Valley of Decision," the saga of a Pittsburgh steel family which was the No. 2 best-seller of 1943 (after "The Robe"), and which was recently reissued by the University of Pittsburgh Press. When I ask what she might change if she were writing "The Valley of Decision" today, she replies, "The fact that it's got so many *adverbs* in it. A really civilized and cultivated writer of the English language will turn inside out to avoid adverbs. When you're young, you don't realize that that's a lazy way of characterizing what someone says—'she said sadly,' 'gaily,' 'bitterly,' 'coldly.' You shouldn't do it."

So the nuance of the action should be contained in the verb?

"Never mind what it should be," she snaps. "I won't even tell you that. I only know what it shouldn't be. You avoid adverbs like the plague."

A similar response is provoked when I ask about a twist in her novel's plot in which the hero's wife gets pregnant when he "didn't intend to—let her have another child." What, exactly, did Mrs. Davenport mean?

"I can't go into that," she says. "Those things happen in life, and it's not my business or yours to inquire."

A strong ego is useful in conversation with Mrs. Davenport, though a certain sparkle in her eyes tempers her tone. She remains what she has been from the start—one of the most mordant figures in recent American literature.

Her writing career began in the late

twenties, at *The New Yorker*, then a two-year-old toddler of a magazine, where one of her diverse jobs was gathering material for the Talk of the Town writers E. B. White, James Thurber, and Wolcott Gibbs. The editor, Harold Ross, thought she was crazy when, in 1930, she quit to write her biography of Mozart, but the book —published two years later—had an immediate and substantial success.

Music remained integral to Mrs. Davenport's professional life. The heroine of her first novel, "Of Lena Geyer" (1936), is a celebrated singer; and for several years in the thirties Mrs. Davenport delivered the Metropolitan Opera's intermission radio-broadcast commentaries, which were widely admired for their pungency and wit. Those remarks were never recorded, however, and when I ask if she kept written copies her reply illuminates the way she thinks and works: "No, of course not. It was practically all extempore. You've seen that I haven't any speech deficiency. If I know what I'm talking about, you can trust me to make sense. If I don't know what I'm supposed to be talking about, I'll say so right off."

So all the Met commentaries are lost?

"It's much better that way. Yak is yak. Once it's been said, it's been said. You don't need to keep a record of it."

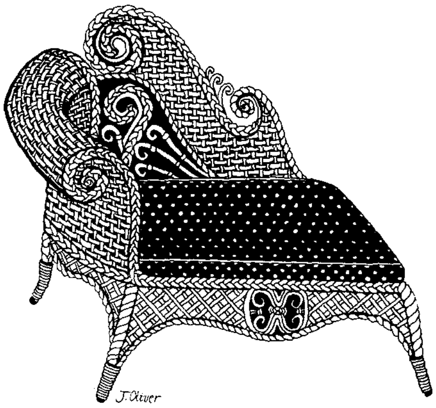
"But I always want to keep a record," I say.

"You won't when you're my age," Mrs. D. replies.

Marcia Davenport, born in 1903, grew up on Manhattan's Upper West Side. Alma Gluck was nineteen at the time of her daughter's birth. She had come to New York from Romania at the age of six but didn't take her first singing lesson until she was twenty-one. In her autobiography Marcia says of her father, an insurance man, "I almost do not remember [him] at all. I do not know the sequence or the time or the reasons for his elimination from my mother's life and thus from mine. . . . I know that my mother meant this to be so. . . . My mother was my world and she deliberately made that a world in which I had her and her alone." Alma Gluck was, and remains, "the strongest and most permanent force in my life."

Gluck was discovered by Arturo Toscanini in the spring of 1909, and in her first season at the Met, that fall, she sang eleven parts, in three languages. The Met repertoire then contained almost no Mozart, no Donizetti, no Bellini—little scope for lyric sopranos. But though the roles were small, and though she stayed at the Met for only three years, her performances there created a sensation. Marcia, meanwhile, grew up without playmates and without attending a school until she was eight years old. She says, "I never had a childhood or a peer, and never missed either." Her constant companions were books, and they "made all other occupations unnecessary," she says. "Two solid plinths had taken form in my emotions and my mind: my mother and my intensity about her and all that she was; and my passion for books, to which solitariness is intrinsic."

In 1914, Alma Gluck married Efrem Zimbalist, and he was Marcia's beloved Papuchka ever after. She recalls him as "*dégagé*," and she painted a fond, rather zany portrait of him in a 1931 *New Yorker* Profile, which, she writes in her autobiography, detailed "many of [his] antics and acquisitions," and which "at the time he did not much like." (Zimbalist died just six years ago, at the age of ninety-five.) Gluck, for her part, was struggling with the classic dilemma of the artist/mother, equally devoted to her music and to her family. The home she created was an extraordinary one. Davenport writes, "In New York, my mother made for herself and her husband a place at the confluence of the streams of society, the great world, and the arts; in her time more a classic blending in the tradition of old-world capitals than anything resembling the celebrity-studded gatherings in public places, over-inflated by press agents and reportage, which are part of the scene today."



Growing up with such people, Marcia felt like Cinderella before the ball. When she was an awkward teen-ager, with glasses and braces, she recalls, Alma Gluck introduced her for the fourth time to Alexander Woollcott, who glanced at her without recognition and said, "Disaster, isn't it?" She tells me that years later "I used to say not very nicely that it was I who killed Woollcott." It was wartime, and they were both members of the Writers' War Board, which enlisted the support of literary figures and assigned them public-opinion jobs such as radio broadcasts. The topic of CBS's "The People's Platform" on January 23, 1943, was "Is Germany Incurable?" and the concept was to seat five panelists—Davenport, Woollcott, the mystery writer Rex Stout, and two college presidents—at a dinner table, and to air their after-dinner conversation. Unlike his four dinner companions, Woollcott ate heavily, even though he was seriously ill with a heart condition. He also kept up a sarcastic needling of Davenport about her books, which he had largely panned. "I was no longer my mother's frightened little girl," Mrs. Davenport recalls. "I told him to forget old scores and stop being beastly and aim his venom at Hitler instead of me." At that point, the microphones went live, but as Woollcott was about to speak he staggered to his feet, clutching his necktie, and collapsed. "The control booth signalled to us to keep talking. The moderator speeded up the questions, and we talked and kept the show going while they carried Woollcott out of the studio." He died that night, she adds, with no trace of sorrow.

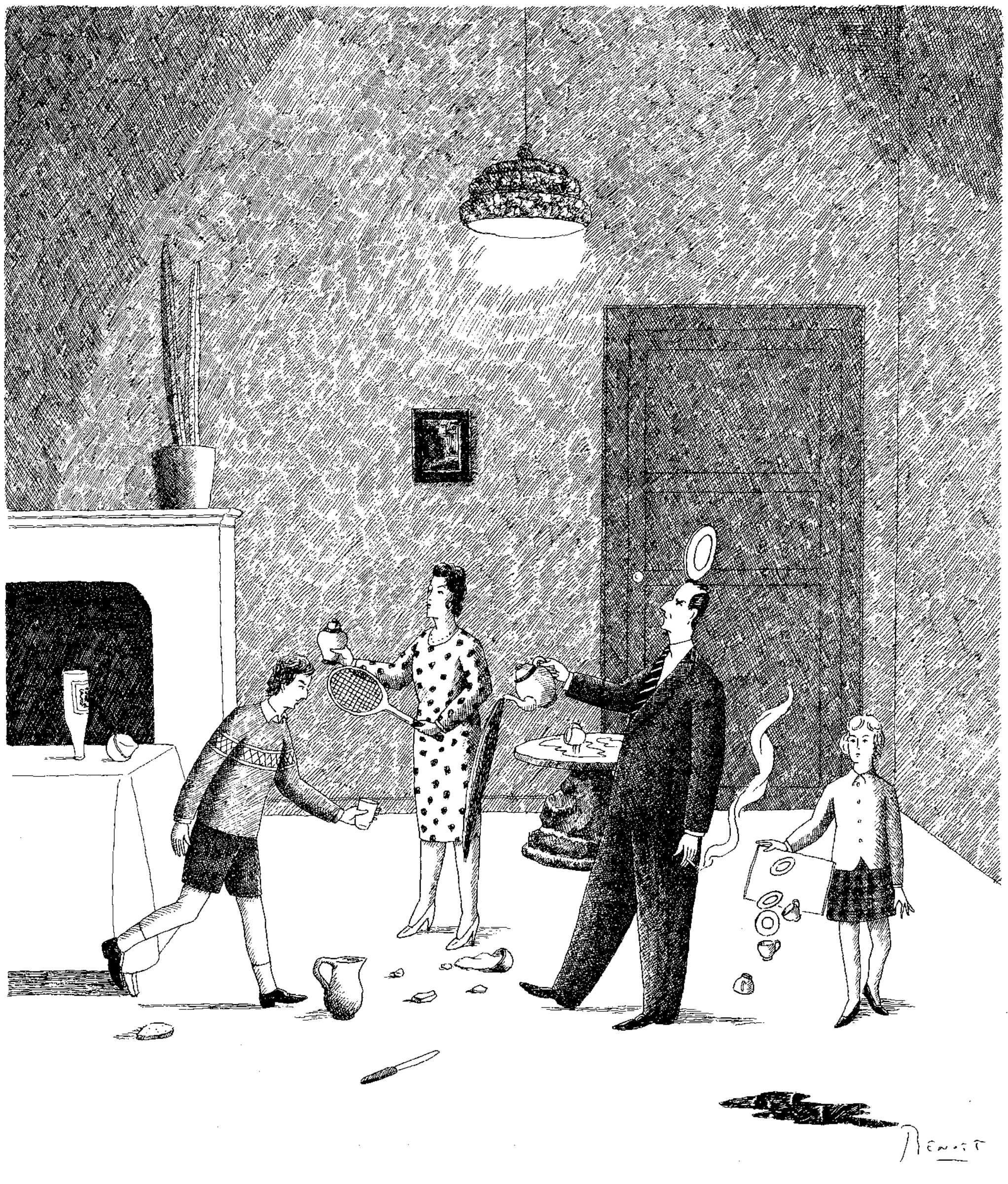
Marcia Davenport may well have spoken and written about the singing voice longer and with greater precision and critical expertise than anyone else alive. And yet, she tells me, "What I may care most about in a voice may mean nothing at all to you. For instance, a contemporary one —perfectly nice voice, perfectly competent singer—is Kiri Te Kanawa. I wouldn't denigrate what she does. But she leaves me absolutely cold. I wouldn't cross the street to hear her sing. And there are lots of them like that, and you can't explain why, because it's so personal." The impact is something "intangible, inexplicable, like any matter of human chemistry," she adds. "Its physical attributes incline one to say it is analogous to falling in love." That said, she offers a tour of her pantheon. "The soprano voices in my life that have been, each in its own way, my measure of the incomparable in a soprano—the four that are part of my emotional structure—are, first, my mother's. That's self-evident. The next is Rosa Ponselle's—for its sheer incomparable beauty. That was physically the most beautiful voice I ever heard, in a class all by itself. And the next, for contrasting reasons, is Lotte Lehmann's: she was the finest singing actress I ever heard. And the fourth is Leontyne Price's—a most extraordinary *natural* voice. Those are the four voices that to me constitute everything I respond to with everything I've got. All for totally different reasons."

It is unanimously agreed that Alma Gluck's voice came straight from heaven—the purest and lightest of lyric sopranos, ideally suited to the concert stage as opposed to big dramatic parts. "She found that she didn't like opera," her daughter says. "She never had any stage training, and she felt clumsy on a stage. But what she did, as nobody else did, was give song recitals."

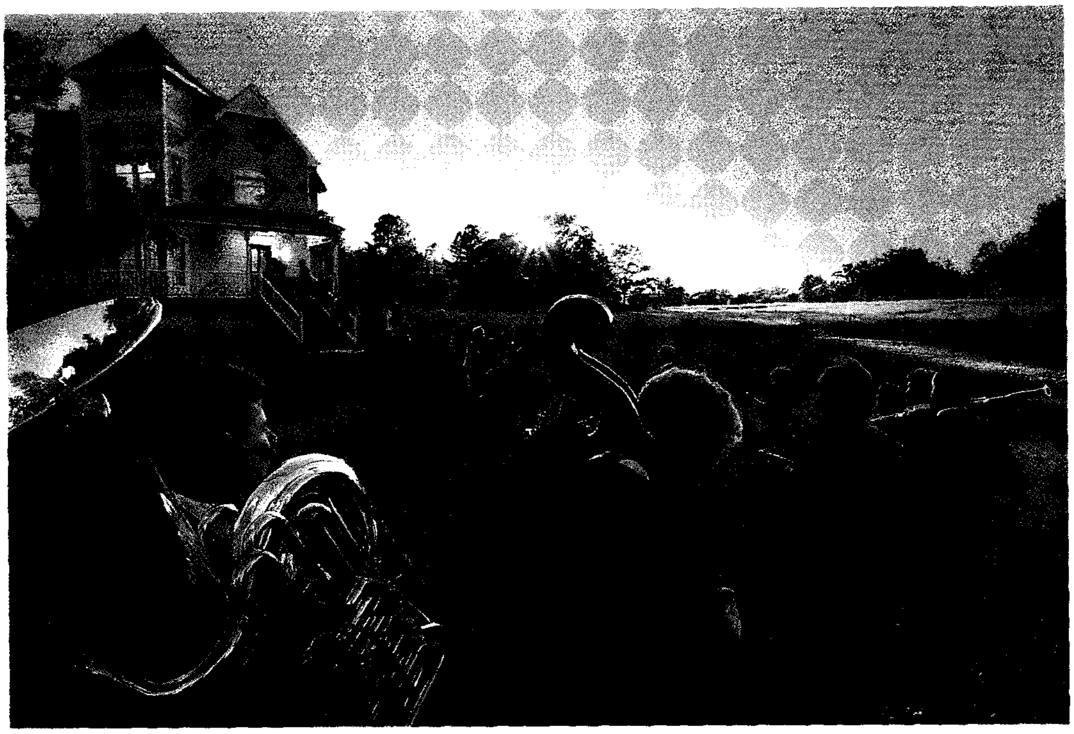
Alma Gluck typically opened her recitals with a Baroque aria, sometimes the "Jauchzet Gott" from the Bach Cantata No. 51. ("I've never heard anyone else sing it who shouldn't have been shot," her daughter says.) After the classical repertoire came popular songs, which down-home audiences loved. "She was by far the concert singer most in demand in the United States," Mrs. Davenport says. "She used to get booked into the funniest places, because people everywhere knew her records. They were the kind of people who got in the Model T and drove sixty miles on dusty roads to get to town, wherever it was, to hear her."

Gluck's career was great but short, because of fragile health. Following the birth of Efrem, Jr., in 1918, she insisted on carrying out a gruelling, cross-country recital series by train while still nursing the baby. She had "an ardent, I would almost say fanatical . . . concept of motherhood," wrote her daughter, who often found her prostrate with exhaustion. She sang her last recital in 1924. Mrs. Davenport says, "I believe that for her having to stop singing was in certain ways to stop living, and that the secret frustration and sorrow of that fate were more responsible than anything else for her early death."

Alma Gluck died in 1938, at the age of fifty-four. In her final years, she and Marcia had drawn even closer to each other than they were before, and in her autobiography Davenport recalls her mother's poignant words toward the end: "What a nuisance I have to die now just when we have such a good time together." But her recordings are immortal. Alma Gluck made about a hundred and forty, and Mrs. Davenport has most of them on a special set of LPs, which was made for her from the original 78s. "The curious thing is that almost never can I play them," she says. "It tears me apart emotionally to such a degree that I cannot play them. And, above all, I could never play one of them in the presence of anybody else—except for



At the Smiths', Sunday brunch was an occasion.



There is an easier way to hear the Saint Louis Symphony in your home.

Just listen to National Public Radio.

Every week, you'll hear the works of the greatest composers of all time, and our time, performed by the world-renowned Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra.

And all you have to do to hear these concert performances at home is check your local NPR listings. And tune in.

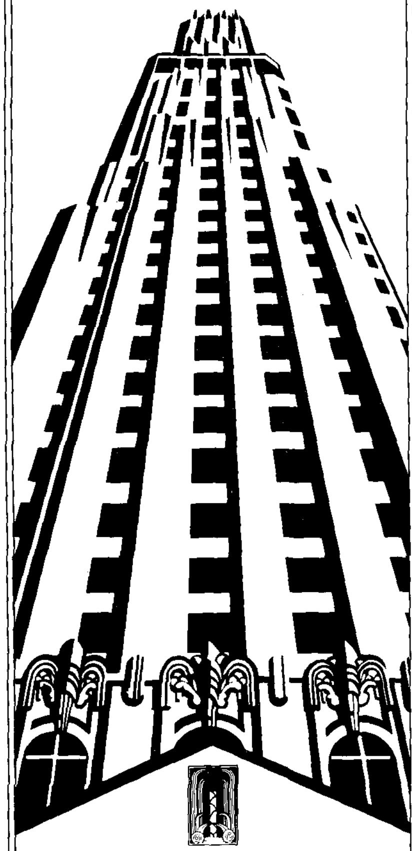
Which is nice. Considering your other option is almost impossible to orchestrate.

Southwestern Bell Corporation

Southwestern Bell is proud to support this series from the Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra. Leonard Slatkin, Music Director and Conductor.

Restored to our highest standards.

We've just spent $14,000,000 transforming the all-suite Beekman Tower Hotel to new heights of luxury, comfort and convenience. From our art deco lobby to spacious suites—it's all been beautifully redone. Plus we've added a health club, conference facilities and the new Zephyr Grill restaurant. Located one block from the United Nations. For reservations, call 1-800-ME-SUITE, ext. 194.



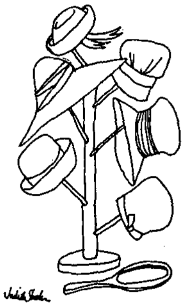
BEEKMAN
TOWER HOTEL
A towering New York tradition.

Three Mitchell Pl., (49th St. & 1st Ave.)
New York, NY 10017 212-355-7300
A Manhattan East Suite Hotel

© 1990 Manhattan East Suite Hotels

Jan Masaryk. I would play them for him. And the older I get—I know better than to put myself in such a state of emotional collapse as that would create, and so I don't do it. But I hear them in my head all the time."

One of the recordings which Mrs. Davenport cites as a flawless example of the kind of singing that no longer exists is "Lo! Here the Gentle Lark," in which Gluck's delicacy and clarity combine for a sheer loveliness of sound that is undimmed even by the ancient technology. "You do realize, nobody can sing that way today—not Kathleen Battle, nobody," Mrs. Davenport says. "That silver-bell quality came out of the nineteenth century."



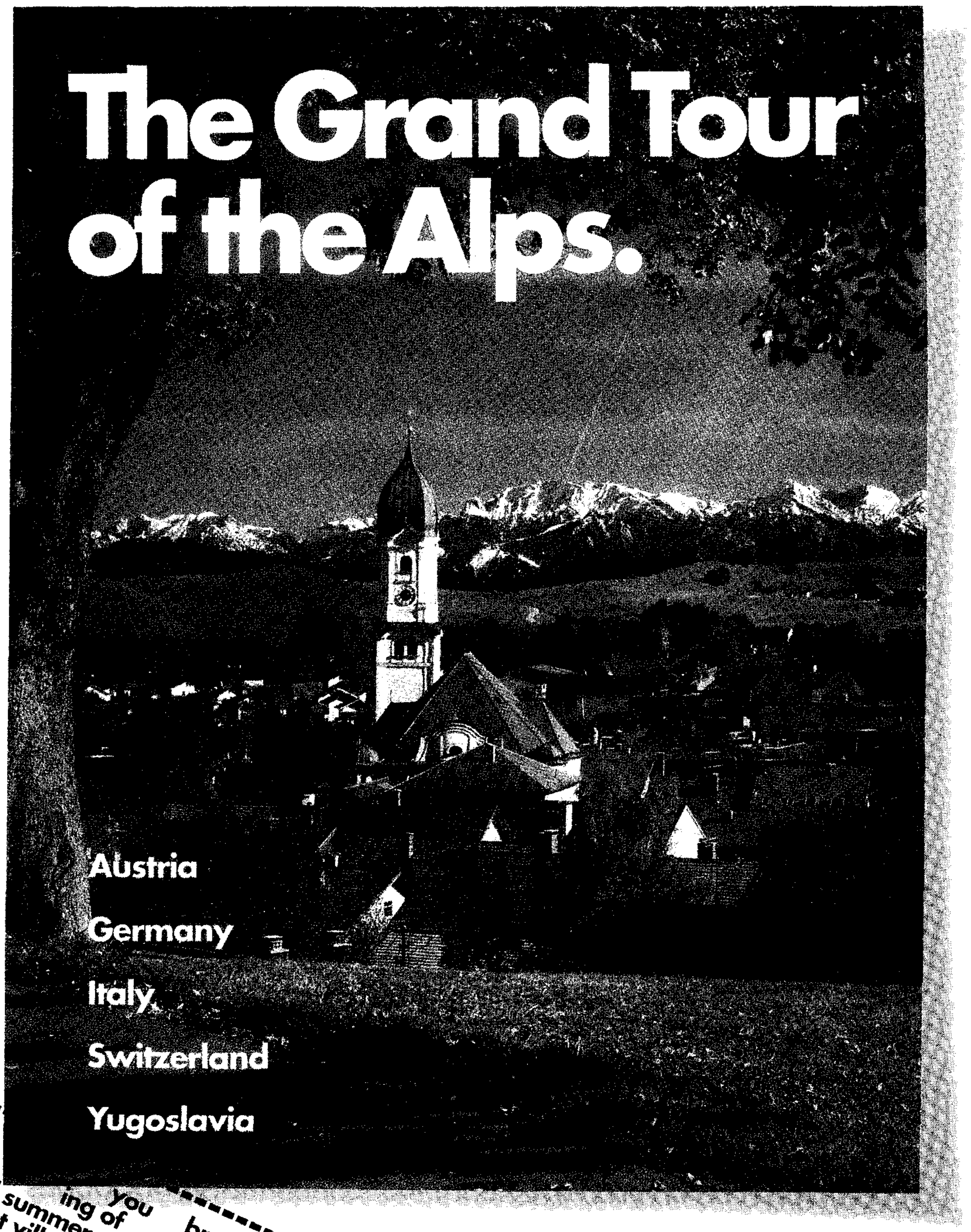
In 1918, Gluck's recording of "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny" achieved the largest sales of any phonograph record to that time. "The Victor Talking Machine Company couldn't keep up with the demand," Mrs. Davenport recalls. "It was the first record in the company's history that sold a million copies right away." Suddenly, she seems embarrassed, and says, "I never stress that kind of thing, because money and success are not part of our standards at all. Money was never mentioned in our house, nor was success, nor was being a big seller. You didn't do that."

Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., concurs: "My father had the healthiest attitude toward all of that. He was just totally above it. It just didn't enter into his life at all. He never had a press agent, Mother never had a press agent. They never promoted themselves in any way."

Marcia found her mother's every quirk fascinating. (Gluck "had the bizarre obsession of refusing either to lock anything up or to insure it. She had an irrational loathing of insurance.") But then came separation and its problems. Her parents' concert schedules required longer and longer absences from home, and rather than entrust Marcia to the care of servants Gluck arranged for her to live with a married friend in Pennsylvania, in the hope of providing her with a "normal" home life. As a result, Marcia spent "seven Jacobean years in Philadelphia," boarding with a family she couldn't stand. Then, in 1921, she was sent, "most unwillingly," to Wellesley College, whose math requirements were hard on her. "I had a perpetual condition in the two required courses of freshman mathematics," she recalls. A "condition" was as bad as it sounds. In the summer of 1922, Marcia went to France to study at the University of Grenoble, which was much more to her liking; but, back at Wellesley as a sophomore, she recalls, she "remained totally incapable of grasping even what trigonometry was about, much less comprehending what one was supposed to do about it."

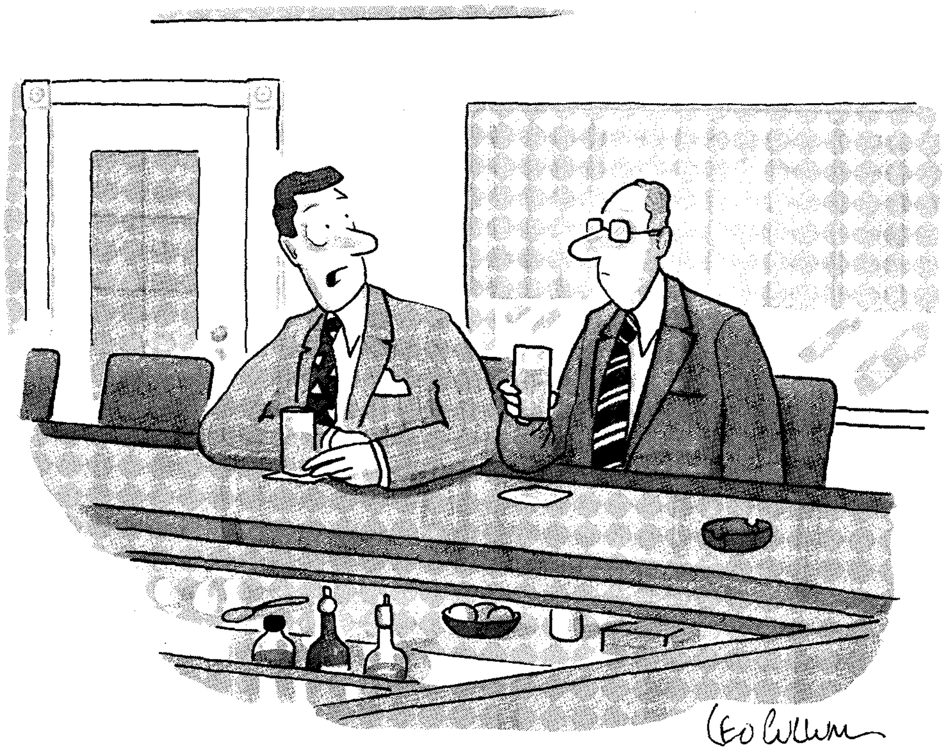
To avoid flunking out, she ran away from college, and when her mother insisted that she return she panicked. In her autobiography she recounts that she phoned "the young man at Yale to whom I had become engaged . . . and he, himself fed up with college and ready for any escape, came to New York." She was nineteen. They eloped. An uncle of the bridegroom, in Pittsburgh, gave him a job, and they moved there and stayed eighteen months. Marcia gave birth to a daughter, who was named Patricia. Then they moved back to the Philadelphia she loathed, and there, a few weeks later, with a five-month-old baby, "I woke to find the young man gone, and gone for good." In her autobiography the man's name is nowhere to be found. (It was Frank Clarke.) She never laid eyes on him again.

It was the first major test of her resilience. She quickly found a job writing advertising copy, and thus began "the life of hard work which is the only life I was really fitted for, by destiny or by circumstance." She obtained a divorce, moved back to New York with her daughter, and eventually, with a little help from Frank Crowninshield, the editor of *Vanity Fair*, who was a friend of her mother's, was given a tryout at *The New Yorker*. She was told to report on the construction of an apartment house that was then going up. "I have always had a passion for architecture and a worm's-eye relation to its practical applications," she writes. "The assignment was like handing a porterhouse steak to a hungry hound." She was hired immediately as a general staff writer and was soon writing the apartments column; the Out of Town section, on weekend outings and rustic dining; Lois Long's


The Grand Tour of the Alps.
Austria
Germany
Italy
Switzerland
Yugoslavia

Are you dreaming of beautiful summer vistas, quaint villages, medieval towns, and mouthwatering cuisine? A place where English is spoken? Are you dreaming of Austria, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and Yugoslavia rolled into an area not bigger than Arizona? The amazing Alpine Region is your dream come true. Now is the time to get our brochure "The Grand Tour of the Alps". It offers tips on hotels, restaurants, spectacular sights and more. For your free copy, call 1-800-666-1404 or send in the coupon today to "The Grand Tour of The Alps" P.O. Box 1137 Radio City Station NY, NY 10101

name__________
address__________
city__________
state__________ zip__________



"It's a swell offer, Brad, and you're a great guy, but I've just got out of a bad limited partnership, and I'm not ready for that kind of commitment yet."

• •

fashion column On and Off the Avenue when Long was away; This and That, on shopping; and various other back-of-the-book columns. She had a different pseudonym for each.

"I was the legman for Andy White, and had to go out and get the material he turned into those beautiful articles in the front of the book," she recalls. The *New Yorker* job was stimulating, but it was not enough to keep her at the magazine, "because I had my eye on a book I wanted to write." In her autobiography she says, "I have never been satisfied with dusty answers; I have always preferred certainties, even when they were unfavorable, or actually catastrophic. . . . Before I undertook ["Mozart"] I needed some assurance (which no beginner should dare expect) that somebody was going to publish it." The most deeply admired editor in New York had little interest in nonfiction, less in music generally, and none in Mozart, but it was to him that she went. "I have never forgotten that first interview with Max Perkins," she recalls. "He listened to everything I had to say about the Mozart book, and he said, 'Go ahead and write it. We will publish it.' It was the first time I had ever seen him, and he'd never seen a word I'd written. Now, if that isn't going to make a writer of books out of you, what will?"

Many years later, Perkins wrote in a letter to Alice Dixon Bond:

> You ask about Marcia Davenport—we immediately accepted her first book, "Mozart," even though not a very great deal of it was written. One could tell from what we saw of the manuscript that she had skill, and from what we saw of her that she was unconquerable and would do what she undertook.

DAVENPORT first saw Prague in March, 1930—"the unique day, I suppose, of my whole life." From an exploratory walk through its streets and arcades, "I emerged, as I had sensed I would, in the eighteenth century," she writes. In the Uhelný Trh (Coal Market) on goose-market day, "A pandemonium of honks and hisses added the final touch to a living scene as if by Breughel, and I felt as though I would never come down to earth again." The odd language—*vchod* and *východ* mean "entrance" and "exit"—enchanted her. So did the Czech coffee and rolls: "I seem like a dog to measure much sensory impression by smell, and in those days the Prague smell was a rich compound of coal smoke, roasting coffee, beer, smoked pork, and frying onions. I liked it; I liked the frank animal well-being of it."

Prague was where "The Marriage of Figaro" had its first success and where "Don Giovanni" was first performed, and Mozart was the idol of its people, common and noble alike. "I reacted to Prague from the first with the love that Mozart felt for it, the only community which gave him the affection and the recognition for which he was starved elsewhere," she writes. "The city and the country for 20 years thereafter held for me that fertile mystery which we call inspiration."

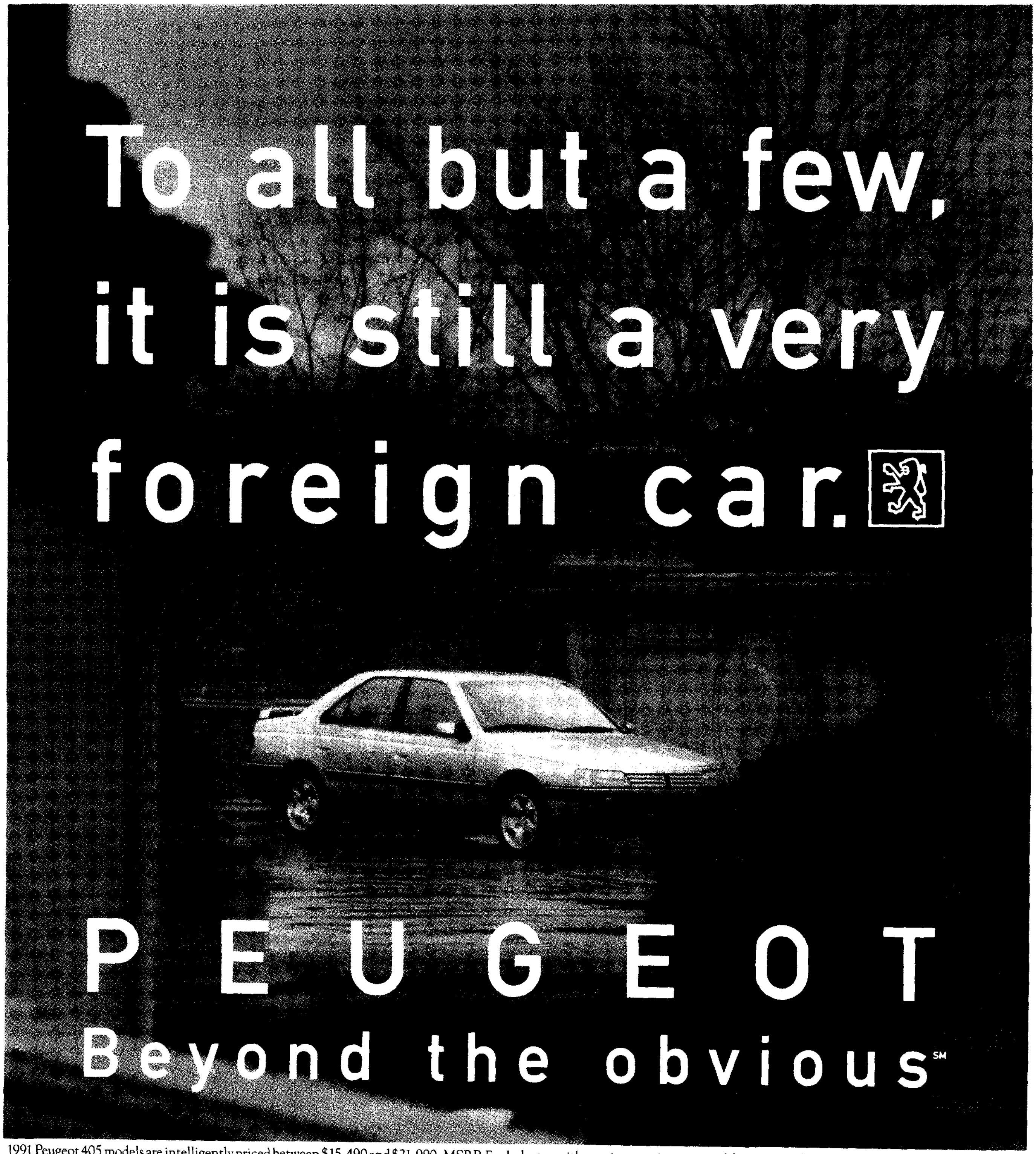
"Mozart," published in 1932, was hailed as a model biography and has remained in print, in dozens of hard- and soft-cover editions, ever since. "It's the American impact of it that touches me so," she says, in a rare subdued tone. "Of course, the royalties from paperbacks are not what we would call money. They're a few thousand dollars, or something like that. But every time I get a royalty check from that Avon edition I look at it and it makes me cry, because it's more money than Mozart earned in his whole life. He never earned as much as thirty-five hundred dollars. He got the equivalent of two hundred and fifty dollars for each of the great operas. Isn't that heartbreaking?"

The softness in the voice disappears instantly when she is asked her opinion of the popular play and film "Amadeus." A small scream is heard, and Marcia Davenport is released from her momentary melancholy.

"God! It enraged me first of all because Peter Shaffer, that playwright, is a person who is obsessed with abnormal psychology. Any playwright who can write a play about a boy whose psychosis is blinding horses is someone I would like to shoot on sight. He sees in any situation only the psychotic abnormalities. So he took what he thought was sufficient material on Mozart and Salieri and turned out this play that is a tissue of lies, one lie after another.

"When it was made into a film, I was just beside myself. They got Milos Forman to direct it—very good at film, he is. Milos Forman is a Czech, and every Czech alive—the babies in the streets!—knows that 'Don Giovanni' is the treasure of Prague. There are two operas that have an impassioned hold

©1991 Peugeot Motors of America, Inc.



1991 Peugeot 405 models are intelligently priced between $15,490 and $21,990. MSRP. Excludes tax, title, options, registration and destination charges. In Canada call 1-416-566-1900.

Europeans have long appreciated the remarkable engineering and world-class styling of a Peugeot.

Yet, here in America, a Peugeot 405 is a rare pleasure. Perhaps because a full appreciation of one requires the kind of thorough scrutiny few car buyers exercise.

The 405's patented 8-valve shock absorbers, for example, are far from obvious, yet they contribute to the renowned Peugeot road feel that is immediately apparent. Two densities of foam are a subtle but effective way to eliminate seat springs and the road vibrations they transmit. And less obvious still is the sophisticated composite barrier beneath the roof that absorbs road noise.

But you'll quickly understand the value of every aspect of the Peugeot 405 with closer scrutiny. For the dealer nearest you call 1-800-447-4700.

on the whole Czech nation—'The Bartered Bride,' of Smetana, and 'Don Giovanni,' both written for Prague. All right. So Forman knows that, much better than I, and he ought to have had and shown the love and respect for Mozart felt by all Czechs. But instead of that he casts this utterly revolting, horrible boy, and a girl that nobody ever heard of, as Mozart and his wife, and misrepresents their characters and their ways ten thousand per cent.

"Now, Mozart, when he was at leisure, among his friends, and as a teen-ager in Salzburg, had as much silliness and dirty jokes in his nature as any other kid. But from the time he was five years old he was trained by his father how to behave in the presence of courtiers, of churchmen, so he would get a good job and be employed in a noble house. Mozart knew all this before he knew anything else, except music. And the way Forman had this *excrescence* giggling and misbehaving in the presence of these people! The whole God-damned thing is a tissue of lies."

But perhaps if such treatment brought Mozart to the attention of a new generation?

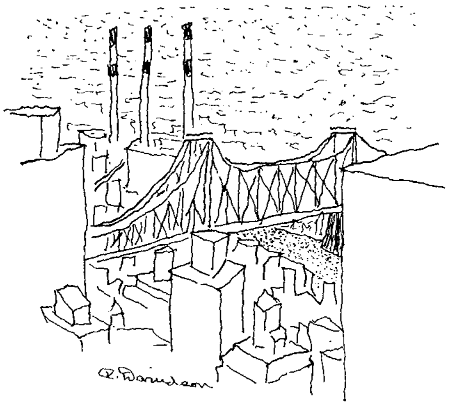
"No, I was furious. I wanted to send word to Forman—tell him he should be ashamed of himself as a Czech. He didn't have the taste. He didn't have the soul of the world out of which he grew. Oh, let's talk about something else."

Very well. Let's talk about Arturo Toscanini, Alma Gluck's great friend and mentor, whom Marcia first saw and heard in 1909, when she was six. (Every Friday afternoon for the next few years, Marcia was in her mother's box at Carnegie Hall for Toscanini's Philharmonic concert.) "As a small child, I was overawed by him, and when I was older he became not only the god and the arbiter of music for me but the dearest friend I have ever had."

In her autobiography Davenport writes, "Words are not the medium to communicate experiences in music; but words are good enough for the statement that music had never sounded before . . . as it did when Arturo Toscanini conducted it, and there are legions of us today who are witness that it has never sounded the same since." What is astonishing is not just that from 1927 until 1954 she attended every one of the Maestro's New York performances but that, when in town, she also sat in on virtually every *rehearsal*—in some cases twenty, thirty, or more. In Salzburg, in 1936, she attended all sixty rehearsals for "Die Meistersinger"—a work by one of her least favorite composers. What kept her there every moment?

"Sometimes in the car, on trips, to pass the time, I'll sing 'Fidelio' from beginning to end, note perfect, with no music. Why do you think I can do that? I was learning. I learned and learned and learned. So when I never missed a rehearsal it was a process of adding to the mass of authentic knowledge that I knew would stay with me all my life, and it has. It was a privilege to be there, and he knew damn well it was a privilege. Nobody was allowed in but just a very few of us. Any member of his family—his wife, and Walter, his son, who was a very dear friend of mine, and his daughters, if they happened to be around. Maybe not more than five or six people. Every rehearsal taught you something. And besides learning the music you learned how he got what he needed out of the musicians."

One afternoon in Pebble Beach, Mrs. Davenport explains how some idea of the dynamics of that process can be had from listening to a recording of the Maestro in rehearsal. "It'll take me time to find the record and readjust the machine back to a record, because it's now on radio, so I could listen to that cow spoil 'Or sai chi l'onore,' " she says. "I think it's Carol Vaness. They say, 'This is a very good artist.' Well, what the hell, she *screamed!* And I tell you, the G before the high A, she sang it sharp! You could tell that she was straining to get to the A. My mother used to say, 'Any jackal can sing flat, but it takes a real dog to sing sharp.' " She eventually puts on a Toscanini rehearsal record containing several of the Maestro's legendary rages. "The men didn't take it as a personal insult," she says. "He would come back and, in his own way, apologize to them and try to compensate for having flown off the handle." She next plays Toscanini's version of the overture to "Semiramide"—New York Philharmonic, 1934-35 vintage—with a running commentary. "What all his successors cannot endure in the sense of comparison is the clarity and the dynamics. Listen to this crescendo—now do you see why I won't go to concerts anymore?"



Toscanini and Davenport had more than music in common: "Music was the bond, at the base of it, but what we talked about, the time we spent together, especially toward the end of his life, was by no means only music. It was personal. He loved my mother, and he used to compare me with her, teasingly. 'Yes, you are intelligent. You have brains, you are musical, you are interesting. But your mother!' He would pause. 'Your mother—*she* was beautiful!' It always wound up, 'But *she* was beautiful!' That was very nice. But he knew that I wrote about music, I wrote the Mozart book, I had a job writing musical reviews for the magazine *Stage*. I never wrote about anything I hadn't seen a score of—that was the way I was trained. Maestro knew that perfectly well. When he teased me and scolded me and called me *ignorante*, that was not because I didn't *know* the music; it was because I didn't *like* it. He'd get furious because I hated Debussy and Wagner."

Toscanini was a restless sleeper, almost a clinical insomniac. Often he would call her up at odd hours—at 2 A.M., say—to play musical games. "Sing the second movement of the Schumann Fourth Symphony," he'd say. Or he'd ask her to sing the Mozart bassoon concerto, starting on the right note—testing her perfect pitch. "I have this built-in thing, I can't tell you why," she says. "It's funny. And if I'm a half tone off I want to cut my throat. That used to entertain Maestro very much." Conversely, she once called him and asked about a certain trombone entrance in "Don Giovanni." He hadn't looked at the score for forty years, since memorizing it in his youth, but he told her the exact measure number.

Their great friendship was sorely

BROWNSTONE STUDIO CRATE & BARREL GARNE

Exclusively XPRESS™

A Unique Collection Expressly For You

MUSIC BOX CO. SELFCARE WARNER BROS.

BROWNSTONE STUDIO CRATE & BARREL GARNET HILL LANDS' END ORCHIDS ONLY RED ROSE COLLECTION RUSSIAN DRESSING THE SAN FRANCISCO MUSIC BOX CO. SELFCARE WARNER BROS. BROWNSTONE STUDIO CRATE & BARREL GARNET HILL

Hello, fellow readers of THE NEW YORKER.

Turn the page *Quickly* to find

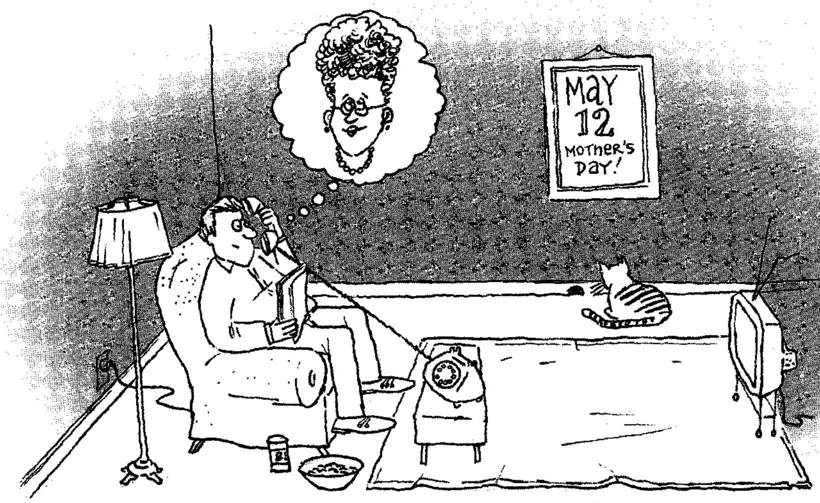
gifts that are BiG, **BOLD**, BRIGHT,

and treats that are small, *Cozy*, **JUST RIGHT**

for [illegible], ***Dad***, Gran, even you...

and – guess what – they're

just a phone call away.....



"Why, yes, you can help me... I'm looking for something sinfully indulgent, yet eminently practical...wildly extravagant – but inexpensive. You know, something Mom would like..."

BROWNSTONE STUDIO CRATE & BARREL GARNET HILL LANDS' END ORCHIDS ONLY RED ROSE COLLECTION RUSSIAN DRESSING THE SAN FRANCISCO MUSIC BOX CO. SELFCARE WARNER BROS. BROWNSTONE STUDIO CRATE & BA

BROWNSTONE STUDIO CRATE & BARREL GARNET HILL LANDS' END ORCHIDS ONLY RED ROSE COLLECTION RUSSIAN DRESSING THE SAN FRANCISCO MUSIC BOX CO. SELFC

Ten Different Companies Bring You Their Best

Exclusively XPRESS™

YES, it's a brand New way to shop. YOU can do it from the Comfort of your

Home Sweet Home

THE BEST OF THE BEST

These pages are packed with unique gifts selected exclusively for readers of the New Yorker. The items come from companies known for their outstanding service as well as their wonderful products. What's more, many of these items are not available in any store. Exclusively Express brings the finest products from the best companies directly to you.

SHOPPING MADE EASY

Now you can shop from the comfort of your home – at your leisure. No need to fight the crowds, hassle with parking, wander from shop to shop. Instead, enjoy browsing through these pages, then make a quick phone call to place your order. Your purchase will be shipped to the address you choose – either your home, your office, or directly to the lucky recipient. It's so easy, even gift wrapping is available on selected products!

HOW TO ORDER

Simply select the items you wish to order, then call the toll-free telephone numbers listed for each company. Please be sure to identify the merchandise by the code indicated, and have your credit card handy to expedite your order.

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

Most of the gifts on these pages are available for rush delivery, and can be delivered before Mother's Day. In fact, if you are in a real hurry, ask for overnight delivery.

YOUR SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Each company that offers its products through Exclusively Express is committed to your satisfaction and offers a money-back guarantee. If you aren't delighted with your purchase, you'll receive a prompt and gracious refund for the full purchase price.

Exclusively Express™– your one-stop source for unique gifts.

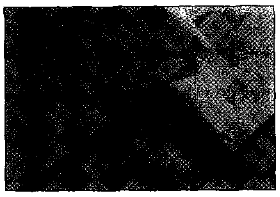
Exclusively Express is a trademarked promotion of Alden Press, 2000 Arthur Avenue, Elk Grove, IL 60007. (708) 640-6000

Brownstone Studio **Crate & Barrel** **Garnet Hill**
Lands' End **Orchids Only** **Red Rose Collection**
Russian Dressing **The San Francisco Music Box Co.**
SelfCare **Warner Bros.**

GARNET HILL

The Original Natural Fibers Catalog

262 MAIN STREET, FRANCONIA, NEW HAMPSHIRE 03580

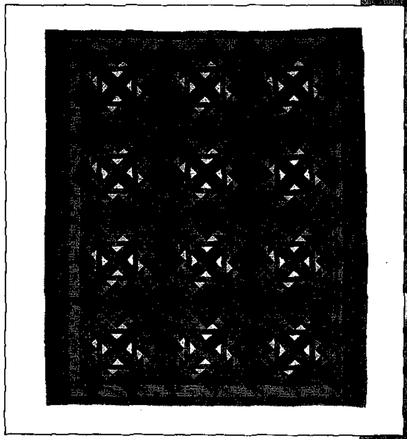


A. WAMSUTTA COTTON NO-IRON SHEETS

Wamsutta brings color to the bedroom with the subtle jewel tones of these 100% cotton no-iron sheets in high quality 200 thread count percale. Mix and match the pieces for a rich contemporary look. Colors: Teal, Raspberry, Violet. *USA.*

0205 NO-IRON JEWEL TONE SHEETS

TWIN FLAT	66 X 96	$16.00
TWIN FITTED	39 X 75	$16.00
DOUBLE FLAT	81 X 96	$23.00
DOUBLE FITTED	54 X 75	$23.00
QUEEN FLAT	90 X 102	$32.00
QUEEN FITTED	60 X 80	$32.00
KING FLAT	108 X 102	$41.00
KING FITTED	78 X 80	$41.00
STANDARD CASES	20 X 30	$24.00 pr.
KING CASES	20 X 40	$27.00 pr.



B. TRADITIONAL HANDMADE QUILT

Designed to create the illusion of railroad crossings, this patchwork pattern was first used, interestingly enough, by Amish quilters whose travel was limited to horse-drawn carriages. Using traditional Amish colors, 100% cotton fabric has been hand-cut and pieced and then meticulously hand-quilted, making this beautiful quilt a masterpiece of folk art. Imported for Garnet Hill.

1233 RAILROAD CROSSING QUILT

TWIN	62 X 85	$575.00
DBL/QN	86 X 89	$675.00
KING	102 X 102	$775.00

C. "ETERNITY" EGYPTIAN COTTON TOWELS

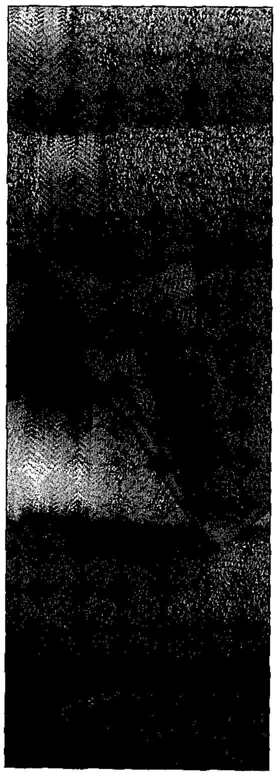
Extremely generous in size and equally vibrant in color, these soft terry towels are woven of high quality Egyptian cotton and have a silky, luxurious feel. Colors: Tangerine, Violet, Teal, Marigold, Cinnabar, Sapphire. *England.*

1525	WASHCLOTH	13 X 13	$ 7.50
1530	HAND TOWEL	16 X 34	$15.50
1532	BATH TOWEL	35 X 60	$26.00
1533	BATH SHEET	40 X 76	$46.00

D. HAND-KNIT COTTON CARDIGAN

A fiesta of vibrant color is celebrated in the multitude of jacquard patterns featured in this beautiful, Aztec-inspired cardigan. This Garnet Hill exclusive is hand-knit of a weighty blend of cotton and ramie, and is accented with seed-stitched ribbing and colorful buttons. *Imported.*

5156 EVEN SIZES: 2-12 $46.50



1-800-622-6216

Call Toll-Free
To Order Any Item On This Page

***Overnight delivery available for additional cost.**

THE SAN FRANCISCO MUSIC BOX COMPANY

Guaranteed Mother's Day delivery if ordered by May 1s

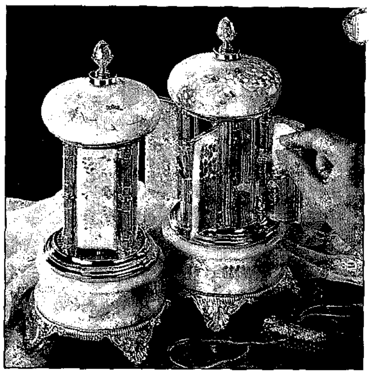
AN ENCHANTING JESTER TO WATCH OVER HER TREASURES!

Swathed in our unabashedly romantic moonlit Garden Collection fabric, our fanciful Jester boasts every quality extra we could imagine: antique lace ruffs, satin ribbons, dusty rose braids, padded fool's cap with faux pearls – plus hand-painted detail on porcelain head and hands. Order now and she'll think of you every time it plays "Some Enchanted Evening." 9" high.

19-6964 MOONLIGHT GARDEN JESTER JEWELRY BOX $54.95

©1990 SAN FRANCISCO MUSIC BOX COMPANY

A GIFT SHE'LL TREASURE FOR LIFE!



When she turns the finial on top, music plays and the doors swing open to reveal brass pockets filled with silk flowers, perfume – whatever she fancies! Artisans carve panels of Northern Italian alabaster and adorn them by hand with a delicate floral design. Each of these heirlooms plays music on a Swiss-made movement. 10½" high.

67-0042 WHITE CARILLON PLAYS "MUSIC OF THE NIGHT" $159.95

67-0059 PINK CARILLON PLAYS PACHELBEL'S "CANON IN D" $159.95

PLEASE YOUR COLLECTOR – AND ANY FEMININE HEART – WITH THIS AFFORDABLE GIFT!

Pink sweetheart roses. A prancing carousel pony. A sweetly feminine waterglobe. Triple your collector's surprise when you give this romantic combination. Our artists sculpted the hand-painted resin in graceful detail. Shake it to enjoy showers of iridescent glitter to the tune of "Somewhere Out There." 6¼" high.

21-0641 SWEETHEART ROSE CAROUSEL SNOWGLOBE $39.95

©1990 SAN FRANCISCO MUSIC BOX COMPANY

A PATCH OF SPRING TO WARM YOUR HEART YEAR 'ROUND.

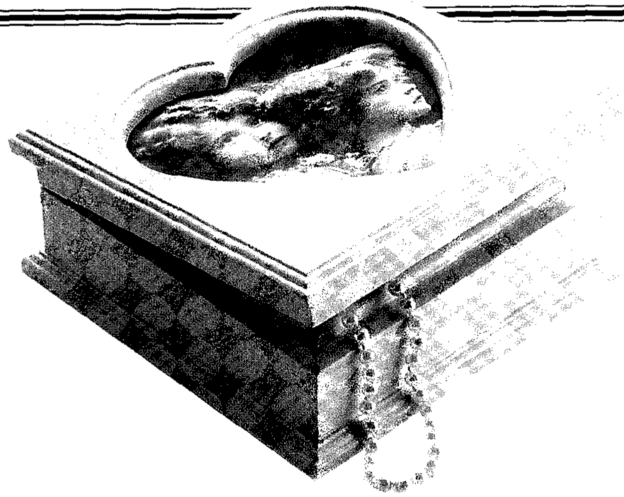
"Somewhere in Time." The perfect tune for our glass waterglobe that celebrates Nature's wonders. Intricately sculpted resin captures our butterfly as he alights on the first dogwood of Spring – amid swirling iridescent glitter. 5½" high.

21-0724 BLUE BUTTERFLY WATERGLOBE $29.95

©1990 SAN FRANCISCO MUSIC BOX COMPANY

1-800-227-2190

Call Toll-Free To Order Any Of These Items



A HEART BIG ENOUGH FOR TWO!

Now you can give a one-of-a-kind gift from the heart. To create a memorable keepsake, just slip your favorite 5" x 5" photo into our heart-shaped picture frame. Lift the lid and a Swiss-made movement plays "Memory." Crafted of ivory-painted wood and finished with sturdy metal hinges, its generous storage space keeps desk or dresser clutter-free. 6¼" x 6¼".

30-0376 IVORY HEART PICTURE FRAME BOX $39.95

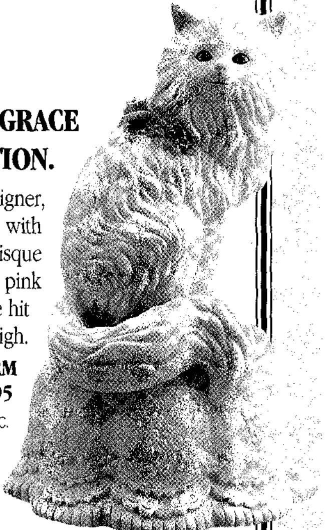
©1991 SAN FRANCISCO MUSIC BOX COMPANY

SPECIAL MEMORIES OF SPECIAL TIMES!

Tell Mom – or Grandma – just how thankful you are! Our turn-of-the-century Mom hugs her newborn as the bisque porcelain sculpture plays "You Light Up My Life." First in a new Ellen Williams' collection, this is sure to be an instant collector's item! 9" high.

26-0638 PORCELAIN MOTHER AND BABY $74.95

©1990 EHW ENTERPRISES, INC.



CHARM AND GRACE FOR YOUR CAT COLLECTION.

Ellen Williams, America's foremost designer, launches her "Victorian Charm" collection with this winsome puss. Cast in creamy bisque porcelain, with delicately hand-colored pink rosebuds, she plays "Memory" from the hit musical **CATS** – naturally! 5" high.

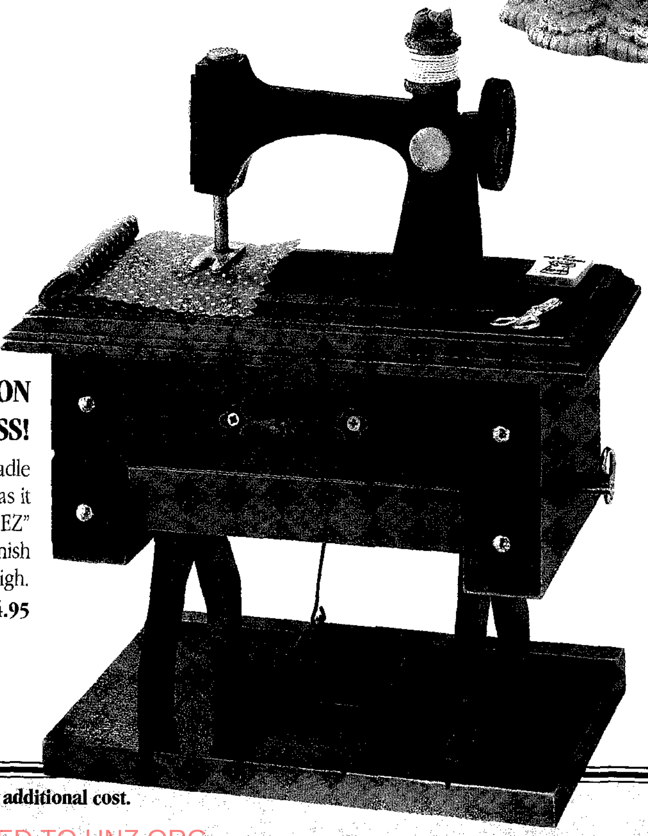
53-0899 VICTORIAN CHARM CAT $34.95

©1990 EHW ENTERPRISES, INC.

A JEWELRY CASE FIT FOR A QUEEN!

Who could imagine a more elegant setting for your heirloom jewelry or engagement ring? Cast in gilt antimony, this display case is an elaborate reproduction of a royal French carriage – capped with a sparkling rhinestone. This stunning piece is padded with lavender satin and comes handsomely boxed on a lavender satin pillow. Plays "Till the End of Time" every time you open the lid. Makes a wonderful wedding or anniversary gift. 6" wide.

77-2475 ANTIMONY COACH $84.95



A GREAT GIFT NOTION FOR YOUR SEAMSTRESS!

Wind it up to hear "My Favorite Things" as the treadle goes up and down and the bobbin revolves. Large as it is, we had room for realistic detail: scissors, "EZ" pattern, fabric bolt, even dozing mouse! Walnut-finish wood and polystyrene. 9" high.

76-0751 ANIMATED SEWING MACHINE $34.95

ease add $6.00 per order for shipping and handling. Overnight delivery available for additional cost.

Orchids Only!

Guaranteed Mother's Day delivery if ordered by May 9th*

MOTHER'S DAY BASKET

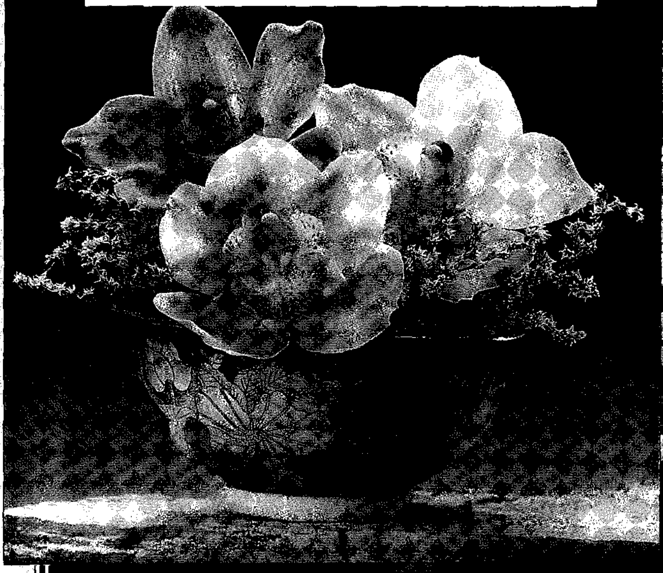
Here's the orchid basket we're sending our mother. Lavender and aqua ribbons, baby's breath, flawless orchids...and a perfect parchment rose. This basket will be a lasting memento of this very special day. Large oval willow basket is 10½" tall.

5294K	**FOUR ORCHIDS**	**$39**
5295K	**FIVE ORCHIDS**	**$44**

LOTUS BLOSSOM BOWL

The special person who receives this lotus blossom bowl will feel warmly appreciated. The handpainted gold-rimmed bowl is an elegant pattern of floral pinks, blues and greens against a black background. Pastel orchids nestled in lavender statice emerge from moss in this alluring Oriental bowl. 6" across; 2¾" high.

5412K	**TWO ORCHIDS**	**$33**
5413K	**THREE ORCHIDS**	**$37**



THE ORCHIDS ONLY! GUARANTEE

Every orchid, vase and basket we offer is unconditionally guaranteed. You must be 100% satisfied with your purchase. It must be perfect and exceed your expectations. If not , we'll send UPS to pick it up. Absolutely free. No questions asked and a speedy refund. We'll send you a check or a charge card credit for every cent you paid, including postage.

If even one blossom has one damaged petal, we'll replace it and all other blossoms for free. If the vase is broken, we'll replace it and all the orchids. We want you to enjoy the arrangement as it was meant to be.

Our policy is simple. If there is any problem with your order, call toll free at 1-800-525-7510. Whatever the problem is, we'll fix it immediately.

Orchids Only! founders
Barb Todd and Sandy Anderson

THE ORCHIDS ONLY! STORY

As unbelievable as it seems, orchids can be shipped thousands of miles and arrive in flawless condition. What makes this possible? Air shipping is partially responsible but most of the credit goes to dedicated orchid hybridizers. By careful breeding, they have produced flowers that are more exciting, larger, and more richly colored than those of the original species. Besides improving appearance, hybridizing has significantly increased the lasting quality of the blossoms. The orchids are carefully packed to arrive in perfect condition, so they need to be arranged upon arrival. Simple instructions and a photograph show the recipient how to easily finish the arrangement.

TO ORDER:

CALL 1-800-423-2806, 24 hours daily, 7 days a week,
or FAX your order to: 1-800-242-0329.

1. We welcome your check or VISA, MasterCard, or American Express card.
2. We ship 2 day air express. The charge is $7.50 per item. There is no extra charge for handling and insurance.
3. We prefer to ship Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays so your order will arrive during the week, avoiding weekend layovers.
4. Gifts can also be shipped overnight. The overnight charge is $17.50 per item. For guaranteed Mother's Day delivery via Next Day Service, please order by 10:00 a.m. Thursday, May 9th.
5. To allow us to ship the day you call, you must place your order before 10:00 a.m. Pacific time.

1-800-423-2806 (1420-0)

Call Toll-Free
To Order Any Item On This Page

***Overnight delivery available for additional cost.**

RED ROSE COLLECTION™

Precious gifts for nurturing the heart and soul.

Guaranteed Mother's Day delivery if ordered by May 1st*

Crystal Heart Pendant

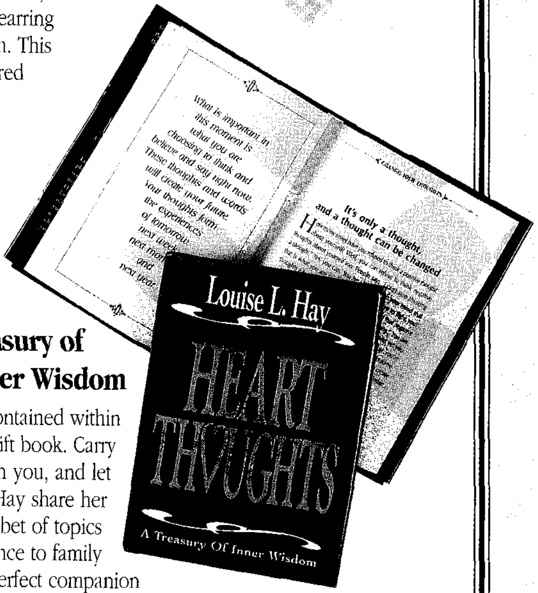
A gift of radiant love, this 2" crystal pendant by Sasa is highlighted by a 14k gold setting and a delicate gold heart. The six-sided clear quartz crystal is double terminated and exceptionally pure.

J09700 $99.95
14k Gold Chain, 20" long
J09701 $59.95

Treasure Chest

No more searching for lost jewelry when you have this beautiful jewelry box! It holds a sizeable collection of precious stones, crystals, and personal mementos. The lid, with inside mirror, opens to reveal two removable ring and earring trays with a large compartment beneath. This rich, deep purple moiré fabric covered box is 12" x 8½" x 4" high.

D91001 $48.00
Also comes in Dusty Rose!
D91000 $48.00



Treasury of Inner Wisdom

A wealth of wisdom is contained within the pages of this compact gift book. Carry **Heart Thoughts** with you, and let best-selling author Louise Hay share her meditations. Span the alphabet of topics in daily living: from abundance to family to work. This book is the perfect companion for anyone seeing spiritual growth and enrichment.

Hardcover; 231 pages.

B91028 $15.00

A Heart to Hold

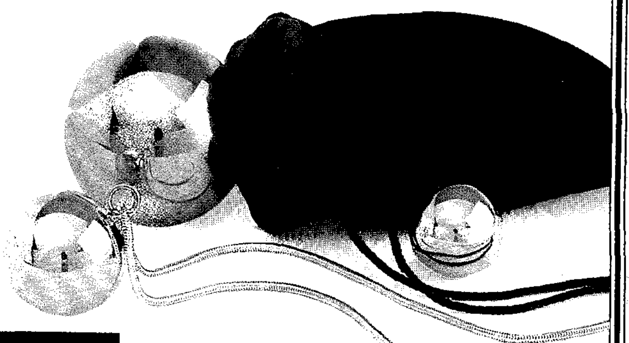
Hold one of these gemstone hearts in your hand and experience its soothing power. Rose quartz is believed to promote inner peace, love, and self-acceptance; hematite is known for its revitalizing and stress-relieving properties. Each 1"-wide heart comes in a softly sueded pouch to protect its polished surface.

Rose Quartz Heart
M07069 $12.50
Hematite Heart
M13504 $14.95

Musicspheres

These magical spheres contain tiny silver cubes and chimes which create wondrous and fascinating ethereal tones. Each orb is handcrafted and comes in a silk-lined velvet pouch.

Sphere, Copper, 40mm	**M31400**	**$44.00**
Sphere, Silver, 20mm	**M31404**	**$30.00**
Pendant, Silver, 25mm	**J31401**	**$44.00**
Sterling Silver Snake Chain, 30" long	**J91026**	**$34.95**



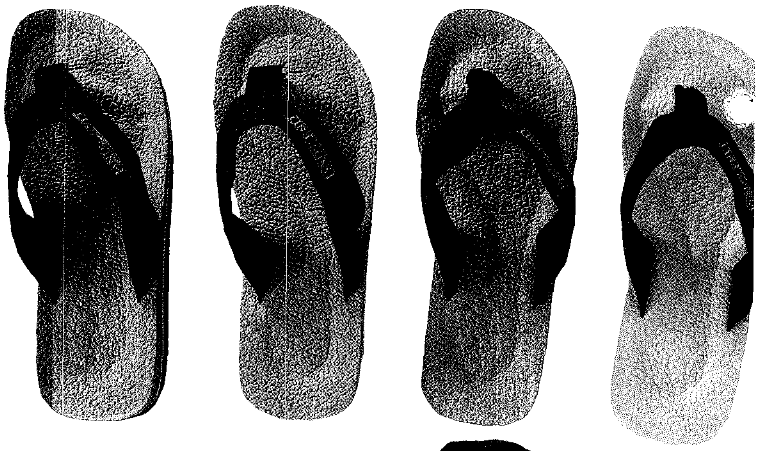
1-800-451-5683
Call Toll-Free
To Order Any Item On This Page

Shipping extra
***Overnight delivery available for additional cost.**

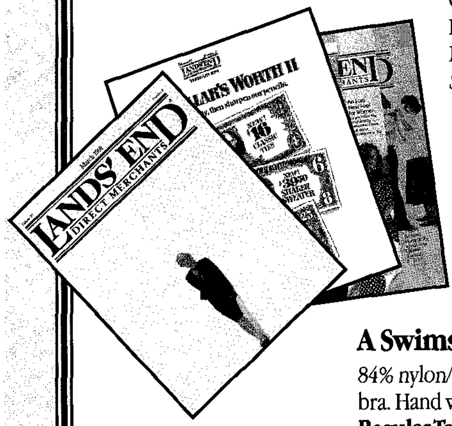
LANDS' END
DIRECT MERCHANTS

©1991 Lands' End, Inc.

Nifty gift ideas for "MOTHERS AND OTHERS"



Made with the Lands' End quality edge. Backed by our fast, friendly service. And GUARANTEED. PERIOD.® to make her smile on May 12.



$11 Beach Thongs with extra comfort.

Contoured foam footbeds really cradle your feet. And 5-layer EVA® soles add "squooshy" support. Made in USA and Imported. **Women's** Medium (B) whole sizes 6-10.

Sunburst, Hot Pink, Jade, Scarlet.	1546-2M22	**11.00**

A free gift: our catalog.

Just call, and we'll send a free 3-month subscription to you, your Mother or other.

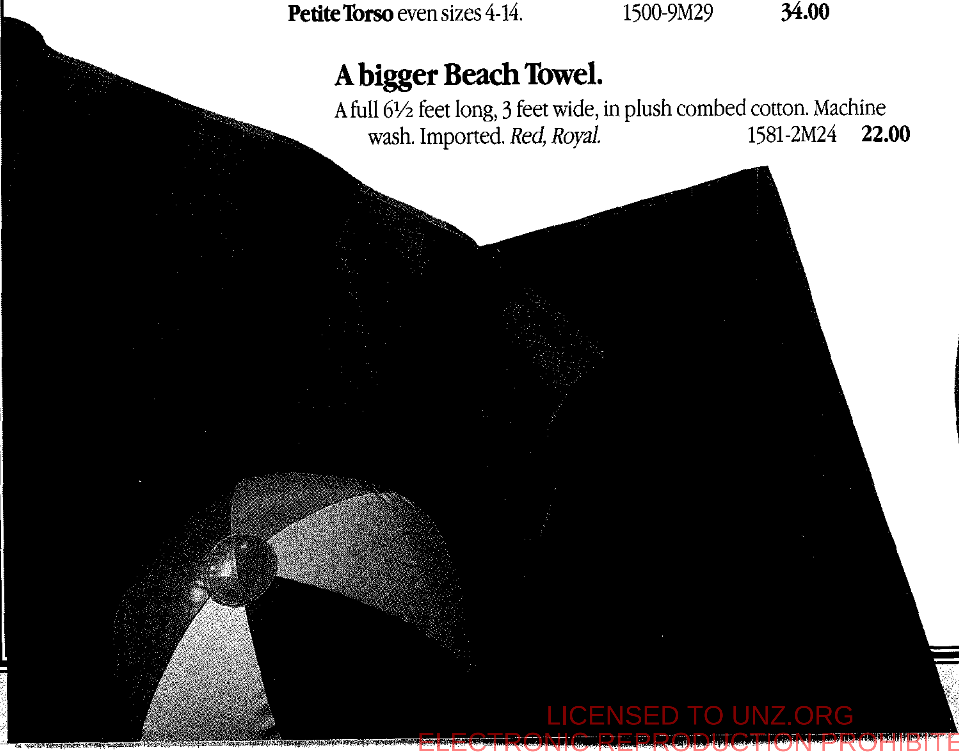
A Swimsuit with our "tugless" fit!

84% nylon/16% spandex tricot, sensibly but attractively cut. Shelf bra. Hand wash. Made in USA. *Black.*

Regular Torso even sizes 6-18.	1501-1M2X	**34.00**
Long Torso even sizes 8-18.	1514-5M29	**36.00**
Petite Torso even sizes 4-14.	1500-9M29	**34.00**

A bigger Beach Towel.

A full 6½ feet long, 3 feet wide, in plush combed cotton. Machine wash. Imported. *Red, Royal.* 1581-2M24 **22.00**



CALL US TOLL-FREE
1-800-356-444

CALL US TOLL-FREE **1-800-356-4444** CHARGE YOUR ORDER

Hot Striped Super-T...

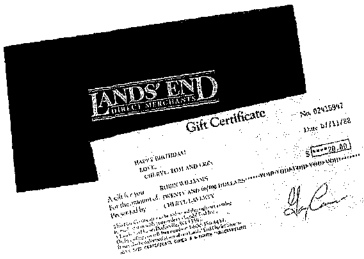
In heftier cotton jersey, with pocket, side vents. Machine wash. Made in USA. *Sun Yellow/Orange, Lapis/Hot Pink, Scarlet/Turquoise.* S 6-8, M 10-12, L 14-16, XL 18-20. 1415-3M2X **18.00**

and a Knit Skort to match!

Looks like a skirt, but it's really shorts, in cool cotton jersey. Machine wash. Made in USA. *Orange, Hot Pink, Sunburst, Turqoise.* S 6-8, M 10-12, L 14-16, XL 18-20. 1441-8M2X **21.50**

For picky Moms, our Gift Certificate.

Sent to anyone you'd like, in any amount you specify, along with our very latest catalog. The recipient can even redeem it over the phone!



LANDS' END DIRECT MERCHANTS

Gift Certificate

Tougher Canvas Carryall.

18 oz. cotton canvas, with double-thick handles. Made in USA. *Red, Ecru, Peacock, Beige or Navy trim.*

Small (13x12x6) 0072-8M22 **13.00**

Large (16x17x6) 0072-9M28 **15.00**

Med. Zip Top (15x12x6) 1027-3M21 **20.00**

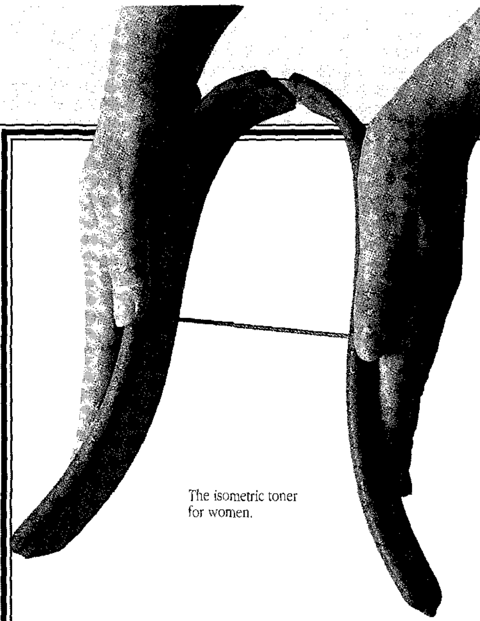
Monogram $5 extra

Prices guaranteed through July 1, 1991

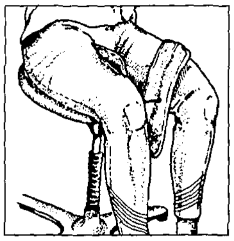
SelfCare Catalo

taking control of your health™

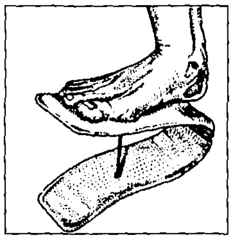
Guaranteed Mother's Day delivery if ordered by May 1



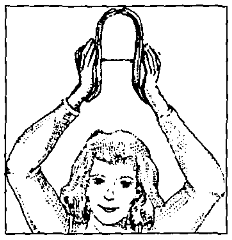
The isometric toner for women.



Firm your inner thighs as you work.



Strengthen and shape calf and shin muscles.



Reduce upper arm 'flab'.

SHAPE-UP YOUR CURVES

Fewer women today are willing to accept the changes that age brings as "natural". Exercise can firm thighs, reduce upper arm flab, keep calves and ankles shapely. *CurveShaper* is an isometric, low-impact device that tones the beauty curves – breasts, thighs, buttocks, upper arms. You set your pace. And unlike bulky exercise machines, *CurveShaper* doesn't take up valuable space. Use it in any room or at the office – as you watch TV, work at a desk, read. With *CurveShaper* you improve your appearance, enjoy a higher level of fitness – actually *enjoy* exercise. Travel frequently? *CurveShaper* slips easily into your suitcase. Order *CurveShaper* today – enjoy a trimmer, healthier tomorrow.

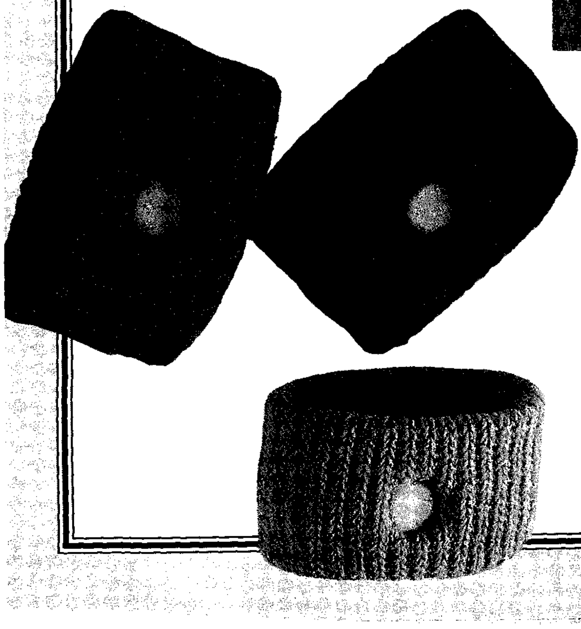
A1076 CURVESHAPER $19.50

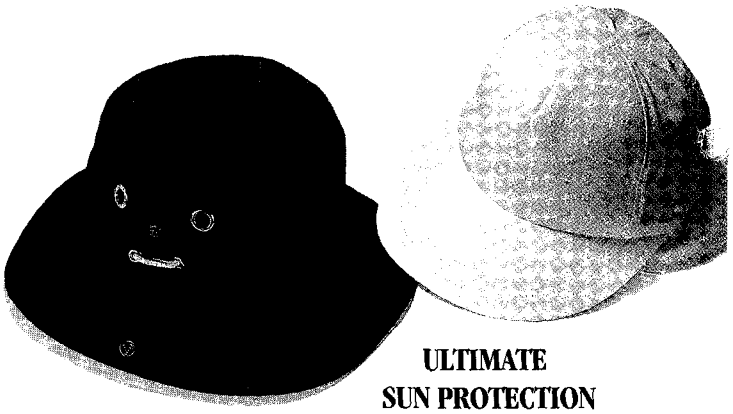
STRETCH FOR HEALTH

Stretching keeps muscles flexible, makes you feel good – it's the healthy thing to do, particularly for back problems. In *Stretching*, Bob Anderson demonstrates a lifelong program, with stretches for specific areas and a total-body routine.

A1054 STRETCHING VIDEO (60 MIN.) $29.95

STRETCHING

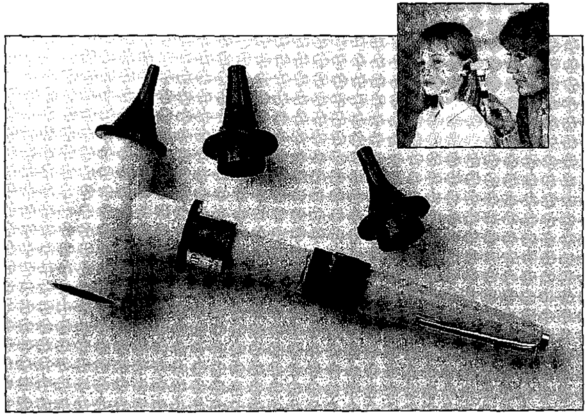




ULTIMATE SUN PROTECTION

Defeat the searing heat with our wide brimmed Ultimate Hat or our Ultimate Cap. They are both rain and mildew repellent, with foam liners that float, rust-proof British brass snaps and grommets, adjustable ties to secure against the wind, and hand-sewn lock stitching for ultimate durability. Ideal for camping, hiking, golf, hunting, tennis, fishing, and gardening. Made in the USA, with a lifetime guarantee. In blue, white, or sand. Specify S, M, L, XL.

A1661	**THE ULTIMATE HAT**	**$34**
A1662	**THE ULTIMATE CAP**	**$27**



PROTECT YOUR KIDS' EARS

For less than the cost of a doctor visit, you can monitor infections before your child begins to feel pain with the *Notoco Earscope*. With three viewing tips (pediatric, youth, adult), sturdy case, comprehensive instruction booklet. Two AAA batteries included.

A1104 NOTOCO EARSCOPE $24

RELIEF FROM MOTION SICKNESS – WITHOUT DRUGS

Nausea can be real torture – whether experienced by child or adult. Until recently, the only relief came from over-the-counter and prescription drugs. But many of us restrict our drug intake today. Some people even choose to restrict travel plans rather than endure unpleasant side effects.

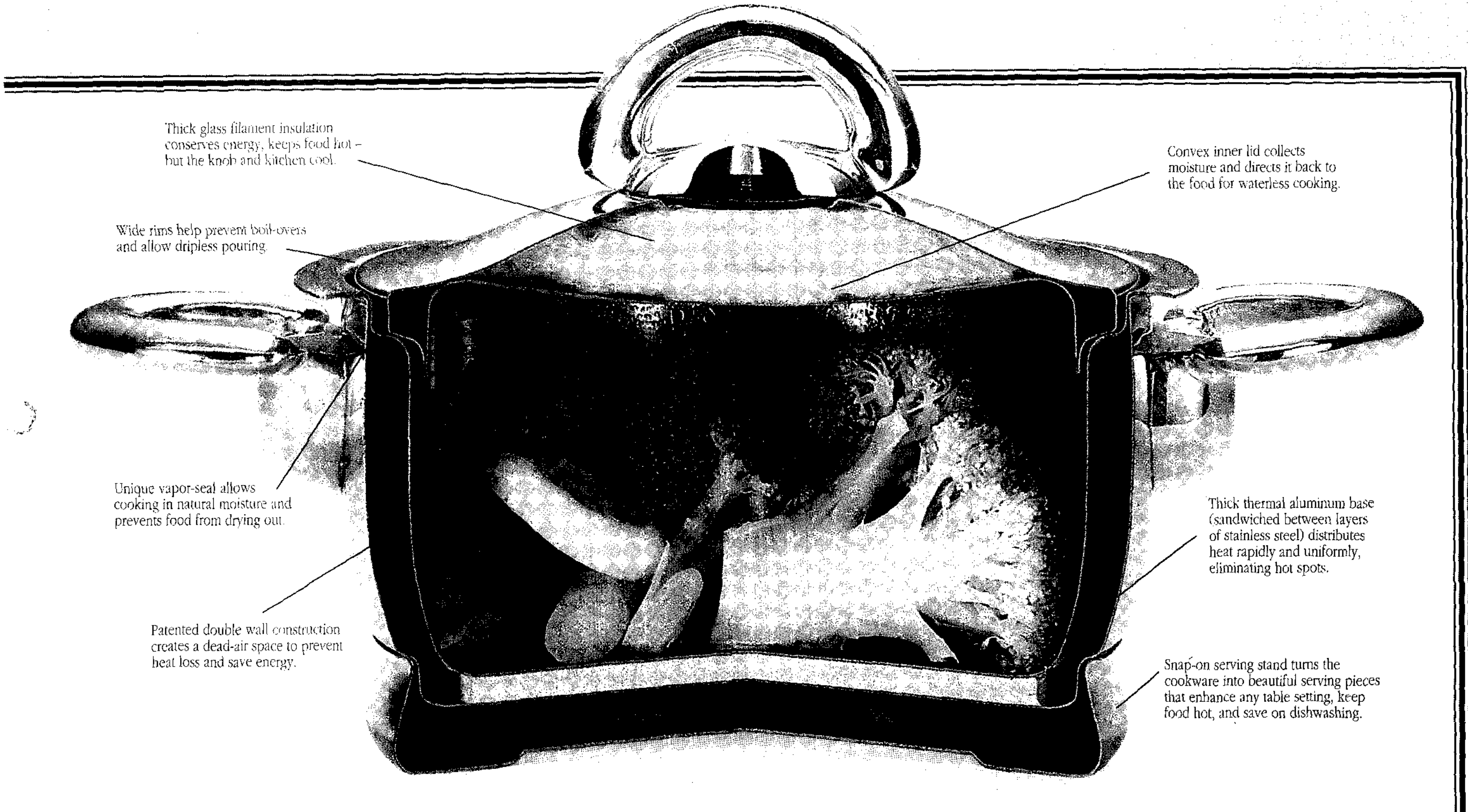
The *Sea-Band* anti-nausea wristband can help end the unpleasant effects of rough seas, bumpy air flights, endlessly winding roads, stop-and-go traffic, or morning sickness – without drugs or side effects. This soft, knitted band works by applying a gentle pressure on the Nei-Kuan acupressure point of both wrists.

The British Royal Fleet Auxiliary, yachtsmen, pilots, and physicians worldwide swear by it. One size fits all, so be sure to order enough for all your affected family members before your next trip. Washable. Turquoise, gray, or red.

A1105 SEA BANDS (PAIR, SPECIFY COLOR) $12

1-800-345-3371

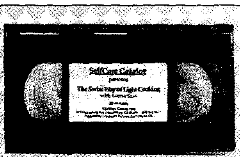
Call Toll-Free
To Order Any Of These Items


Thick glass filament insulation conserves energy, keeps food hot – but the knob and kitchen cool.
Wide rims help prevent boil-overs and allow dripless pouring.
Unique vapor-seal allows cooking in natural moisture and prevents food from drying out.
Patented double wall construction creates a dead-air space to prevent heat loss and save energy.
Convex inner lid collects moisture and directs it back to the food for waterless cooking.
Thick thermal aluminum base (sandwiched between layers of stainless steel) distributes heat rapidly and uniformly, eliminating hot spots.
Snap-on serving stand turns the cookware into beautiful serving pieces that enhance any table setting, keep food hot, and save on dishwashing.

New Swiss system lets you cook light – without water or fat

Durotherm Plus Cookware from Kuhn-Rikon lets you cook without water and fry without fat. Foods are healthier – with more flavor and vital nutrients.

Boil or steam food and most of the flavor and nutrients go into the water. We throw away the nutritious cooking water and eat the tasteless, lifeless food. Then we add unhealthy salt and butter to make it more appetizing.



FREE VIDEO

Cooking with Durotherm Plus is a completely new experience. That's why we include "The Swiss Way of Light Cooking" video FREE with every purchase.

The secret of tasty, healthy cooking

Durotherm Plus Cookware cooks foods in their own juices, preserving flavor and nutrients. Food shrinks less. Colors stay vibrant. Meats sizzle and brown.

Durotherm's secret is the insulated pot. Two thousand years ago, Chinese chefs cooked in hermetically sealed vessels. The result? Delicate flavors without loss of vitamins – food with character and life. Durotherm Plus's double-walled sides and insulated lids lock heat in. Insulation lets you slow-cook at low temperature – keeping kitchen cool, saving substantial energy.

Stainless – with the look of sterling

Durotherm Cookware is high-nickel 18/10 stainless steel with a sterling silverlike finish that you can clean in your dishwasher. Their elegant design and snap-on serving bases take them right to the table, where they keep food hot for up to 2 hours.

Durotherm's **Small Casserole** (1.05 qt., 5½" d.) is perfect for side dishes or single servings. The **Essential Casserole** (2.10 qt., 7¼" d.) holds enough for a family of four. An optional **Double Boiler** (1.55 qt.) is available for this casserole.

The **Braising Casserole** (2.75 qt., 8¾" d.) is large and shallow, for frying or one-dish meals. The **Large Casserole** (3.15 qt., 8¾" d.) makes hearty soups. The **Extra Large Casserole** (5.25 qt., 8¾" d.) cooks for a hungry crowd.

To keep your pots from tarnishing over gas burners, order the **Swiss Flame Protector** (11" d.).

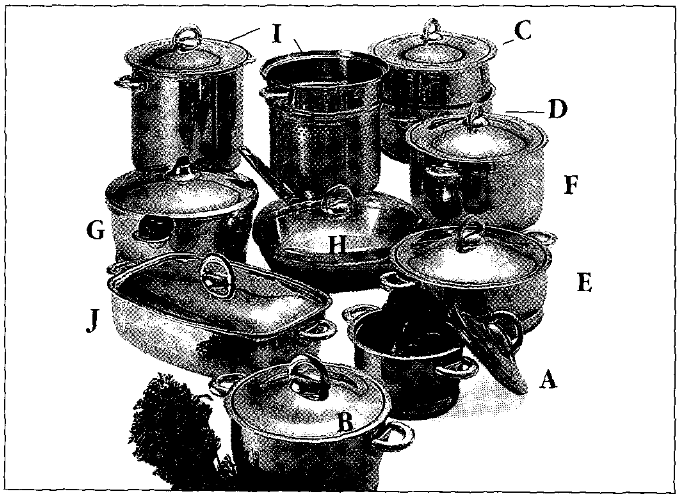
Durotherm **Pressure Cookers** have pressure lids that speed cooking time. Choose from the **Large Pressure Cooker** (3.15 qt., 8¾" d.) or the **Extra Large Pressure Cooker** (5.25 qt., 8¾" d.). Both include our Pressure Cooking booklet by famous food author Nikki Goldbeck.

For fatless frying in a traditional pan, choose the **Essential Frying Pan** (9½" d.) or the **Large Frying Pan** (11½" d.). Their unique "waffle" bottoms are easy to clean.

The **Pasta Pot** (8 qt., 8¾" d.) comes with a perforated insert that drains pasta – and works as a steamer or colander.

The **Roaster** (5.25 qt.) is insulated with aluminum sandwiched between plys of stainless steel and silver compound. Use it on the stovetop or in the oven. Comes with steamer basket and instruction booklet with recipes.

Start your collection today with basics – add on as the need arises. ***Guaranteed forever.***


I
C
D
F
G
H
E
J
A
B

A3283 (A)	**SMALL CASSEROLE $149**
A3284 (B)	**ESSENTIAL CASSEROLE $179**
A3784 (C)	**STEAMER (FITS A3768 AND A3769 PRESSURE COOKERS, A3285 AND A3287 LARGE CASSEROLES) $65**
A3288 (D)	**BRAISING CASSEROLE $209**
A3285 (E)	**LARGE CASSEROLE $229**
A3287 (F)	**EXTRA LARGE CASSEROLE $249**
A3768 (G)	**LARGE PRESSURE COOKER $309**
A3292 (H)	**LARGE FRYING PAN w/GLASS LID $179**
A3290 (I)	**PASTA POT w/LID, STEAMER INSERT $349**
A3293 (J)	**ROASTER w/STEAMER BASKET $349**

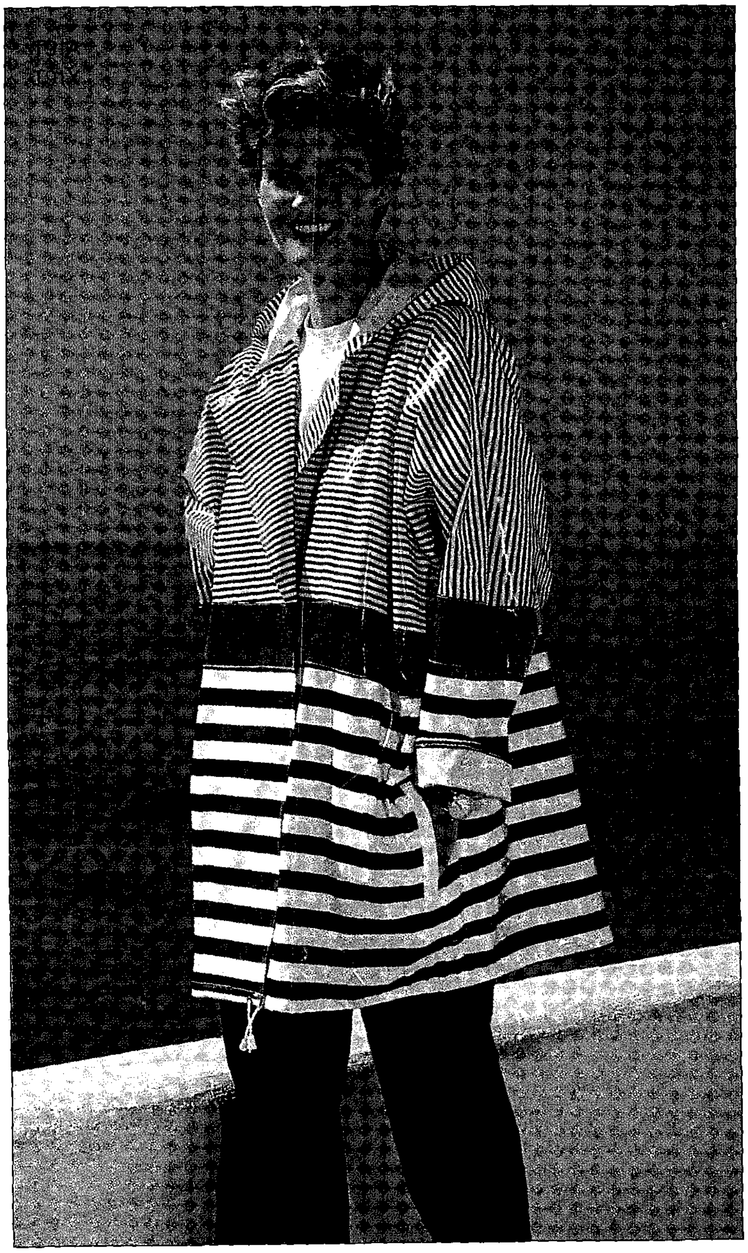
Our guarantee

Return any product. Anytime.
For any reason. Get an immediate
replacement, credit or refund.
No questions asked.

***Standard shipping charge $3, overnight delivery available for additional cost.**

Star spangled treats for that special lady

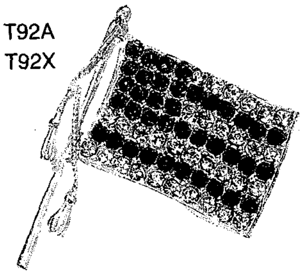
Everything's as American
as apple pie and firecrackers
on the Fourth of July.
And we'll gift wrap your
package at no extra charge.
To order or request a catalog,
call 'round-the-clock toll-free
1-800-221-2468.



SLICKER THAN EVER

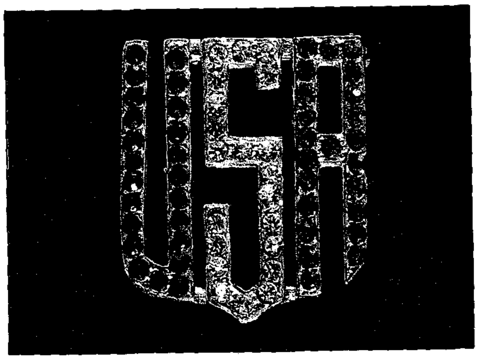
Regatta-striped, hooded vinyl jacket shines in the rain. Extra roomy body, deep dolman sleeves. Drawstring hem, pockets, snap closing. Eyelets for ventilation. Wipe-clean vinyl. Imported. Red/white/blue. S(8-10), M(12-14), L(16-18).
T91A Slicker. $26.50(3.85 delivery charge)
T91X Slicker. $26.50(8.85 express delivery charge)

T92A
T92X



FLAG PIN

Our true colors seem to be blowing in the breeze on this brilliantly executed American flag created by Miriam Haskell in crystals and gilt. Shown actual size.
T92A Flag pin. $15.50(2.20 delivery charge)
T92X Flag pin. $15.50(7.20 express delivery charge)



T93A
T93X

USA PIN

Sparkling with pride, our favorite initial pin in red, white and blue. A Miriam Haskell design. Crystals and gilt. Shown actual size.
T93A USA pin. $15.50(2.20 delivery charge)
T93X USA pin. $15.50(7.20 express delivery charge)
For each pin sold, Brownstone Studio will donate $5.00 to the USO.

To Order Or Request A
Catalog, Call Toll-Free
1-800-221-2468

BROWNSTONE STUDIO

Guaranteed Mother's Day delivery if ordered by May 6th*

JOGGING, AMERICAN STYLE

Big top has a glittery medallion, breast pocket, lowered shoulders, gilt buttons. Pull-on pants with inseam pockets. Fleece-backed knits of washable acrylic. USA made. Stoplight red. P(6-8), S(10-12), M(14-16), L(18-20), XL(22-24).

T94A Jogger. $56.00(3.85 delivery charge)

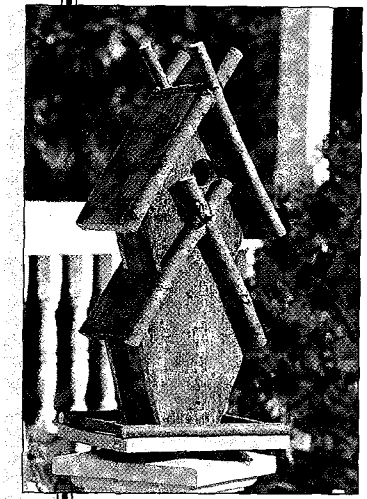
T94X Jogger. $56.00(8.85 express delivery charge)

**For an additional $5.00 per order, items ordered as late as May 6th can be express shipped and delivered in time for Mother's Day, Sunday, May 12th.*

Jean Grayson's Brownstone Studio
685 Third Avenue, Department 302
New York, NY 10017-4024

Crate&Barrel

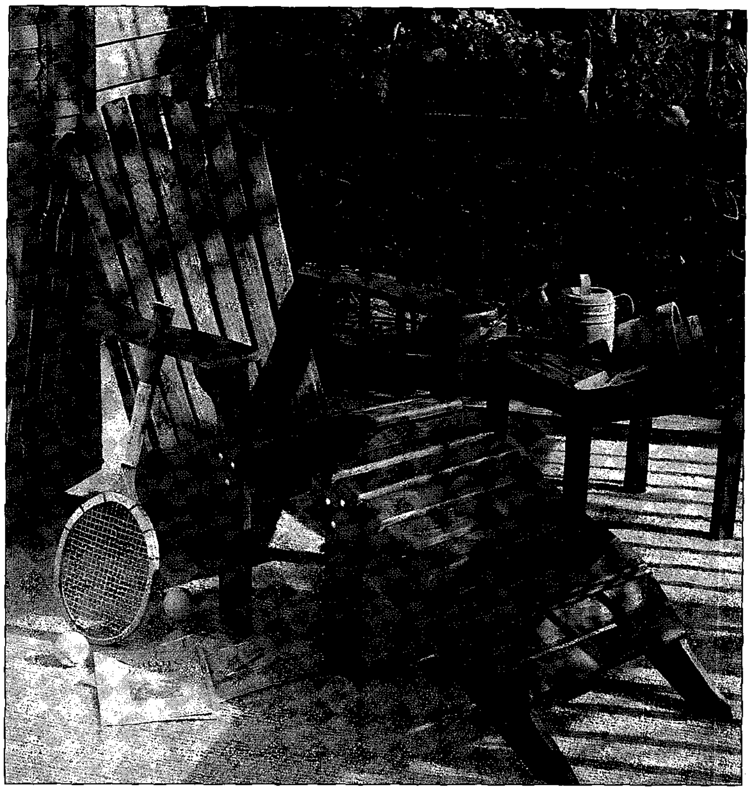
Guaranteed Mother's Day delivery if ordered by May 3rd*



BED AND BREAKFAST BIRDHOUSE

Naturally inviting, this cleverly designed house feeds and protects bluebirds, cardinals or finches. Crafted of barnwood and willow branches, it has a removable panel for cleaning and holds a generous amount of feed. Suitable for post mounting, it is 10" x 10" x 24" high with a 1½" diameter opening.

2648 $41.95 (3.25)



PLANTATION FURNITURE

Reminiscent of the furniture favored by mountainside resorts of years past, these pieces are a refined, Southern version of the classic Adirondack chair and accessories. Beautifully crafted for years of enjoyment, they combine quality and comfort with a time-honored design. Made of select cypress with a rubbed green stain, the wood has been treated with a professional-grade sealer that protects the rich color and allows the furniture to "weather" slowly and naturally. Pieces assemble easily; instructions included.

7663 EXTRA WIDE, CONTOURED ARM CHAIR $175.00 (17.00)
7664 OTTOMAN $79.95 (9.00)
7665 SIDE TABLE $84.95 (12.50)

PILLOWS

We love the look of these coordinated pillows in hunter green and natural. They have a cozy vintage feeling, as if they'd been made for a favorite loveseat or wicker sofa. Imported in a richly textured woven cotton, the set of three 18" x 18" pillows features a ticking stripe and two plaid patterns. Easy to care for, the covers unzip for machine washing and drying.

3655 $39.95 (2.75)

TERRA-COTTA BASKET

Filled with plants or cut wildflowers, our exclusive basket is a charming and unique centerpiece. Handmade of natural terra-cotta with a glazed interior, it is accented by a decorated handle with a delightful grape and leaf motif. 12" x 7" x 13" high.

2649 $22.95 (3.50)

GOBLETS

Made from recycled glass, these charming goblets are hand-blown into special molds that create a hammered effect. Produced exclusively for us at a glass factory near Valencia, they are the lovely pale green color typical of Spanish glass. Set of six 10 oz. goblets.

4620 $41.95 (3.00)

1-800-323-5461

To Order Any Item On This Page, Call Toll-Free (Ask for Op. 10)

***Overnight delivery available for additional cost.**

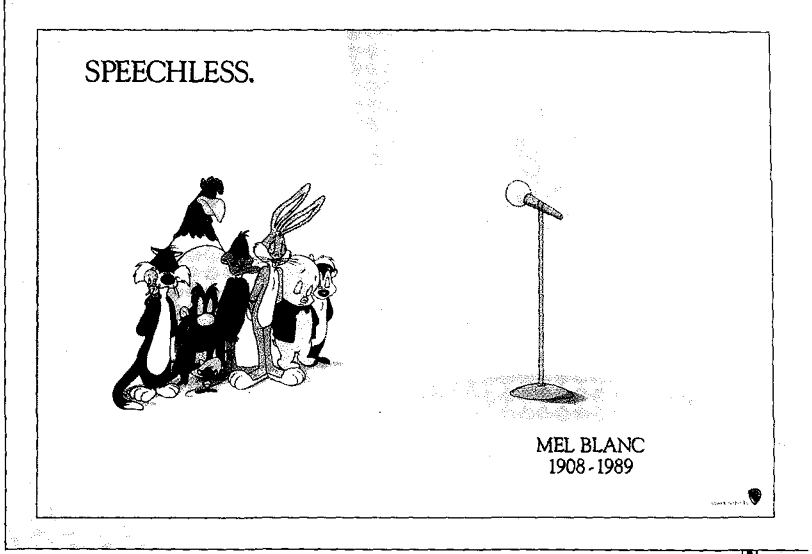
THE WARNER BROS. COLLECTION

Guaranteed Mother's Day delivery if ordered by May 6th*

LOONEY TUNES FACE MUGS

Sufferin' succotash! Sylvester, Daffy and other Looney Tunes characters now star on these wild, wacky ceramic mugs. Each mug holds 11 oz. of your favorite drink. Dishwasher- and microwave-safe.

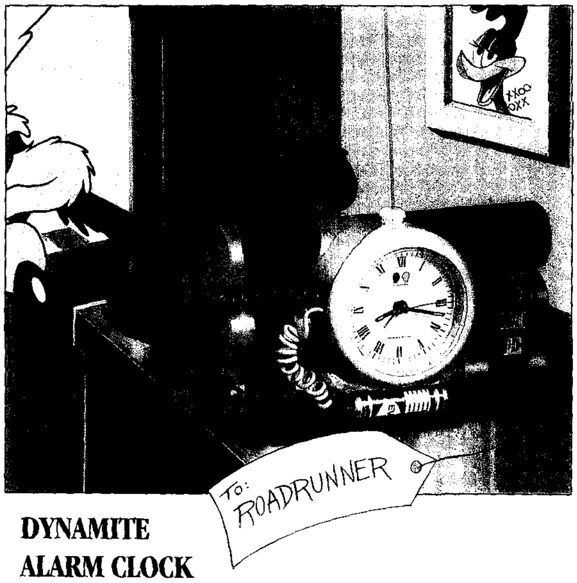
#8277	**BUGS MUG**	**$9.00**	**#8274**	**PEPE MUG**	**$9.00**
#8273	**SYLVESTER MUG**	**$9.00**	**#8276**	**MARVIN MUG**	**$9.00**
#6044	**DAFFY MUG**	**$9.00**	**#8291**	**SET OF 5**	**$35.00**



SPEECHLESS LITHOGRAPH

The man of 1,000 voices, Mel Blanc, can be credited with bringing the Looney Tunes characters to life. He created the incredibly classic and memorable voices of Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck, Sylvester, Yosemite Sam, Pepe Le Pew, Foghorn Leghorn, and Tweety, and numerous other Looney Tunes voices. Upon his death in 1989, the Speechless artwork was created by Warner Bros. Classic Animation in tribute to his 50 years of voice artistry. We are offering this special edition lithograph, in response to the many requests we have received. 16" x 24." Double matted, ready for framing.

#8271 $100.00



DYNAMITE ALARM CLOCK

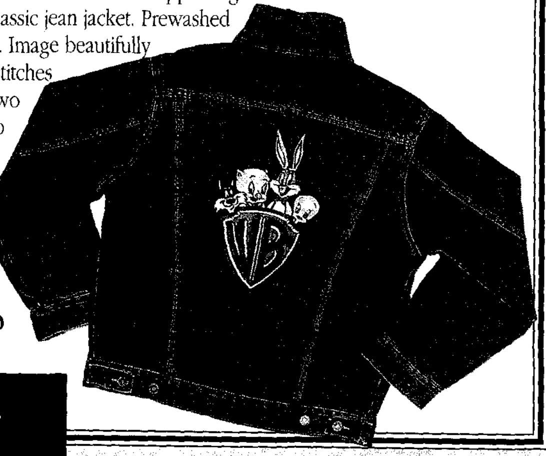
Wake up with a bang. Here's the ideal gift for incorrigible sleepyheads. When the alarm goes off, a voice says, "All right, you have ten seconds to get up!," then begins a countdown. That's followed by, "OK. One more chance" and another countdown ending, this time, with an explosion sound. Each clock has three language options: English, French and Spanish. Requires 5 AA batteries (not included). And remember Wile E. Coyote's motto: if it's ACME, it's reliable.

#6065 $50.00

CARTOON JEAN JACKET

Warner Bros.' cartoon celebrities are now appearing in living color on this classic jean jacket. Prewashed 100% cotton blue denim. Image beautifully embroidered with 60,000 stitches using 7 colors of thread. Two front slash pockets, plus two button-down pockets with embossed metal-tone shank buttons. Same buttons also on cuffs, waistband and front. Adults: S, M, L, XL.

#0254 $60.00



1-800-223-6524

Call Toll-Free
To Order Any Item On This Page

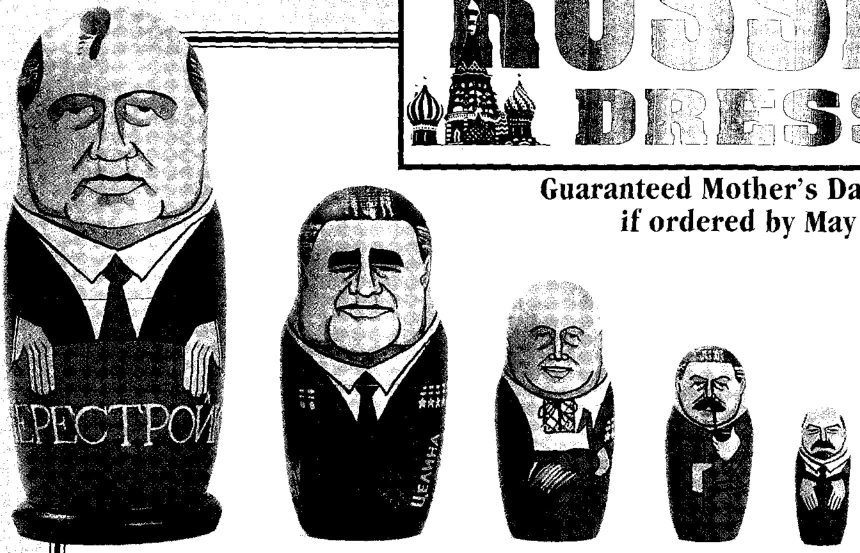
***Overnight delivery available for additional cost.**

SOURCE CODE AEE

RUSSIAN DRESSING

Imports from the USSR and Eastern Europe

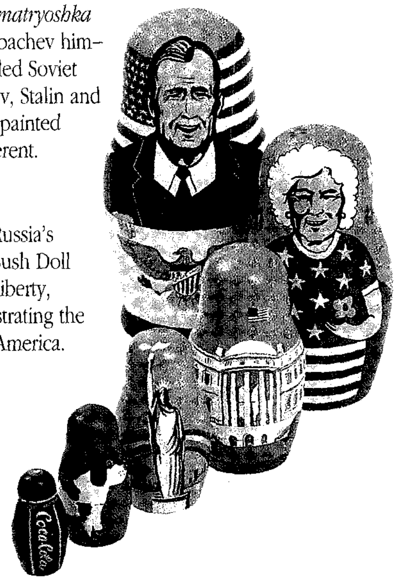
Guaranteed Mother's Day delivery
if ordered by May 1st*



OUR POLITICAL LEADERS DOLLS ARE THE COLLECTIBLES OF THE 90s!

An adaptation of the traditional 19th century Russian *matryoshka* doll, our Russian Leaders Doll was such a hit that Gorbachev himself tried to ban its manufacture! Pull open the embattled Soviet leader to reveal his predecessors – Brezhnev, Khruschev, Stalin and Lenin – waiting one inside the other in brilliant, hand-painted caricature. Each individual masterpiece is slightly different.

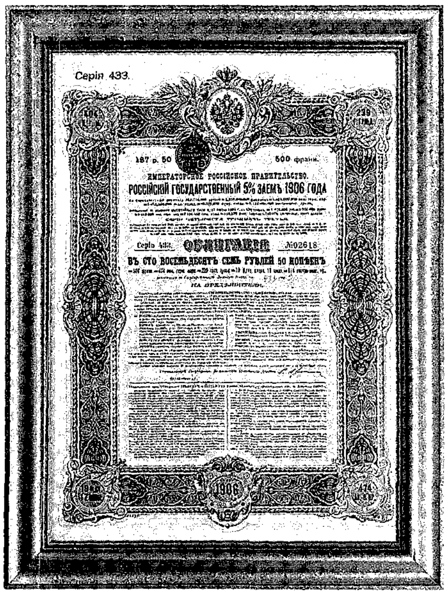
R45 RUSSIAN LEADERS DOLL $145



America's international leadership has inspired even Russia's master artists. Our original, limited edition President Bush Doll depicts George, Barbara, the White House, Statue of Liberty, Millie the White House dog and other Americana, illustrating the Russian people's increasingly warm feelings towards America.

R46 PRESIDENT BUSH DOLL $139

R47 COLLECTOR'S VALUE SET – RUSSIAN LEADERS AND PRESIDENT BUSH DOLLS $268


Серія 433.
187 р. 50
500 франк.
ИМПЕРАТОРСКОЕ РОССІЙСКОЕ ПРАВИТЕЛЬСТВО.
РОССІЙСКІЙ ГОСУДАРСТВЕННЫЙ 5% ЗАЕМЪ 1906 ГОДА
Серія 433.
ОБЛИГАЦІЯ
№02618
ВЪ СТО ВОСЕМЬДЕСЯТЪ СЕМЬ РУБЛЕЙ 50 КОПѢЕКЪ
НА ПРЕДЪЯВИТЕЛЯ.
1906

IMPERIAL RUSSIAN STOCK CERTIFICATES.

Russia's earlier experiment in capitalism yielded these dazzling artifacts – the actual stock certificates issued by Tsarist Russia. Though they lost their stated value in 1917, the intricate engravings are such desirable collector's items that Moscow tried to buy them all back last year. We managed to save 100 certificates, issued in 1906, all in excellent condition. Framed in gold-leaf maple with panels front and back for full display, these rare pieces of history won't last long!

R43 TSARIST STOCK CERTIFICATES (14" X 19" – LIMIT 3 PER PERSON PLEASE)
$159 (FRAMED) $97 (UNFRAMED)

SURPRISE MOM WITH OUR LUSCIOUS RUSSIAN CHOCOLATES!

Last year our buyers discovered the source of Russia's legendary rich, dark chocolate. Now you can serve this selection of over a pound and a half of delicious, handmade chocolates anytime. Wrapped in charming, turn-of-the-century graphics, these sweets are shipped for Mother's Day or any time in an attractive gift tin.

R40 CHOCOLATES (1½ lbs.) $24

THE WRITINGS ON THE WALL
Peace at the Berlin Wall
ORIGINAL
A PIECE OF PEACE
Terry Tillman

HURRY – WE'RE ALMOST OUT OF BERLIN WALL!

We're down to our final pieces of graffiti-covered history – the symbol that divided East and West for a generation. Together with **The Writings on the Wall**, our oversized soft covered book of 120 full-color photographs and poignant quotations by John F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Jr., Gandhi and others, it's the perfect gift to inspire Moms, Dads and graduates with the hope of a united, peaceful future. *Includes a Certificate of Authenticity and a US Customs Declaration of Origin.*

R48 BERLIN WALL CHUNK/*WRITINGS* BOXED SET $35
R49 INDIVIDUAL BERLIN WALL CHUNK (1½") $13

TO REQUEST A CATALOG OF OVER 150 ITEMS FROM AND ABOUT THE SOVIET UNION AND EASTERN EUROPE, AS WELL AS **THE DAILY PLANET**, OUR CATALOG OF ENVIRONMENTAL AND SOCIALLY-AWARE GIFTS, SEND A POSTCARD TO RUSSIAN DRESSING, PO BOX 1313, NYC 10013, OR CALL **1-212-334-0006**, 10 AM-6 PM, MONDAY-FRIDAY, EASTERN TIME.

RUSSIAN DRESSING DONATES 10% OF ITS PROCEEDS TO NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATIONS WORKING TO SUPPORT A PEACEFUL RESOLUTION TO THE LITHUANIAN AND BALTIC CRISES AND STRENGTHEN US-SOVIET TIES.

GAMES COMRADES PLAY.

The irony of playing capitalism's premier board game – Monopoly – in Russian is simply delicious. Making and breaking fortunes in Moscow adds a dimension that would make Gorbachev blush.

R44 RUSSIAN MONOPOLY $44

МОНОПОЛИЯ
СТАРТ!
СТАРТ

1-800-676-2342
Call Toll-Free For Orders
(For A Catalog, See Box At Right)

***UPS delivery included for all items.**
Overnight delivery available for additional cost.

tested in 1936, with the publication of "Of Lena Geyer." Both the opera singer who was the title character and the conductor Vestri were fictitious—part composite and part invention—but many readers believed they were Gluck and Toscanini in disguise.

"I drove myself nearly crazy because I was trying to give the reader an impression of what opera was in the golden age, and to convey that most of what was golden came from the conductor, without admitting that it was Toscanini," Davenport says. "Well, this was an impossible thing to try to do. I was desperate. Talking to Max Perkins, I said, 'I cannot write a mock-up of him. What do I do?' Max knew nothing about music and couldn't have cared less. He couldn't advise me. So I did what I did, and it was clumsy, and that's the flaw in that book. And all I could do was pray that he would never see it."

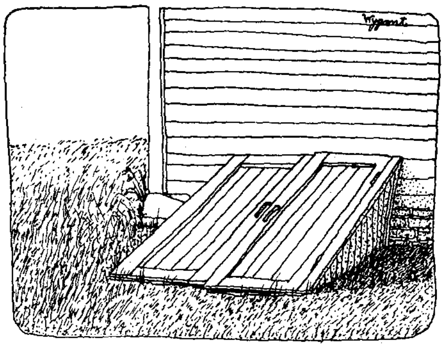
But he did see it. One of the most chilling scenes in "Too Strong for Fantasy" is her description of his reaction to the book, which came at a party in late 1936: "He was in a towering rage and I knew why. . . . 'Tu!' he said. . . . 'Che brutto pasticcio hai fatto, tu?' I was sick with terror. I tried to say, 'It isn't you . . . believe me.' . . . 'No! . . . It is not me. This fake, this charlatan'—pagliaccio was the word he used—'This Vestri. It is not me, not at all. *Vergogna!* Shame on you!' " Marcia was already in tears, but then he raised his hand, struck her across the cheek, and turned away. It was a gesture, not a heavy blow, but it had its intended effect.

"I was devastated," she tells me. "But you see how much I learned from that? Oh, boy, the *pasticcio*. He gave me hell. He was right. He had many friends and acquaintances who were writers and who observed him closely, and they knew that he was a totally unique personality as a man, let alone as an artist. But the artist came first. And time and again he said, 'If any person who knows me writes in my lifetime about me in any way other than as a musician, I will never speak to him again.' He wouldn't have it. You knew that you would be ostracized forever, that nothing would offend him so much. And I expected, when that happened, that he'd be through with me. It was only when *he* decided that I was forgiven—I couldn't have approached him for anything on earth. Oh, I was condemned. And I can't bear to think what the rest of my life would have been deprived of. Typically, when he broke with somebody, that was it. But he forgave me. And so that was that."

ON a bluff high above the mills along the Ohio River, Gregory Peck and Greer Garson declare their love and move in for the clinch as the music soars and the lights of Pittsburgh twinkle below. It's M-G-M Pittsburgh, not the real thing, but, as movies go, the 1945 film of "The Valley of Decision" isn't bad: Peck's dark good looks are impressive, and Lionel Barrymore is riveting as a bitter cripple with an unquenchable hatred for the mill-owning Scott family. But Greer Garson—her emotions as tightly controlled as her hairdos—does little to quicken the pulse. And, over all, the picture concerns only the first third of the Scotts' story, and pales by comparison with the full novel.

"The Valley of Decision" was conceived seven years earlier, as a result of the eighteen months that Davenport and her first husband spent in Pittsburgh in the early twenties. It was then a teeming mill town, and she was fascinated both by the steel industry and by the thousands of Czech and Slovak immigrants who worked in it. Moving to Pittsburgh "was like being told to go to the ends of the earth," she recalls. "But I'm very susceptible to the dramatic. And I hadn't been there long before I realized, just sitting on the top of a hill looking at what went on, that this was about the biggest drama you could imagine."

Her central character, Mary Rafferty, serves several generations of a great industrial family, knows its members better than they know themselves, and becomes not only their source of strength but, ultimately, their conscience. Davenport knew Philip Murray, of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee, and among the research hurdles he helped her clear was the superstition that the presence of a woman inside a steel mill brought bad luck; Murray smoothed the way with the shop foremen at Allegheny Ludlum, the alloy specialist among steel manufacturers. The story line of "Valley" has the Scott mill's leadership in metallurgy motivating the giant U.S. Steel to want to swallow up the smaller company. By the end of her research process, there was not one phase of steel production that Davenport had not observed for herself and come to understand.



"The Valley of Decision," which was published in 1942, was tremendously popular (it was eventually translated into eleven languages), and not just for its accurate depiction of steel mills. Among the most affecting characters in Davenport's lyrical narrative are those based on Czech and Slovak immigrant workers and their families. They were neither the first nor the last reflections in Marcia Davenport's writing of her lifelong devotion to Czechoslovakia—and the novel was neither the first nor the last whose success was dependent in part on the editorial brilliance of Maxwell Perkins. "Max, of course, was a god in my life," she says. "He wasn't the only god. The *real* god, the *top* god, was Maestro Toscanini. But Max was Max. When you were working on a book, he wouldn't look at pieces of manuscript. His advice about a book in progress was 'Just get it all down on paper and then we'll see what to do with it.' Well, 'Valley of Decision' was an enormous mountain of manuscript, and finally the day came—it was a great big thing, I could hardly get it in a taxi to get it down to Max's office. And I dumped it on him and went away. The privilege of never having had any other editor except Max—that was a very great thing. I never had any dealings with anybody in any publishing house except Scribners. Nowadays, of course, the whole thing doesn't make much sense. The old concept that a writer had a publisher for life, and it was a strong mutual thing—out the window. They now hawk books with this business of auctions. You take a writer like this Australian woman Colleen McCullough. Harper had been her publisher and established her identity

BERMUDA'S BEST, FAMILY-STYLE.

Summertime is family-time in Bermuda. So on our Royal Holiday, your kids stay free, including daily breakfast and dinner. During the day and evening, your children will be entertained with a variety of supervised activities. And while the kids are away, you can go play. At our pools, private beach club, tennis courts and 18-hole par 3 golf course. With the luxury of our Royal Dine Around, you choose from among the island's finest restaurants — here or at The Princess in Hamilton.

Southampton Princess
BERMUDA
Contact your travel agent or
call 800-223-1818.

$152.50 per adult, per day, double occupancy.
INCLUDES BREAKFAST
AND DINNER
CHILDREN STAY FREE
INCLUDING MEAL PLAN

Rates effective for occupancy 6/23-9/2/91 and exclude taxes and gratuities. No charge for children 16 and under in room with one or two adults (max. 2 children per room) excluding gratuities. Supervised off property and evening children's activities: additional charge. Certain restrictions apply. Subject to availability and change. Represented by Princess Hotels International, Inc.

for the American public, but now she has signed a huge contract for a lot of unwritten books with another company. She left them flat. You just don't do that."

Does she still read "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina" every second year, as Perkins advised her to do?

"Yes, they're right up there," she says, pointing to the bookshelves that line one wall of her living room from floor to ceiling.

There's something else she always does. Long before she met Perkins, she had a literary habit in common with him: turning to the last page of a book or a manuscript first. This habit had its genesis in her childhood, when she underwent Alma Gluck's "remorseless drill at the piano": she had to learn the last line of each new piece first. Only when that was perfected did they go back and begin at the beginning, and Marcia finally asked why. "Because, whatever it is you do, the last impression is what people remember," her mother told her. "Begin well, with attack and accuracy. Drive it through. But, whatever else, make the end the best. Know exactly what you are aiming for and finish with a bang."

That idea was clearly adaptable to literature. "I have read every imaginable kind of book all my life, and even before I began to write books I saw an awful lot of books that were very interesting in the beginning," Davenport told me. "The writer would build up your interest and the scope and drive of the plot, and keep you going halfway or two-thirds or three-quarters of the way through, and all of a sudden—blah. The end was nothing. I was aware of this, if only subconsciously. And when I began to write, the one thing that I knew was: Every single thing you do, all the way through, has got to lead to a sound, inarguable conclusion. And so I developed that habit: I wrote the last line first, and I do to this day."

IN 1926, Marcia met Russell Davenport, then twenty-seven, at the home of his socialite mother in Philadelphia. A graduate of the Yale Class of '23, he had just returned from a year in France, where he had been working on an epic poem called "The California Spring"; it was finally published in 1931. "He started it in Paris in 1925," Marcia writes, "but most of his time there went into the externals of acting like a 'genius,' looking like an artist, cultivating habits and mannerisms that were conspicuously modelled on what we know of Balzac. . . . He had no idea of starving in a garret for art's sake; but that which was piquant about a poet in a garret or its equivalent, without starvation and without squalid anonymity, appealed to him. He liked luxury and he wanted what we all want: everything." That said, she terms him, with the probable exception of E. B. White, "the finest natural writer I have known."

In New York, toward the end of the twenties, her friendship with Davenport intensified. Russell was the first person with whom she could fully share her passion for literature, while she, for her part, helped cultivate his interest in music. It was he who first suggested that she write the Mozart book, and when her mother refused, on principle, to bankroll the gamble of Marcia's quitting her job to research it, Davenport gamely suggested that they get married. They did so, in May, 1929, at a time when she was rather more successful than he, by virtue of her job at *The New Yorker.* "Nobody has ever known the real nature of that marriage which was embarked upon as a working partnership, not a marriage to fit anybody else's definitions or necessities," she records in her autobiography. "Russell did not give up his bohemian bachelorhood without qualms. In fact he was so appalled when he realized what he had done that he did not speak to me the first twenty-four hours after we were married."

Russell Davenport went from poetry to journalism. A Henry Luce protégé, he was taken on as a member of the research staff of *Time* in the mid-nineteen-twenties. In 1930, he became a founding father of *Fortune,* and was named its managing editor in 1937. Initially, both Davenports had their sights set on "the books each would write, abetted by the other." Later, "He would realize his powers as an articulator of opinion in this country, as an idealistic and a realistic force in its politics and its national and international life." As a leader of liberal thought in America, he made his home a meeting place for some of the nation's most prominent labor and business leaders, and some of its most prominent writers as well, of whom Archibald MacLeish and his wife, Ada, were among Marcia's favorites. Russell was handsome, gregarious, and dynamic—and prone to colorful brainstorms.

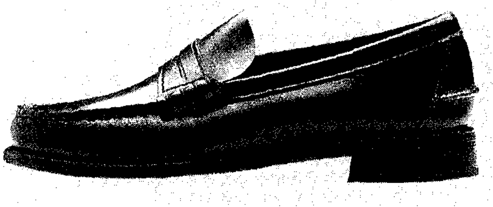
Mrs. D. has always regarded herself as "a metropolitan person, born on Manhattan Island and rooted in it, who nonetheless has lived as much in Europe as here and, catlike, is no sooner out than she wants to be in." But when she was in America there was never any question in her mind about leaving the Turtle Bay area of New York City, where her mother had bought a house the width of two brownstones at 225/227 East Forty-ninth Street. (Still in place above the entrance is a Grosvenor Atterbury plaque depicting a singing angel and a violin and the five opening notes of "O Rest in the Lord," from Mendelssohn's "Elijah," which Alma Gluck loved, and often sang.) Occasionally, the Davenports would repair to her parents' house in Litchfield County, Connecticut, but Marcia was no country girl. "I have never written a line in the country or anyway, one that stayed written," she remarks in her autobiography. Russell, on the other hand, "thought he wanted to own a farm, because people owned farms," but "that was a string of delusions."

The delusions in question had their focus near Windsor, Vermont, where Max Perkins had spent summers as a child. Davenport bought a spread of two hundred and fifty acres, with a farmhouse that had no electricity and, according to his wife, "was in such a state of dilapidation that if one stepped on one end of a floor-board the other end flew up and cracked one on the head." Marcia was galled by Russell's constant acquisition of animals, the feeding and raising of which were left largely to her. Still, she approached the challenge with her usual fierce determination, and at its peak—"proceeding by what I learned from Department of Agriculture pamphlets," she says—the farm produced seventy dozen eggs a week. Chickens, however, were not enough for Russell. He had to have cows, too. And a pig, which they named Max.

Mrs. Davenport recalls, "It was very hilarious, very briefly—but I hated that place, mostly because it was inland, and I can't bear to live anyplace where I can't see water. I hated it for many reasons. The whole thing was just a nutty idea and totally alien to me. I did do a good deal of outdoor work and I had overalls, you know, real farmer's

"To make a shoe that fits this well, you need a needle, a good piece of leather, and my uncle."

Bob Swasey was 16 years old when his uncle taught him how to handsew. He's been handsewing Sebago Classics for over 37 years. And today, Bob's son is also with the company. One-shoe-at-a-time comfort isn't just a promise at Sebago. It runs in the family.



SEBAGO®
America's World-Class Footwear™

overalls, which were about as suitable for me as— Well, suddenly one day, right smack in the middle of the day, I had had it. Everything about it made me think, I'll kill myself if I have to see any more of this mess. I got into my car, wearing those overalls, and drove all the way to New York without stopping, and never saw the place again. I've done other things like that in my life. Anything that I couldn't control in my orbit, if it couldn't make sense and be controlled by me, I wouldn't have any part of."

PEOPLE tend to forget, and Marcia Davenport reminds them in her autobiography, that "those of us who did not leap eagerly into the baptismal river of the New Deal were not necessarily reactionaries, die-hards, economic royalists, the sheltered and privileged, or even black Republicans," but, rather, "many were men of brilliant, probing, articulate open mind, like Russell Davenport and his co-editors and colleagues who produced *Fortune*." Something else they produced was the 1940 Presidential candidacy of Wendell Willkie—"an old-fashioned, hell-raising, hard-wrangling liberal," she calls him—who opposed Franklin Roosevelt's third term not so much because of what he was doing as because of the way he was doing it. In 1939, the Davenports "discovered" Willkie, who was then the president of the Commonwealth & Southern Corporation; introduced him to Henry Luce; and helped engineer his upset nomination. Russell was Willkie's foremost friend and Brain Truster, and served as his chief speechwriter; late in the campaign, he asked Marcia's help with several of Willkie's most important speeches, including one on civil rights. She astonished both men by inserting the then taboo terms "Negro," "white," "Christian," and "Jew," instead of a polite generic reference to "all races" or "all religions." Against the party's advice, the candidate retained the offending words, and the speech created a furor, as did Willkie in general. He gained forty-five per cent of the popular vote, coming closer to upsetting F.D.R. than anyone had predicted. It was "possibly the most constructive defeat a candidate ever met," Mrs. Davenport wrote, and "it changed the direction of Republican policy." Russell Davenport, who had issued a famous rebuttal to Charles Lindbergh's "America First" speech, assumed the leadership of the "internationalist Republicans" in the East after Willkie's death, in 1944. That same year, in a unique combination of his poetic and his political skills, he wrote a sixty-two-page statement of principles titled "My Country"—largely in terza rima!

Marcia, for her part, adhered to her own related but unclassifiable political creed. In 1965, she went on record for the New York mayoral candidacy of John Lindsay, whom she had known personally. But when asked if she's still in touch with him she replies, "There's no reason to be in touch with John Lindsay. When he ran for mayor of New York, he was one of the enlightened Republicans, like Jake Javits. The New York Republicans were my kind of people, you see. We supposed Lindsay would be a very good mayor, but the longer he was in office the less he proved as mayor, and then he completely outraged everybody who had believed in him by leaving and joining the Democratic Party. Since then, I've never spoken to him or seen him. But I am not only not a Democrat; I'm not a Republican, either. Except for that one year, the Willkie campaign, I have never belonged to a political party, and whenever I go to vote I'm the ticket splitter of all time. I'm a *militant* nonpartisan."

THE thirties and early forties were a busy time for both Davenports, who had a daughter, Cornelia—born in 1934—as well as Marcia's elder daughter, Patricia, and their own two careers to manage. Alma Gluck had "hinted her misgivings" about Marcia's nontraditional way of life but could hardly criticize her for not staying at home when Russell Davenport himself didn't want her to do so. "So she stood in happily for me with my daughters," Marcia says in her autobiography, "and kept them with her in the country whenever I loaded my car with typewriter and books and scores and files and lumbered off to Europe, indifferent to those who thought me selfish or restless or ambitious or spoilt."

Marcia recalls Alma Gluck's attitude toward her writing career as ambivalent, but her brother, Efrem, remembers it differently. "My mother was always so proud of her," he says. "It was a curious thing about Mother. She was, I suppose, one of the most cultivated women in the world, but apparently she always felt remorse at not having had a great education. She had something of an inferiority complex about herself. And so when her daughter blossomed as a writer she was beside herself, she was so proud of her. I remember there was a word that Marcia used in 'Mozart' that Mother showed me—nobody ever used that word. I think it was 'candent.' Mother was very proud of that."

Marcia Davenport is sensitive on the subject of her family. "I cannot and will not shuck off the values and tenets of my generation, born at the beginning of this century," she writes in her autobiography. "One of these tenets is a suitable reticence about oneself and the men and women who are and have been the complement of one's life." When she is asked about her daughters and her relationship with them, she declares the subject out of bounds: "I point out in the first chapter of my memoirs that autobiographies written by novelists are apt to be very dull. And the reason is that most of a novelist's life and most of what's worth knowing about a novelist's thinking are already in the novels. I don't regard myself as an individual with a private life that is of any interest to the world at large. And that's why I rule that subject out."

But what if, notwithstanding her reticence, the world is more interested in her private life than she may think?

"To hell with them."

Her mother is an exception?

"But, of course, my mother is in a different category. And, although it was by no means an ideal relationship, heaven knows there are many tributes and a great many references to Russell Davenport in that book, not because he was my husband but because he was a very able and brilliant and eccentric and difficult man, and he was a very, very strong arm in helping me to build myself up as a writer. Now, that's a reason for mentioning somebody, you see. Not the accident that I'd married him."

On the closed subject of Marcia's daughters, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., observes, "In Marcia's life, there are certain shutoffs, certain doors that don't open. And, for whatever reason, that's one of them. I don't pry into it. It's her business." Of Marcia Davenport as a big sister he speaks enthusiastically: "We didn't grow up together, you know. She was almost married when I was born—she moved out of our house before I was able to know who she was. But she has still been my sister, and a very dear sister, always."

Marcia, for her part, is not easily lured into discussing her brother's acting career: "I'm not inclined to talk about it, because it's too obvious. If you have a family full of people whose names are known, each one of us belongs in his or her own box. I don't believe in interrelating the whole thing. I really don't."

One of her nieces is the actress Stephanie Zimbalist. Surely Marcia has seen Stephanie's films?

"Some of them. I'm devoted to her. I love her as a person, and I want very much for her to succeed in her profession, but I certainly don't mix in the thing. I admire my brother as an actor, but I don't linger over it and hang over it and ask them what they're doing. That's not the way we function."

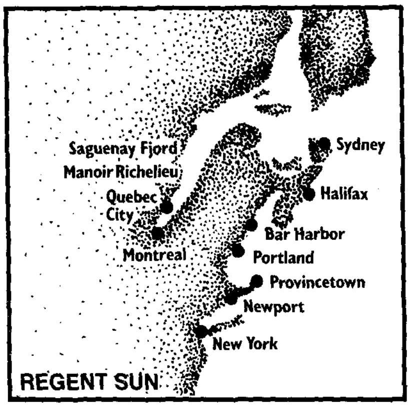
Efrem, Jr., tells a few tales of Marcia's eccentric driving and her emphatic but impossible directions, then adds, "I've always felt she must have been pretty tough to be married to. She's so positive and so didactic about things."

Indeed, in her autobiography Davenport writes, "I wanted to write books more than I wanted anything else. My husband and I probably met halfway in achieving such family life as we had. But marriage and family life were not the core of our relationship. He was not primarily a husband in his own id, and I was not primarily a wife in mine. . . . Those [marriages] which mature to permanence and serenity are works of long, forbearing, mutual unselfishness and masterpieces of patient human art. We did not have those qualities. . . . Nobody could have lived twelve months of the year in the house with Russell Davenport and I assume that nobody could stand that much of me."

Her typically reticent way of describing the breakup: "Early in 1944 I began to live alone."

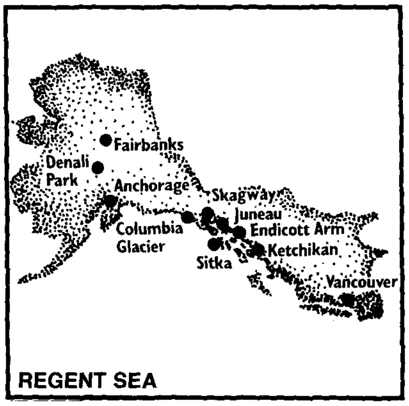
IN 1990, a Pacific sunset scatters Day-Glo colors around Marcia Davenport's living room as she suddenly says, "I'll show you one thing that I find very touching." She leaves the room, and returns with a copy of "Údolí Rozhodnutí," the Czech trans-

THIS SUMMER REGENCY HAS TWO "COOL" WAYS TO CRUISE.



FRENCH CANADA

EXPLORE FASCINATING, HISTORIC PORTS BETWEEN NEW YORK AND MONTREAL.
SAVE UP TO $300!



ALASKA

SAIL BETWEEN ANCHORAGE & VANCOUVER, ALONG THE SPECTACULAR GLACIER ROUTE.
SAVE UP TO $500!

This summer, thanks to our unique itineraries and substantial early booking discounts, Regency makes cruising to Alaska or to French Canada/New England more fun and affordable than ever! Save up to $500 per cabin by booking 90 days prior to departure for Alaska or save up to $300 per cabin by booking 60 days prior to departure for French Canada. And Regency's reputation for gracious European service, spacious staterooms and fine continental cuisine assure you that you'll be treated like royalty.

For reservations and more information, call your travel agent or Regency at (212) 972-4499.

Ships' Registry: Bahamas

For a free 1991 brochure, please check
FRENCH CANADA ☐ ALASKA ☐
NAME__________
ADDRESS__________
CITY______STATE____ZIP____

SEND TO:
Regency Cruises
260 Madison Ave.
New York, New York 10016

REGENCY CRUISES

lation of "The Valley of Decision," which was published in Prague in 1947. Upon request, she reads a brief passage in lilting Czech, a quotation she used from Jan Komenský, the father of Czech Protestantism: "I believe that after the tempest of God's wrath shall have passed, the rule of thy country will return again unto thee, O Czech people." It refers to the recurrent invasions and subjugation of their lands over the centuries, and it has always spoken deeply to the Czechs.

As Davenport's involvement with the country deepened, in the mid-nineteen-thirties, so did her alarm, for events in Czechoslovakia were once again proving the ancient adage "The master of Bohemia is the master of Europe."

"That's been said ever since the time of the Romans, when they began spreading all over those areas of Europe which were primeval forests," she says. "Next came Charlemagne; in order, Charlemagne, Napoleon, Bismarck, Hitler, Stalin. These various conquerors wanted to control Europe right there from the heart of it."

After the British-French sellout to Hitler at Munich, in 1938, and the outbreak of war, in 1939, Davenport's concern for Czechoslovakia became an obsession. In coöperation with officials of the Czech government-in-exile, in London, she turned herself into an indefatigable propagandist for the Czechoslovak republic. "That's why I had to learn Czech, because they wanted me to broadcast in it," she recalls. "A man in the Czech consulate in New York would write out, word by word, a translation of what I had written in English. I learned to pronounce it before I learned what the words meant. That's how my mother learned Russian, too—she spoke eight languages well, and I speak five. I had a royal old time learning Czech, with plenty of grammatical mistakes. Jan Masaryk used to say it was impossible for a person who spoke English or the Latin languages to speak Czech perfectly. He said you can learn all the words and speak it fluently, but you will never, never speak it like a Czech, because of the grammar, and he's right. The best thing I can do in Czech is swear. I can swear like mad."

To keep her abreast of events in the early years of the war, she was regularly sent information on conditions in Czechoslovakia by diplomatic dispatch from the Czech Embassy in London. "Jan made sure I got it," she says. "He heard what I was doing, you see, and he knew that I was intensely committed to his country. But that was before I knew him."

She certainly knew *of* him, however. Jan Masaryk, Foreign Minister of the Czech government-in-exile, was one of the most popular diplomats in the Western world, and was considered by many the playboy thereof. The son of his nation's founder, Tomáš G. Masaryk, and a Brooklyn-born American, Charlotte Garrigue, Jan was a profound contrast to, and the despair of, his scholarly, ascetic father. As a youth, in 1906, he had immigrated to the United States, but in 1919, after the creation of the Czechoslovak republic, he returned to Prague. During the thirteen years between 1925 and Munich, Jan was the Czech Ambassador to Britain, where he was able to employ his brilliance as a linguist and conversationalist in the passionate service of his country.

"In those days I heard a lot about him, mostly about the charm, the wit, the escapades, the gaiety, some dissipation, and all the other superficialities that had earned him his soubriquet," Davenport writes. "I have never had any attributes interesting to playboys." She had, in fact, been contriving not to meet him. Masaryk, for his part, had long been aware of the standoffish American writer who had been working so hard for Czechoslovakia. When they finally met, she recalls, "It was at his instigation, not at mine." That happened in New York City, in November, 1941, a few weeks before Pearl Harbor. Thereafter, he dined with increasing frequency at the Davenports' apartment. He was fifty-five, and she recalls him as "tall and bulky; corpulent"—rather Buddha-like, especially when he sat in his favorite, cross-legged position. Masaryk played the piano well and had an enormous repertoire of Slavic folk music—another bond with Marcia. Something else they shared was being children of great parents—"whose character and accomplishment we could not equal."

The great moral and morale weapon of the Czech war cause was Masaryk's weekly radio talk from London. "The Czechs and Slovaks listened to him clandestinely on pain of death, on secret and often home-made receivers called bed-spring radios," Davenport writes. "His talks were unique in the whole realm of war propaganda, for Jan Masaryk, beyond his identity and personality which his people adored, had a highly personal gift for colorful speech. . . . He spoke to the people in his beleaguered country as if he were huddled over their secret radios with them."

At the end of the war, Masaryk returned home as Foreign Minister and was cruelly buffeted between the intrigues of the Communists and the indifference of the Western Allies. Before he departed for Czechoslovakia, he handed Davenport an official letter of invitation to Prague from the Czech government. She was working on her novel "East Side, West Side," but she set out at once, to help with the daunting work of reconstruction and to be closer to "the roots of the major novel I meant to write, most of them planted deep in Czechoslovakia. I wanted to be there to witness the return of the nation to its own people." Among other activities, large and small, she helped the remnants of the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra—most of them survivors of Nazi concentration camps—obtain new instruments from America.

In 1946, she travelled back and forth between Prague and New York, as did Masaryk, in his increasingly desperate search for political support against the machinations of the Soviets. In New York, he spent much of his time at Davenport's home, "ducking the social gatherings of [United Nations] delegates whenever he could," she writes. "He liked to be alone with me or with a few intimate friends who would not interrogate or harangue him." Among his few truly relaxing moments were the Toscanini concert broadcasts, to which he often accompanied Davenport on Sunday afternoons. On one such afternoon, after a particularly trying session with Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov, he was too tired to attend the concert, and they stayed home to listen to it on the radio. "Maestro played the Scherzo and Adagio from

THE PROPHET WHO CHANGED WATER INTO DIET GRAPEFRUIT SODA
Not bad, huh?
FREE SAMPLES
R. Chast

the Beethoven Quartet in F, Opus 135—the next but last work that Beethoven composed, perhaps the most tragic expression of his struggles and sufferings," she writes. "Jan burst into tears. I went to turn off the radio. He put up his hand to stop me, shaking his head. 'The ruin,' he said. 'I can't bear the ruin.' "

Around Christmas of that year, he and Davenport spent a fortnight alone at Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' beloved Cross Creek, in the Florida wilderness. It was their most private and idyllic time together—Masaryk's first, and only, vacation after 1938—and Davenport remembers those days as "a succession of minor blessings." Masaryk was sixty, and she was forty-three. His moods swung from riotous humor to gloom. "I believe the strongest bond between us was that each of us was solitary at heart," she writes. "He was a man who preferred people who had lives of their own, into which he could dip when it suited him . . . who would not intrude on his privacy any more than he would have intruded on theirs. . . . I do best in such relationships. . . . I was not young, but he had never sought youth as such in his women friends, and surely I was not beautiful. He said he found me intelligent, though with him my intelligence was directed to veiling rather than revealing my comprehension of his problems, his dilemmas, and at the last, his agony of mind and spirit. . . . [There] that winter I knew the only perfect happiness I have ever had."

Masaryk went back to Prague with fourteen months to live.

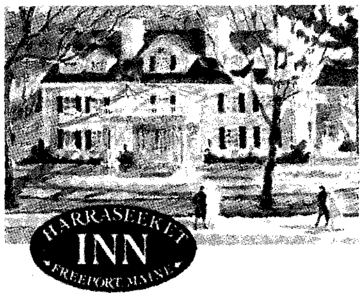
DAVENPORT, too, returned to Czechoslovakia, and with the highest of hopes. "No hindsight can dim the remembered joy of setting out to make a lifelong dream come true; I was going to live in Prague," she writes. Though the problems were legion, "Prague early in 1947 was exhilarating." Both Masaryk and the ailing President, Edvard Beneš, believed it was possible to remain allied with the U.S.S.R. in foreign policy but to continue as a free parliamentary democracy internally. Among Davenport's personal reasons for optimism was the fact that the Czech translation of "The Valley of Decision" had been published "and was selling like popcorn." With the money from that, she obtained and refurbished a beautiful old apartment, with chandeliers, fourteen-foot ceilings, and a view of the Vltava River and the Charles Bridge through eighteenth-century windows of handmade Bohemian glass. "To look through those windows at the beauty outside was one of the great experiences of my life," she writes. And then came a cable from Charles Scribner informing her that Max Perkins had died.

"There I was, in the middle of the revision of 'East Side, West Side'—it was the most shattering loss imaginable," she says. To her friend Rawlings she wrote, "The first reaction is, I will never write another book. Which would be a denial of all that Max has done for us. So we know we will indeed write more books and that they will never be the books they could have been." But there was not even time to grieve. Masaryk took her everywhere, openly. The Communists called her "the American Woman," and that suited his purposes. "In a sense, he slapped it down before the Communists as though in a declaration of his Westernness," she writes. His only hope was to invoke the moral, and perhaps even the military, might of the United States. Though the timetable was leisurely, the sense of foreboding and the steady undermining of his fragile democracy were agonizing, as was the emotional intensity of, it seemed, every moment. Davenport recalls one such moment vividly:

> When the Czech fliers who had been with the R.A.F. came home to Prague at the end of the war, that was one of the most remarkable things I ever saw in my life. The Nazis during the war were savage in their treatment of the civilian population, brutal with all the people they could get their hands on, beginning with the Jews and the families of the Czech soldiers and fliers. The Nazi retaliations against those people were the most horrible savagery. They slaughtered them, they imprisoned them, they tortured them. By the time the war was over, these men who had been flying with the R.A.F. knew that they had very few relatives or survivors left in their own country. But many of them decided that they would go home.
>
> So the day the surviving Czech fliers were to come home was a day that everybody in Prague knew about. And everybody also knew that most of their relatives had been slaughtered by the Nazis. So everybody in Prague who could function at

TRAVEL NEW ENGLAND

New England offers perfect vacations for everyone at any time of the year. The inns, resorts, and organizations described here can make your next New England vacation an experience to remember.



Harraseeket Inn. *A luxury country inn with antiques,* fireplaces, private baths (Jacuzzi, steam, or standard), air conditioning, and cable TV. Breakfast and tea included. Fine dining and tavern. Entertainment. Great packages available. Open year-round. Major credit cards accepted. Call for reservations. Outside Maine 1 (800) 342-6423. Gray family, Innkeepers. 162 Main Street, Freeport, Maine. (Just two blocks from L.L. Bean). (207) 865-9377.

1

HISTORIC INNS OF CHATHAM
CAPE COD

CAPE COD

Historic Inns of Chatham. Chatham, the Cape's treasure chest. A magical spot with a spellbinding past. Warm sunblessed days, pristine beaches, a picture-book village by the sea. Make it your summer place! We will provide you with fine lodgings, dining, tennis, boating, biking, and entertainment. Visit us and enjoy total relaxation. Call (800) 545-INNS for more information.

2

THE INN ON THE COMMON
Craftsbury Common, Vermont 05827
(800) 521-2233   (802) 586-9619

The Inn on the Common. A classic. One of the best country inns in Vermont. Famous for cuisine, wine cellar, renowned location. Pool, clay tennis court, English croquet, gorgeous gardens, lovely views. Sports center, lakes, and superb golf nearby. Call or write for brochure: P.O. Box 75, Craftsbury Common, VT 05827. (800) 521-2233, (802) 586-9619.

3

V·E·R·M·O·N·T

Mountain Top Inn
A N D R E S O R T

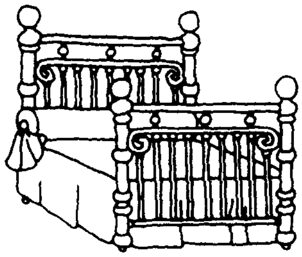
Mountain Top Inn and Resort. This warm New England country inn is secluded on a thousand acres in the center of Vermont's spectacular Green Mountains. Great views, fantastic foliage, pristine lake, relaxing atmosphere, and fine dining. Swimming, sailing, fly fishing, trap shooting, golf and golf school, canoeing, horseback riding, tennis, antiquing, hiking, heated pool, sauna, and whirlpool. (800) 445-2100. Mountain Top Inn, Box 446, Chittenden, VT 05737.

4

nordic village
THE COMPLETELY PERFECT VACATION RESORT

Nordic Village. New Hampshire's White Mountains. Luxury one- to three-bedroom condominiums with Jacuzzis, fireplaces, and kitchens bordering 750,000-acre White Mountain National Forest. Three pools, two parks, tennis, rowboating, nightly bonfires and family cookouts, with eighteen-hole PGA golf in nearby Jackson Village. Minutes to North Conway's attractions, shopping, and dining. Packages include half-price or free night's stay. (800) 472-5207.

5



THE RED LION INN

Red Lion Inn. Get away to yesterday! Visit the inn in the Berkshires with two centuries of tradition, and all the modern amenities. Live amid antiques. Savor Veal Oscar and homemade apple pie. Norman Rockwell Museum close by. Mass. Pike, Exit 2. The Red Lion Inn, Stockbridge, MA 01262; (413) 298-5545.

6

1 9 9 1
Visitor's Guide
RHODE ISLAND
America's first resort.

Rhode Island. America's first resort. Tour legendary Newport. Stroll Providence's historic Benefit Street. Follow the sun along four hundred miles of spectacular coastline. Discover Block Island, a rustic jewel just a boat ride offshore. Call for your free vacation kit, (800) 556-2484.

7

Woodstock Inn & Resort
Woodstock, Vermont 05091 • 802-457-1100

The Woodstock Inn & Resort, Woodstock, Vermont. Enjoy our inn with fine dining; indoor sports center complete with pool, whirlpool, steam, sauna, and Nautilus room; golf; tennis; and Billings Farm & Museum, all in a landmark Vermont village. Special golf, tennis, and honeymoon/anniversary plans available through October 24th. Call your travel agent or (800) 448-7900 for reservations.

8

Fill out the response coupon to receive more information.

ADVERTISEMENT

ORDER FORM

To learn more about these Travel New England advertisers, please fill out the coupon information below and place a check mark next to the names of those advertisers whose services interest you. Mail the coupon in an envelope addressed to:

The New Yorker, Reader Service Management Department, P.O. Box 5187, Pittsfield, MA 01203-5187

- ☐ 1. Harraseeket Inn . . . . Free
- ☐ 2. Historic Inns of Chatham . . . . Free
- ☐ 3. The Inn on the Common . . . . Free
- ☐ 4. Mountain Top Inn . . . . Free
- ☐ 5. Nordic Village . . . . Free
- ☐ 6. The Red Lion Inn . . . . Free
- ☐ 7. Rhode Island Department of Economic Development . . . . Free
- ☐ 8. The Woodstock Inn & Resort . . . . Free

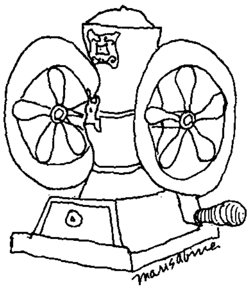
Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City/State/Zip ____________________

Please allow six to eight weeks for delivery. Offer expires July 15, 1991. © The New Yorker Magazine, Inc. 910422 all decided to go in a mass to welcome home the fliers. And I went out in his car with Jan. The distance from the middle of Prague to the Ruzýň airport is probably ten kilometres west, and there wasn't much public transportation, and all the way out there, as far as you could see, both sides of the road were lined with the population walking to the airport, carrying bunches of flowers. And then the planes began to arrive—big British planes, quite a lot of them—and landed one after the other, and the men would get out. And they had nothing with them. They had no possessions by the end of the war—no luggage, no nothing. They were wearing British uniforms. They had nothing left in the world. And they would step out of those Wellington bombers, and they didn't look around to see if there was anybody there to meet them. Most of them knew that their relatives had all perished at the hands of the Nazis. But these waves of people from Prague would rush up to these men and shower them with flowers. It makes me cry to this day. It was one of the most moving things I ever saw in my life. One after another, the men would get out and they would be sort of swept into the arms of these huge crowds of Czechs. And some of the people there were saying to Jan, "Oh, Mr. Minister, go and speak to these men." He said, "No, that's not what I'm here for. I know them all, I used to see them in London. I know who they are and what they did. You are here to welcome them. It's not my place."

In July, 1947, the Russians summoned Masaryk to Moscow. He was later quoted as saying that he went there as the Foreign Minister of a sovereign state and returned as a lackey of the Soviet government. On his return to Prague, Davenport was shocked: "He looked stunned; ill and bloated." She felt "the intolerable despair and humiliation which wracked him." When he visited the United States for the last time, in September, neither President Truman nor Secretary of State Marshall would see him: America had already written his country off. "He was never the same again," she writes. His heart and his hope were both broken. Friends told him not to go back to Prague, but that was unthinkable, even though the Soviets were now bullying him mercilessly. Many times he said to her, almost carelessly, "One day they'll kill me."



Davenport's attention at this point was torn between Masaryk and Czechoslovakia, on the one hand, and the publication of "East Side, West Side," on the other. "I consider it the best novel I have written," she asserts in her autobiography. "Nobody else thinks so to my knowledge, but nobody else has written my books. . . . [It] was a work that Max Perkins had believed I must undertake, that sole novel drawn from elements of my own experience." Not literally autobiographical, it was more nearly so than any of her other novels. In it, the heroine, Jessie Bourne, is suffocating in her sterile marriage to a shallow, jaded patrician until she is reawakened by an American soldier of Czech descent and intense political involvement. The book caused a literary stir, some critics suggesting that its characters were stand-ins for the recently divorced Marcia and Russell Davenport and the dynamic Jan Masaryk.

Russell rose to the occasion. "He was at his best with me after we were divorced," she recalls. They had seen each other often, and he had read the novel in galleys and liked it. When an interviewer told her it would be interpreted as a savage portrait of Davenport, she lamented this to Russell, and he said, "Is that so? . . . Well, let's show them a thing or two." They dined at "21" the night before publication, happily and conspicuously.

In January, 1948, after "East Side, West Side" was launched, Marcia returned to her new home in Prague. "Fifteen days of my life . . . were more definitive in depth and in detail, more permanent in impact, than fifteen years that followed them; than any time since or any time there may yet be for me," she writes. Communist Action Committees were parading in the streets, arresting non-Communists in and out of the government, and closing down newspapers. Panic was setting in. Gunshots went off outside her apartment, and mobs were roaring. She was beside herself, screaming "Shame! Shame!" from her window until a friend dragged her away. The putsch was under way. In the midst of the terror and confusion, Masaryk sent her a note from the Černinský Palace, a seventeenth-century building that housed the Foreign Ministry: "Am staying in this 'govt' for time being. It breaks my heart for you to receive these shocks which you deserve less than anybody in the world. Do not be too sad. Be bitter and be proud—of yourself. I am very proud of you. You believed in a decent hope—so did I."

Masaryk ordered her to leave for London, saying he would meet her in a few days. "When he joined me we would be married." She left, at his insistence, on a Sunday. Three days later, on March 10th, Jan Masaryk was found dead in the courtyard beneath the bathroom window of his private quarters in the Černinský Palace.

THE death of Jan Masaryk was, Davenport writes, "the catastrophe which destroyed every motivation of my life and work at one blow." The Communists maintained that he committed suicide by defenestration, but there is persuasive circumstantial evidence that they murdered him. The full arguments for and against both possible causes of death are detailed in Davenport's autobiography.

Every year after 1948, at whatever concert came closest to the tenth of March, Toscanini played Smetana's tone poem "Vltava." "I never thanked him, we never mentioned it," she writes. Picking up the pieces was difficult. "Survival when one does not want it is incomprehensible, but one moves through it towards some sort of compromise with existence." At first, she knew only that she wanted "isolation and the illusion of peace; water, beauty, old roofs, and something to do with my hands." That autumn, with her friend and agent Carol Brandt, she visited Bellagio, on Lake Como. She bought a small house nearby, and would live there for fifteen years.

Davenport was never a fast or facile writer, and her next novel, "My Brother's Keeper," did not appear until 1954. That dark, gothic tale was suggested by the case of the Collyer brothers, whose paranoid reclusiveness led them literally to barricade themselves inside a New York brownstone in a fatal effort to keep out the world. The story's appeal to Davenport at this time was obvious. "Often I was asked why I had chosen the subject," she wrote. "Sometimes I was tempted to answer with the truth; but I did not because fiction should be its own exegesis. I am a hermit myself."

The hermitage in Italy provided the stuff of her final novel, published in 1960—"The Constant Image," a title taken from "Twelfth Night":

For such as I am all true lovers are:
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.

"That's a good book," she says to me, and smiles with wry satisfaction. "When they're not good, I'll say so."

Nowadays, "to amuse myself and to keep from going brain-dead, I always think in Italian," she tells me. (She adds, with parenthetical mischief, "I'm the last fully literate woman in California.") In "The Constant Image," Italy suffuses the ambience and the characterizations. Harriet Piers, an American, falls in love with the dashing Carlo Dalverio, whose jealous wife, Pina, is "beautiful, faintly unanimated, if not phlegmatic, for an Italian." Carlo's mother, the wise Signora Nora, observes that her daughter-in-law "is madly in love with him, she always was; and that is no basis for marriage." The book contains some of Davenport's most stylish writing. People at a cocktail party are busy "batting bright shuttlecocks of talk about." And among the things Harriet has in common with her creator is fashion: a typical frock of Harriet's is "cut with deviltry and finished with wit. . . . A superb, slightly mad, short black dress was then in order, worn with one of these wicked [Milanese] hats. . . . Hats were Harriet's foible because she wore them well and it amused her to cultivate them when many women of her age went bare-headed."

Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., confirms his sister's habitual and "very stylish" attention to clothes. "She was always beautifully attired. I've never seen her when she wasn't," he says. And virtually every contemporary account of her in the thirties and forties mentions her exquisite taste in apparel. She still has it. Her look today tends toward elegant gray wool dresses, minimal makeup, and not one too many pieces of jewelry. Yet Marcia's brother considers "The Constant Image" to be "very atypical of her novels. One feels, at times, a wistfulness." Its heroine, like its author, has a tendency to keep a tight lid on boiling emotions:

> [Harriet's] inner self was not so cool, so poised, or so worldly as her outer one, upon which she thought she could rely anywhere. She still had to fight down the impulse to demand that men and life be as she wanted them.

One is tempted to draw deeper parallels between the fictional woman and the real one—to see in Davenport a very passionate woman locked inside a very controlled and correct exterior. But her brother says that that would be

MASTERWORKS FOR MASTERHOMES

OFFERING MASTERWORKS BY

O.E. Berninghaus
Bierstadt
Edward Borein
E.I. Couse N.A.
H.W. Hansen.
John Hauser
T. Hill.
Georgia O'Keeffe
Julian Onderdonk
Frederic Remington
C.M. Russell
Chas Schreyvogel
J.H. Sharp

EXHIBITING ART CHICAGO '91

BELTEXSAN GALLERIES
FINE AMERICAN WESTERN ART

3340 CAMP BOWIE BLVD. • FORT WORTH, TEXAS 76107
817 332 9999 • FAX: 817 336 7031

LET GO AND DISCOVER OUR ARTS

Kick back in the Florida Keys and enjoy more than just world-class fishing and diving. Down here, you can soak up the sun and culture, too.

Under a canopy of palms, you can enjoy arts & crafts shows. Concerts. Theatre and dance. Gallery shows and museums.

Journey back into our colorful past and visit historical sites. Take a walking tour or attend a literary seminar with a renowned author. From Key Largo to Key West, you'll find so much to do year-round.

Just let go in the Keys and discover more than a tropical paradise. Here, you can drain your brain of everyday stress and fill it up with something a little more worthwhile.

For more information and a free Florida Keys events calendar, call **1-800-FLA-KEYS.**

THE FLORIDA KEYS & KEY WEST
Key Largo, Islamorada, Marathon, Lower Keys, Key West

a mistake: "That doesn't sound like Marcia to me. Marcia is too strong to cover. I don't think that any patina has ever concealed anything in her life. I think that she's been totally honest always. Or she has walked away and simply washed her hands of the situation if the situation would not allow her complete honesty."

THE years in Italy heightened Marcia Davenport's acute sense of place and of belonging. "My most productive associations as a writer have been, first and foremost, with places," she says one afternoon in California. "I don't—I can't—put a thing in a place and start to work on it unless I've been saturated in that place. And it takes years and years to arrive at that point. You have to know its civilization and its habits, and you have to like it." Superficiality of setting is a major weakness in contemporary fiction, she believes. "They don't sweat it out," she says of today's novelists. "The exception to that in American writers is the Southern group. They write these regional novels, and they're very authentic and they're entirely different from anything else. I personally am not fascinated by regional American writing. I want American writers to be more universal in their approach. I like them to have knowledge of something besides the little hole that they came from. On the other hand, a great deal of the world's literature is restricted to the little hole from which the writer came, and if the little hole has turned into a big hole, like the scope of Balzac's work, that's another story altogether. If the writer is a good enough artist—for instance, Eudora Welty. She's a beautiful writer. Faulkner has probably got more prestige than Eudora Welty, but to me he's far less appealing, if you're going to write about Mississippi, than she is. I have some trouble with Faulkner. In fact, I think he's awfully overrated. But Welty is not."

For a real and gritty sense of place, how about D. H. Lawrence?

"I have a sense rather of contempt for D. H. Lawrence. I think he's smeary. There's something dirty about Lawrence, and I don't mean in the sense of 'Lady Chatterley's Lover.' He was such a slob. His life was slob and he was a slob and Frieda Lawrence was a slob. I see him in the mirror of his personality and that ghastly German wife of his, and I guess that's why I don't much like D. H. Lawrence. I'll tell you where I think you get a better sense of the same kind of England, and that's in the early works of Arnold Bennett—a very significant late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century novelist indeed." She sees me frown, and frowns in return. "You mean you've never read 'The Old Wives' Tale'? You have missed a most remarkable novel. You run right out and buy it!"

NIGHT PLEASURES

Where I come from land lies flat as paper.
    You see pine, spruce, holly. But a woods
keeps to itself. Creeks coil and curve,
    enigmatic as women, salt-thick
bottoms unseen. In the mountains
    for college I rose to choice visions,
sidewalks made me think: go on forever.
    Hillsides of winesaps held me close.

Here my little boat takes the night Bay.
    One far neon light tosses, a city
people walk alone, its rhythmic
    landscape cut from marshes and cries.
On black water it is all mine,
    beginnings, endings, love's beauties.
So when I move, it moves under me, and knows me.

—DAVE SMITH

• •

(I did. She is right.)

Over dinner that night, the post-dessert talk meanders from fiction to opera, Goethe to Gounod, "Faust" to "Mefistofele." When the name Boito surfaces, I express fascination with one-work composers. She praises his inspired adaptations of Shakespeare for Verdi. I add that he also wrote the libretto for Ponchielli's "La Gioconda." "No, you're mistaken," she says. I hold firm. We bet five dollars. I am jubilant at the prospect of winning my first, and undoubtedly last, musical point with her. Some weeks later, a five-dollar check arrives in the mail with the following note: "Here you are. It has cost me more than $5 in recognition of my ignorance. . . . Considering what a genius Boito was in transcribing Shakespeare, he should be ashamed to have made such a hash of Victor Hugo. (Or maybe Hugo made the hash first.) Anyway, 'Gioconda' is a *porcheria*, words and music."

Porcheria—a mess—is one of her favorite pejoratives, and, opinionated concerning all things musical, she applies it and other criticisms liberally and, sometimes, surprisingly. She says, for example, "I'm really not very enchanted with Slavic music. I'm not fond of the music of Dvořák. It doesn't talk to me. And Russian music doesn't appeal to me at all. I hate Tchaikovsky. God, how I hate Tchaikovsky!"

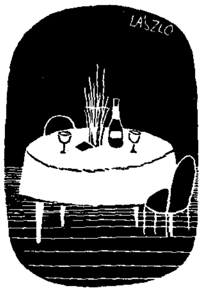
Why?

"Minor tonality. I get so fed up with that minor tonality. It whines, and I don't like whiny music. Now, when Mozart writes in G minor, which was his favorite minor key, you're killed by it. But the whining in Russian music is what I hate so." Of Wagner: "I disliked the Wagnerian gods and the saga of the Nibelungen. I heard my first *Ring* at the age of nine and was given a book about it to read beforehand, but I never knew until the rise of Hitler why I had always detested the whole crew."

Concerning twentieth-century music, her opinions are a matter of sweeping doctrinal purity. In her view, she was born and reared among giants in a world that is now largely inhabited by Lilliputians. The tallest of those giants, of course, was the diminutive Toscanini. For years, she would flip on the radio—or people would do it for her, as a game—and, within a few measures, identify the orchestra playing, so individual were the New York Philharmonic, the Philadelphia, the Cleveland "sounds." Now such distinctiveness is gone, she maintains, replaced by "interpretation," gimmickry, and showmanship. She can't stand Lorin Maazel, and she hated Herbert von Karajan ("that charlatan"). "Neville Marriner should be garotted for the damage he has done with his early instruments and St. Martin-in-the-Swamp," she says. "It is becoming increasingly difficult to buy recordings, now tapes or disks, of real conductors with whole orchestras." On the positive side, mark her words, "the next great opera conductor will be Domingo! He is one of the very rare *musician*-singers."

Does twentieth-century opera appeal to her?

"I won't cross the street to listen to it. I loathe it. I don't care who wrote it, except George Gershwin. That's a different matter. 'Porgy and Bess' was his first step in an enormous differentiation between musical comedy and opera. And he had long-reaching hopes of going further and further in that direction. His death, in 1937, was an enormous tragedy for music." (Gershwin first heard Toscanini conduct, in 1932, at Davenport's invitation, and she watched him furtively in her box "as he sat there looking, I see now, into eternity, for he was dead in about five years, was not the same man as the enchanting tunester his friends knew at parties," she says. "He was a genius staring into the crucible of genius, and it was frightening.")



I ask her view of the music of Charles Ives.

"I think it's remarkable. I haven't heard a great deal of it, and I knew very little about Charles Ives until I reviewed for the *Times* that book of Harold Schonberg's about composers. I read that with great interest, and I was embarrassed by my own ignorance, so I went out of my way to hear some music of Charles Ives. Well, most of it to me is just a noise, like all contemporary music, but I was intrigued partly by his sense of humor, the insertion of tunes, the fact that he was an insurance man and he got rich doing that—that tickled my sense of humor. But I would never want to hear a note of it again. With the exception of Sam Barber, in terms of opera and orchestral composition there hasn't been a note of music written since Richard Strauss that I thought was worth listening to, and I mean it. Strauss finished 'Rosenkavalier' in 1910, and I don't have much interest in any music that has been composed since then. I have an absolute loathing resistance to all this stuff."

Then is another worthwhile opera never to be composed?

"I don't think so. It's a very curious thing. People insist on composing operas, but . . . Well, now, look—put it in the form of a completely different thing. Think of painting and sculpture. Think of really great literature. Look at all the stuff in the bookshelves over there—just a collection of basic, classic fiction. Fiction is a nineteenth-century art. There's no eighteenth-century fiction, with rare, rare exceptions. Each art, perhaps, is limited to its own time cycle, and when that cycle is over, there will be no more practitioners of that art. That's what I think. You can't show me any twentieth-century fiction that's in a league with what's on those shelves. There's not another Tolstoy, there's not another Balzac, there's not another Jane Austen. There are no more Brontës. There's not another Henry James. And so it goes. You want the twentieth century to be something in terms of creation that it is not. Creation in the twentieth century is scientific, mechanical. In any of the sciences, of course, the twentieth century makes everything that went before it utterly primitive. And music and literature and painting and sculpture are among the arts that are the living proof of what I say."

In response to this volley of literary names, I serve up Gabriel García Márquez.

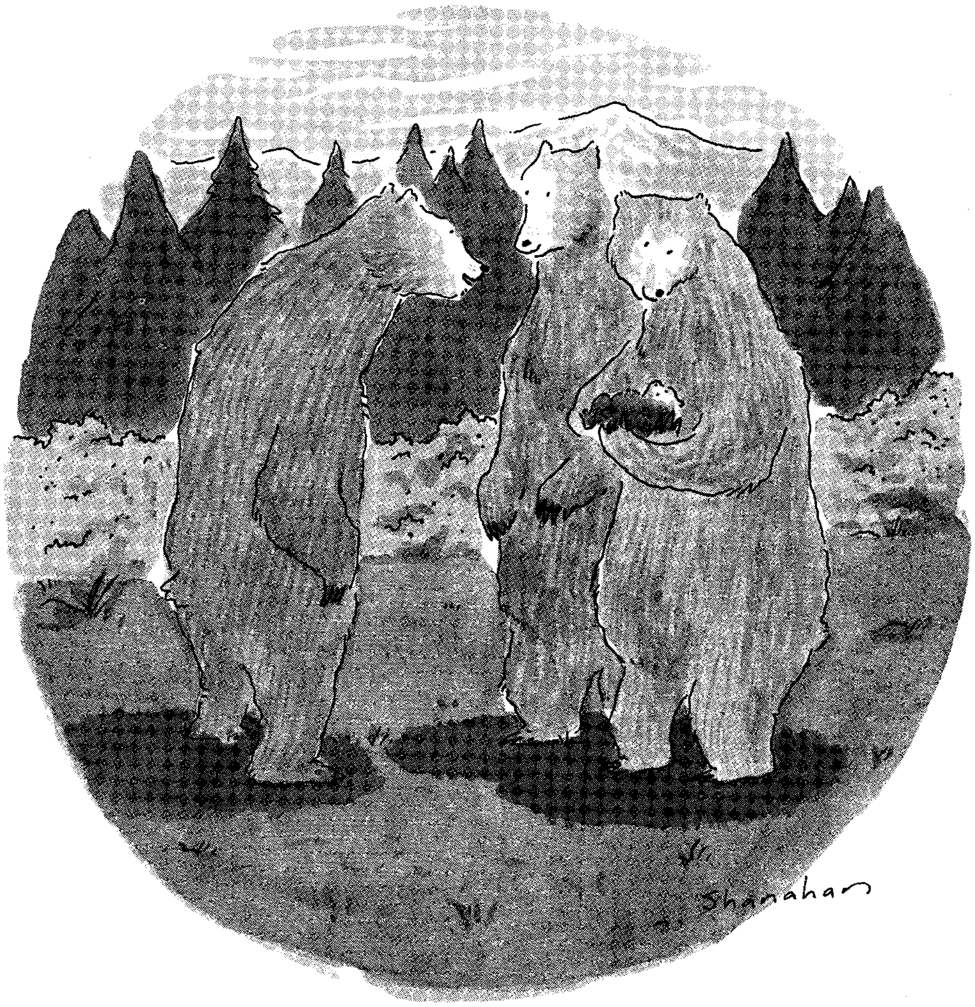
"I have terrible trouble with him. I don't like to say it, but it's true. I have absolutely no interest in Central and South America. None. I wouldn't go there for any inducement in the world. I also have no interest in Spain, no affection for the Spanish language, no interest at all in anything that comes out of the Spanish world. And therefore I also have terrible trouble trying to read What's-His-Name, the man that didn't get to be President of Peru just now, and García Márquez, who's a very, very worthwhile writer. When I can't read something, the flaw is always in me, not in the writer. That's a very strange thing. I cannot read Dostoyevski. Now, there they are—all of Dostoyevski's works, right over there in that corner, and I've had them forever. All the other great Russian writers are over there, too—Turgenev, the whole body of them. And I know all the others well, and every once in a while I take out a Dostoyevski novel

THE NEW YORKER
DIRECT DIAL

Use our weekly listing to dial directly to advertisers. Call from any phone to reach product and service representatives:

Air New Zealand	**1-800-262-1254**
Art on Video	**1-203-869-4694 x700**
Bose Express Music Catalog	**1-800-233-6357**
Nuts D'vine	**1-800-334-0492 x700**
Pier Sixty-Six Resort & Marina	**1-800-327-3796**
Quebec Tourism	**1-800-363-7777**
The Teaching Company	**1-800-832-2421**
U.S. Mint 1991 Mt. Rushmore Anniversary Coins	**1-800-972-0300**

ADVERTISEMENT



"He looks like a Björn."

• •

and I sit down and I say, 'Damn it, you will read this.' And I tell myself that I'm every kind of ignoramus or any contemptible thing that I would call somebody else. And then I try and read a Dostoyevski novel, and after a couple of chapters I give up."

It is, she concludes with a shrug, another of her "lacunae." Her opinions on everything are brittle, and both she and her autobiography have come under fire for dogmatism. "My rigidity, as my mother herself warned me, has proved a grave limitation." Her good friend Roddy McDowall, the actor and photographer, puts it more appreciatively. He sees her as "full of sentiment, but never sentimental—a relentless purist. One of the last American Edwardians."

MRS. DAVENPORT lives in what she refers to as a "contemporary California" condominium on the Monterey Peninsula, and the view from her windows is breathtaking. "The water that you see out there is Monterey Bay, and the forest all around it is the Del Monte Forest," she explains. "It could stand a good deal of Central European forestry. We who know that are appalled at the laxness with which they just leave everything more or less to nature here. True, they're strict about removing trees, and nobody is allowed to touch anything. But they don't know how to take care of the forest. They let the trees die and fall down and become a fire danger."

The setting is more arboreal than marine, and it should come as no surprise that Mrs. D. is an authority on trees: "It is a pine forest, and a special kind, called Monterey pine, which is indigenous to this particular piece of geography. The whole order of non-deciduous trees is enormous. We have cypresses here that are very dramatic indeed. On the ocean side are the Monterey cypresses—a kind that doesn't grow naturally anyplace else. Evergreens grow according to where they want to grow. You can't take one from someplace else and put it in strange ground. It growls and dies. It won't take that."

She produces a map, and we are studying it in her living room, which is beautiful, and fastidiously kept in every detail, despite an absence of live-in help, which she much laments. The room is filled with antiques, including many Oriental objets d'art brought back by Efrem Zimbalist, Sr., from his concert tours of China and Japan. Among the furnishings are several chairs covered with exquisite needlepoint embroidery. Like her mother, and also like her heroine Mary in "The Valley of Decision," Marcia Davenport is an expert needlewoman. On a table sits a large framed photograph of Jan Masaryk, with his familiar cigarette. She produces two glasses of sherry, then takes her seat, with a glare at my tape recorder; she says tape recorders invariably distort one's voice. Hers is in fact a rich contralto, nuanced in timbre, and with mesmerizing modulations—and not by accident. "My mother was very, very particular about how one spoke and about one's voice. She had no patience with people who couldn't place a speaking voice, let alone a singing voice. If I said something and my voice wasn't right, she'd say so. If she were to hear the voices of these young California women—well, she wouldn't stay in the room with them. They have the most dreadful voices. They're vulgar, they're shrill, and they're high-pitched."

As she warms to this theme, she is absently worrying the cloth belt of her simple blue-and-white dress.

"It is unforgivable not to pronounce the language you're speaking, and most Americans don't pronounce English. They slur it. They don't pronounce the terminal consonants of their words. Now, the English will pronounce them clearly. They will say tha*t*, ha*t*, do*t*. On the other hand, what the English do that we do less is swallow or pinch their vowels. English singers don't pronounce their vowels. One who really gives it the business is Joan Sutherland. Her diction is so appalling that you cannot understand a word in any language she sings. When Mother sang English, *that* was English. And she used to sing two songs by Thomas Arne. One of them was 'Have You Seen but a White Lily Grow?' I have never heard such English in my life.

And 'The Lass with the Delicate Air.' "

That was also by Thomas Arne?

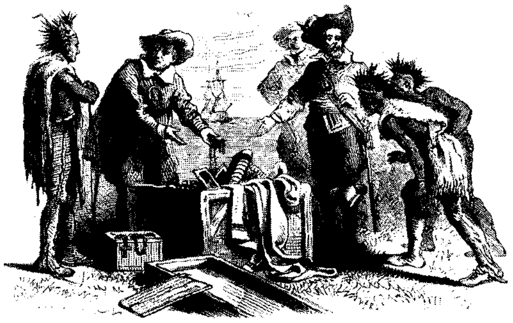
"You can look it up for yourself. Hand me that." She takes "Too Strong for Fantasy" and looks. "I'm sure it was Thomas Arne. Whoever made this index is a jackass. Oh, how stupid. This is a very good and thorough index, but in this particular case nothing happens. Wait a minute. Oh, the hell with it. I can't find it."

This kind of sloppiness is bound to annoy a woman who is very much a creature of habit and order, as her writing routine confirms:

"When I worked hard, and I did work hard, I had a routine that was exactly the same every day. I never saw or spoke to anybody in my house until the end of my workday. I would wake up, and my breakfast would be brought to my room, and then, when it suited me—not awfully early—I got up, somewhere around nine o'clock, and put on some clothes which in cold blood were absolutely something that nobody would ever have been allowed to see. I had a superstition: I had to wear the same thing all the way through, as long as it took me to write a book. I made it as hard for myself as possible. That must be my mother again. Instead of instinctively looking for the easy way through something, I instinctively go the hard way. That may be the reason for my intense resistance to mechanical facilities. I have to feel difficulty. My typewriter is the same typewriter that I have had for forty-five years. It was built to order for me in the Underwood factory in Buffalo. A man comes here to give it this periodic going over. I would never have anything to do with an electric typewriter. I have had typists who were engaged to make the manuscript of what I produced, and they would always insist on an electric typewriter. So, of course, they were in another part of the house, and I would hire one from I.B.M. or wherever they came from. Sometimes, out of evil curiosity, in the evening, when the typist wasn't there, I remember once or twice going into the room where that thing was and trying to type on it. And I was absolutely nauseated. And today I don't suppose there is such a thing as a manuscript typist. They expect to work on a *word processor*"—she spits out the term—"not a proper typewriter.

"It's all part of the habit pattern that

HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT OUR NEW TRADE SECRET?



Tourneau helps you recoup the value in your old watches or jewelry that you've been saving, but not wearing; pieces that haven't seen the light of day for years.

In celebration of Tourneau's expanded jewelry department, you can now apply the trade-in value toward the purchase of any new watch or jewelry. Visit Tourneau for your free trade-in appraisal. And our little trade will be our little secret.

THE TOURNEAU POLICY BUY · SELL · TRADE

Shop at Home Service. If you can't get to Tourneau, get to a phone, call: 800-348-3332 for details.

TOURNEAU CORNER® NEW YORK BAL HARBOUR · GENEVA

MADISON AVE. & 52ND ST. MADISON AVE. & 59TH ST. SEVENTH AVE. & 34TH ST. BAL HARBOUR SHOPS/FLORIDA
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED **(212) 758-6234/1-800-348-3332.** CORPORATE GIFT DIV. (212) 888-2955

Princess Diana Wears this Necklace

The Perfect Gift for Mother's Day*

Imported alabaster pearls; Austrian crystal diamonds and sapphires

ROYALTY from the Duchess of Windsor to Princess Diana have worn jewelry created by Kenneth Jay Lane, "The King of Costume Jewelry". Princess Diana wears Mr. Lane's "Princess Necklace" of faux pearls, diamonds and blue sapphire. Now you can wear it too.

This necklace is adjustable from 15" to 18". The 6mm pearls are imported alabaster enrobed in real pearlescence. They are individually hand-knotted. The stones are Austrian crystal in a platinum-tone setting.

If real gems, this necklace would cost over $500,000. But like Princess Diana, you can own this authentic KJL necklace for only $95.

Matching earrings (clip or pierced) just $39. 30-day money-back guarantee. Lifetime warranty against breakage or tarnishing.

Call Toll-Free (24 hrs., 7 days)
1-800-233-3489, ext. K22
to order with VISA or MasterCard. Or mail check including $3.95 shipping/handling (NY & RI res. add sales tax) to KJL (Dept. K22).
*Guaranteed Mother's Day Delivery available for phone orders until May 8th.

K•J•L by Kenneth Jay Lane
Jeweler to the World's Most Admired Women™
417 Fifth Avenue, New York NY 10016

enables you to write. After a while, you don't know that it's a habit anymore. It's just the way you do things. About my typewriter—in the first place, the keyboard suits me. Also, it makes a noise, and the clatter that it makes is part of the process. It feels right, and it's an extension of me. And a machine where the energy comes from plugging something into the wall instead of from here—the hell with it."

The latest baffling invention to come to her attention did so when her agent told her on the phone last year that he needed a copy of a certain business letter in a hurry. "I said, 'All right, I'll send it by Express Mail or that thing with the fellow that runs around' "—Federal Express. "He said, 'Go and fax it.' And I said, 'What the hell is a fax?' He said, 'You don't know what a fax is?' I said no—the way I have no idea what a VCR is, or a DC, or a CD, or a camcorder or all this junk that you see advertised. Well, there is an outfit here that is quite remarkable, so I called them up, and they roared with laughter: 'Of course we have a fax.' I took the letter down there and they walked away and came back in ten minutes, handing me a slip of paper that said it had been received in New York. I didn't believe it. I said, 'This is impossible.' Well, it makes me very uncomfortable, all this mechanization of life. I'm completely discombobulated by it. I can't even get carbon paper anymore."

I say it's becoming obsolete.

"Well, so am I," she says.

Mrs. Davenport has successfully defended herself against high-tech advances in sound as well as in word production, as I discover when I ask whether she has a cassette-tape player in the house.

"Yes, but I don't know how to use it. People are always giving me tapes, and I don't know how to run the goddam thing."

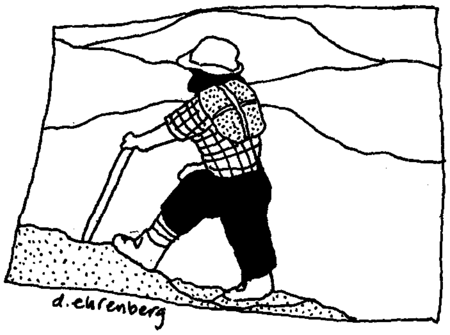
I volunteer to show her.

"I don't *want* to know. Every time you get comfortable with some kind of innovation in recording, they change the entire thing. No doubt the LP record was a tremendous improvement over the 78, when you had to jump up and change the record all the time. So we got used to that in normal recording, which was the mono. And just about that time they started all this junk with stereo. I personally prefer the mono to the stereo records. That means all of Maestro's records. And we no sooner got used to stereo than they began this damn tape that I hate. And now tape is being displaced by CD, and I won't have it in the house."

But all the Toscanini recordings with the New York Philharmonic, the Philadelphia Orchestra, and the NBC Symphony have just been issued on CD, I say, and for generations who have never heard a note of his music—

"For them, yes, this is all very important. Some critics and writers who write about music today basically act as if Toscanini had never existed. And this comes down to what I say about the musical public today: they have no standards, because they never heard anything so authoritative that they can say, 'That's the way it ought to be.' If you heard Caruso as I heard him when I was a small child—I'm not consciously doing it, but every tenor that I have heard, ever since, I have automatically compared with Caruso. They can't have his voice, but if they don't sing as artistically as he did, and don't do the justice to the music that he did, then they're dogs, in my estimation. I respect Sam Ramey, and he's a very good artist. But my Don Giovanni is Pinza, and he's no Pinza. And that happens to me with everything. It's awful.

"My Aida is Leontyne. And I have made the same repetitive vow. There are certain works that I have sworn I will never listen to again, because I cannot stand the violations of my concept of perfection. Between Maestro and Lotte Lehmann, I will never again listen to a performance of 'Fidelio.' I won't listen to 'Falstaff,' because the Toscanini recording of 'Falstaff' is the God-damnedest thing you ever heard in your life. It just takes the hair off your head. And I won't listen to 'Rosenkavalier,' because of Lotte Lehmann. That's perfection, too. I won't spoil my treasures with these subsequent versions that are travesties."



I make one last stab: Of course, she doesn't *need* it, but sometime, just for fun, she might enjoy listening to Toscanini on CD and hearing what has been done with the remastering.

"No, I don't want to. I'm too old to mess with that. I've got what Toscanini did, live, and that's enough for me. I don't want anything remastered. I'm not interested in what engineering has done to it since, I'm just not. Don't forget, these are all mono records, too."

I suggest that the *theory* of stereo—that it replicates the concert-hall sound—makes a certain amount of sense to me.

"It doesn't make any to me. But when things don't make sense to me it's because I have a closed mind. And I have a very closed mind. But at least it's a mind that closed on something worth closing on."

"Too Strong for Fantasy" is among the most interesting twentieth-century literary-musical memoirs, and, by all rights, should have been followed by more books. Instead, it was Davenport's last, and admirers of her work are still asking why.

"It's very easy to answer that," she replies. "And I'm quite willing to do so, because I have plenty of models by which to have taken such a decision. Fiction, the writing of novels, reaches its apogee in the middle years of a writer's life. By the time writers are in their early sixties—with very rare exceptions—they don't write good novels. To prove that, you have the example of almost anybody who was a lasting writer of fiction. The best of them died before they were sixty or thereabouts. The French—Balzac, Stendhal, Flaubert. The English—Dickens and Thackeray. All the women—the Brontës, Jane Austen, George Eliot. Right across the board. And if you look at the work of people who lived and kept on writing after that time of life, it's a downward curve."

And in the twentieth century as well?

"Look at Max's three outstanding writers—Hemingway, Fitzgerald, and Wolfe. They all died young—Hemingway a suicide at sixty-one, Fitzgerald a complete drunken wreck at forty-four, and Wolfe of a brain infection at thirty-seven. Edith Wharton wrote her best work before she reached sixty.

After that, she began to write potboilers. Now, the reason for this is that fiction is a work of the imagination, or should be. And the imagination is a faculty that diminishes with age! It's true. The faculty of transmuting knowledge and experience into fiction is very much a product of the imagination. Roughly twenty years ago, I had a ten-year struggle with a novel that I had planned all my life to write. By then, believe me, I was no amateur. But I was defeated by it. And I said, 'Kid, this is it.' When I saw how much trouble I was having, I said, 'You can't do it. Don't try.' And I have not written any fiction since, because I was not going to write potboilers. And there's your story. I can write nonfiction if I want to, you know. I can still write the language with considerable force—I'm immodest enough to know that. I write very good English. I love the English language, and I do what I can to respect it. But the faculty that stands in the way of further creativity in fiction is the imagination. The byword is 'Poetry is the art of the young.' All the great poets died young. Fiction is the art of middle age. And essays are the art of old age, and I'm not interested in writing essays."

Essays pale as an art form?

"Of course they do. Your hair turns gray. Your figure goes to hell. You're old, you're old, and if you don't know it you should have your head examined."

Some weeks later, I attempt, in a letter, to remonstrate: Of course, imagination is at the heart of all art, but what if she hadn't really "lost" hers? What if she had merely used up a great deal, and, as with an underground aquifer, it simply took progressively longer to replenish the supply? What if she just hadn't taken a measuring stick to it lately to find out?

"I wish you were right that imagination comes from a replenishable reservoir," she writes back. "But if it did, people would not age physically, they would not lose their physical elasticity and agility, they would not forget the trifles of present-day existence (like the time I put the butter away in the oven) when they remember the minutest details of their lives decades ago—and bore you to death talking about it all. We draw a special degree of expressiveness-cum-imagination out of our relations with key people who put life in our life. And when they are all

AUDEMARS PIGUET
AUTOMATIC

Audemars Piguet

CLASSIC MOONPHASE
For those who refuse to settle for the second best, there is Audemars Piguet. This distinction was never more obvious than with the day, date and moonphase calendar. Self-winding. Water-resistant in 18K gold, $12,500.

TOURNEAU CORNER®
NEW YORK
BAL HARBOUR · GENEVA

MADISON AVE. & 52ND ST. MADISON AVE. & 59TH ST. SEVENTH AVE. & 34TH ST. BAL HARBOUR SHOPS/FLORIDA
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED (212) 758-6234/1-800-348-3332. CORPORATE GIFT DIV. (212) 888-2955

THE YEAR OF THE GARDEN
IN BRITAIN'S NATIONAL TRUST PROPERTIES

From Capability Brown to Penelope Hobhouse, from Sissinghurst to Hidcote, Britain has produced some of the world's most famous gardeners and gardens.

You're invited to take part in a year-long celebration by becoming a member of Royal Oak, the National Trust's U.S. membership affiliate. Benefits include a handbook to all 240+ Trust properties and FREE ADMISSION when you visit. As a member, you also receive a richly illustrated magazine, newsletter and invitations to lectures and special events throughout the year.

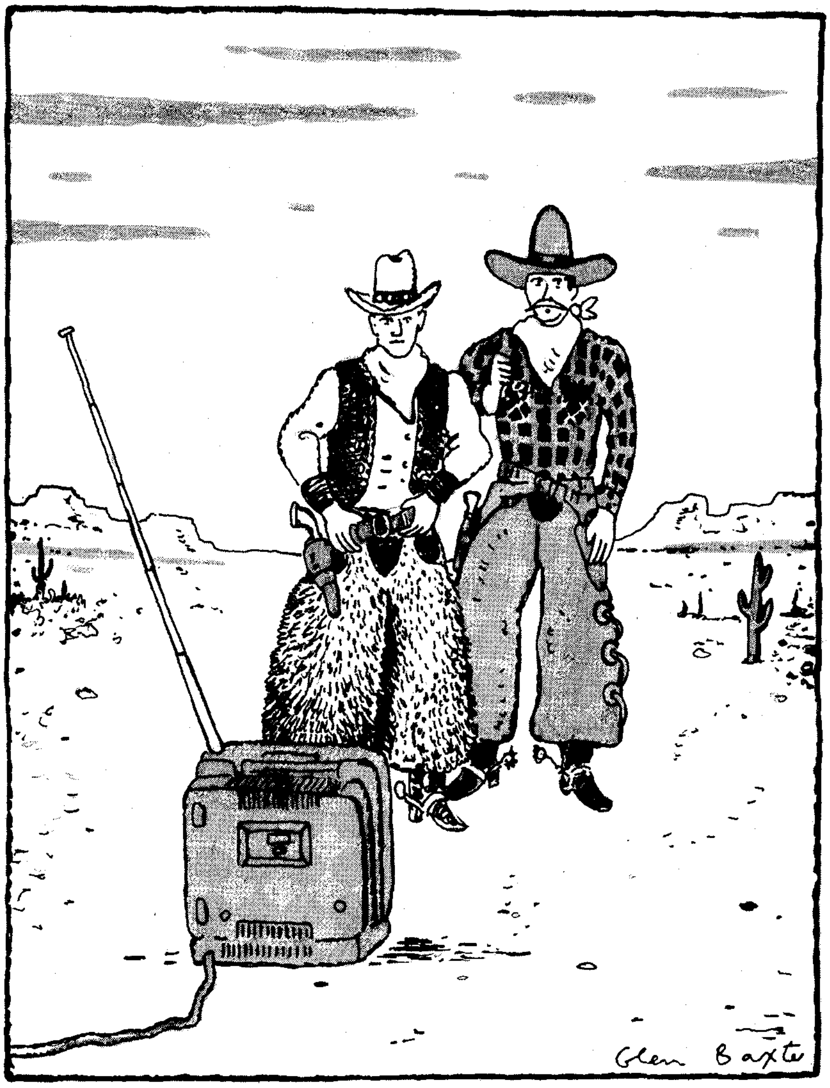
Join now in time to enjoy our salute to the best of gardens in America and Britain.

Please enroll me as a member of Royal Oak:
☐ Individual $40 ☐ Family $60 ☐ Send more information
Make checks payable to The Royal Oak Foundation
Charge my ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard (telephone orders accepted)
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
Credit Card Number
Expiration date________ Signature________________
Name________________________
Street________________________
City______________ State______ Zip______

THE ROYAL OAK
FOUNDATION

285 West Broadway
Suite 400
New York, New York
10013
(212) 966-6565

Under IRS guidelines, the estimated commercial value of your member benefits is not substantial; therefore we believe the full amount of your dues is tax deductible.
491NYR



THE BOYS ALWAYS FOUND SUNSET ON THE PRAIRIE A PARTICULARLY MOVING EXPERIENCE.

• •

dead there is nothing to replace them.”

And so there will be no new Davenport fiction—just the brutally honest nonfiction treatment she applies to everything, including the length of her own life. One day in Pebble Beach, she says, “Genetically, there’s no explanation for it. I never had a blood relation who lived to anything like the age I am now, and I don’t say this in a sense involving any emotion at all—it’s a fact. I deal with it because it is a rational fact from which there’s no escape. I have outlived every basic vital component in my life. There isn’t one left.”

The penetrating stare that accompanies that declaration is chilling. It tells you that you may be a nice person but you’re not a vital component. “It’s a fact.” But so is the absence of self-pity, and the clear-eyed assessment of her own achievement that one finds in “Too Strong for Fantasy”:

> I never had the talent or, as in some of Max’s authors, the genius to come through with writing which made literary history. The excesses in character and personality, the wild unruly drives in Fitzgerald and Hemingway and Wolfe, were left out of me and out of my capacity to write. I never had a quality like Marjorie Rawlings’s feeling for the simple materials with which she worked. . . . I had what I had—authentic knowledge of certain large elements of life and the world. I had vigor and I could work on a big canvas; I preferred to. I was driven more by the need to write what I knew than what I was.

IN 1965, giving in to intense curiosity, Marcia Davenport returned to Prague for the first time since she had left it “in shattering circumstances seventeen years before.” She describes in her autobiography how she drove her car along the Hradčanské Náměstí, where she had often ridden with Masaryk, and up to the Hradčany Castle itself: “Mr. Novotný was inside, being President of nothingness.” The main square she loved was now empty, its noble architecture “draped in red banners, surrounded by streamers of lying slogans and bloated lithographs of party satraps.” On rally days, “it is raucous with drilled robots shouting as Hitler’s pigs used to do.” But, at least, “I could thank God that Jan was at peace, that he had not had to witness from the indignity of exile the degradation of Czechoslovaks who violated their birthright [and] betrayed their country.”

Jan Masaryk had often quoted his father’s belief that “its artists are more important to a nation than its politicians.” Today, of course, the living proof of that idea is Václav Havel, the President of Czechoslovakia, whose “velvet revolution,” along with the new Czech political reality, has finally made possible the publication of “Too Strong for Fantasy” in Prague. As recently as a year and a half ago, Mrs. Davenport proclaimed her travelling days to be over. She declined an invitation from the University of Pittsburgh Press to come East for the reissue of “The Valley of Decision,” demurring because air travel at her age was too taxing. (She requires a cane for walking any distance.) But last October she decided to visit Czechoslovakia—for the first time in fifteen years—to prepare for the Czech publication of her autobiography.

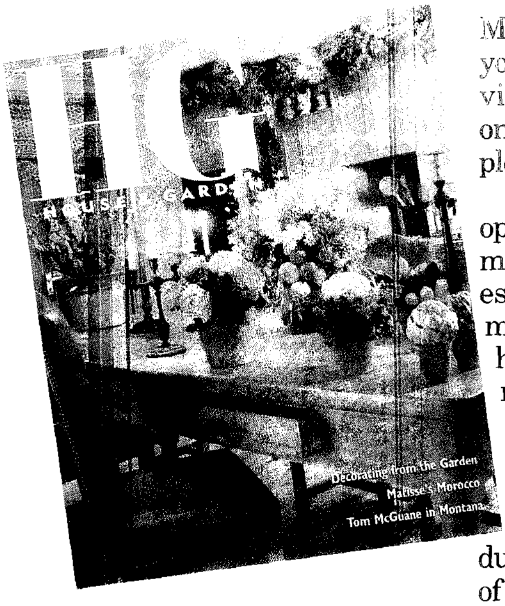
“That translation will inform two generations of Czechs of more than forty years of their own history, which they have been forbidden to know,” she told me before she left. “I’m not taking any credit for this—I didn’t make the history. All I did was be there. And I am the only survivor who is articulate and truthful enough to tell them what that book contains—though to what extent the people at large have their minds on that epoch I don’t know. I do know that they are keenly aware of Jan, and on the tenth of March, the anniversary of his death, there was an enormous and very touching demonstration at his grave, in Lány. President Havel was there, and most of the members of the new government.”

Would she be making appearances in Prague?

“What do you think it is—the Unit-

aren Radkai

HG invites you to explore the world's most beautiful homes. For only $1 an issue.



Month after month, HG gives you a personal invitation to visit magnificent homes that only a select few will have the pleasure of seeing.

As you turn the pages, you'll open the door to majestic mansions...sprawling country estates...dazzling city apartments...and enchanting hideaways owned by today's most celebrated personalities.

Look inside Carly Simon's charming cottage on Martha's Vineyard. Explore Armani's exquisite Milan duplex. Take a guided tour of Merv Griffin's Palm Desert ranch.

Climb the staircases to behold rooms that sparkle with gracious elegance. Walk through private halls and view priceless collections, rare antiques, handwoven tapestries, fascinating art and artifacts. Stroll under the flowered trellises to glimpse the glorious gardens bursting with vivid color.

From the most captivating classic designs to exciting new concepts in decoration, HG captures the essence of style—in all its splendor.

Subscribe now—FOR ONLY $1 AN ISSUE—and you'll receive a full year of HG (12 issues) for just $12. A saving of 50% off the regular subscription price of $24 (cover price: $48). Simply mail the accompanying postage-paid reply card today. (If card is missing, please write to: HG, P.O. Box 51466, Boulder, Colorado 80322-1466.)

ed States? Thank God, it's not. Appearances! Oh, God, no. I'm ancient history. They don't do any of this nonsense of running around promoting books."

Well, I hadn't thought I would find her on the Czech talk-show circuit, but perhaps—

She interrupted, dismissing me with a grimace and a semi-obscene gesture: "Why do you think I love Czechoslovakia? Because it's not the United States!"

But it's getting more like it all the time. And if there was any doubt about the continuing fascination with Jan Masaryk among Czechs it was erased by Davenport's reception in Prague. The interview requests from the media never stopped. Her photograph appeared in virtually every major paper, along with stories about a new memorial exhibit in the Foreign Ministry quarters where Masaryk spent his last, troubled days. Even a walk through Wenceslas Square brought evidence of his continuing presence: paperback-book venders were doing brisk business with stacks of "Proč Zemřel Jan Masaryk?" ("Why Did Jan Masaryk Die?"), a long-suppressed 1968 tract.

The opening of the Masaryk exhibit, on October 15th, had been timed so that Mrs. Davenport could attend. Jiri Dienstbier, the Czech Foreign Minister, was there, and so were the two daughters of Masaryk's late brother, Herbert, and the United States Ambassador, Shirley Temple Black, whom Davenport much admires: "She's very skillful. She kept her head all during the upheaval of a year ago. She's the only foreign ambassador everyone talks about." During the ceremony, Dienstbier eulogized Masaryk, noting that the real art of his diplomacy lay in his personality, and that the Masaryk name is a talisman by which Czechoslovakia is known to the world. He also made several graceful references to Davenport, and saluted her forthcoming book.

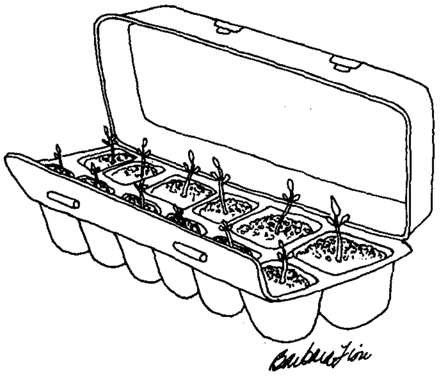
The exhibit consists of several glass cases displaying memorabilia and artifacts, though there are precious few of them: wartime photographs, letters, clippings, and pages from books by and about him, including "Speaking to My Country," a collection of his Second World War radio speeches. The exhibit, a sign informs us, will eventually include a pair of "Louis XVI armchairs, needlepoint upholstery worked by Marcia Davenport." A few steps away is a long, narrow room that had served Masaryk as both bedroom and office—it is now partitioned—and, behind that, a green-tiled bathroom. From the fatal window, one looks down at the courtyard, three stories below.

Some months earlier, in Pebble Beach, Mrs. Davenport had said to me, "When I'm there, nothing in the world would ever induce me to go near those rooms again." But in Prague she changed her mind, insisting that, before the opening ceremony, she be left alone to see them first.

"To my relief, it is all so changed," she said later, at her hotel. "Nothing is left of the rooms I knew and Jan lived in. He was being betrayed from above and below, and he desperately needed to escape now and then from the brutal realities. That is why he needed the seclusion of those rooms. In any case, I'm very grateful that my rational intelligence has taken precedence over my emotions. It would be too awful for me to be dripping around here in a morass of sentimentality."

MY guide on a private tour of Prague is Marcia Davenport. The Foreign Ministry has provided her with a car and a driver "who will do exactly as I say." That things be done this way has always been important in Mrs. Davenport's dealings with the world, but in this case she is displaying more than imperiousness. She'd prefer to have us do a walking tour, but she needs to conserve her energy. "From the neck up, I make as much sense as I ever did," she says as we embark. "The place where senility has hit me is not in the head."

In proof of this, for the better part of two days she directs our driver knowledgeably through Prague's maze of streets, with running commentary on the historical significance of Wenceslas and Old Town Squares, the Charles Bridge (arguably Europe's most beautiful), the great Town Hall clock, with the Apostles rotating on the hour. We stop by her old apartment, at No. 13 Loretanská: Masaryk visited her there, and his sister Alice lived across the hall. We get out and walk through Svatý Vit, the breathtaking Gothic cathedral, where Bohemian kings were crowned—a building human in size, and beautiful, with its Alfons Mucha stained glass.

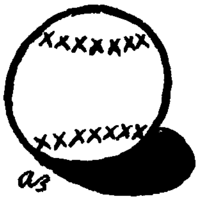


In between stops, she provides a sharp-eyed assessment of the physical and political changes she has been observing. "The original euphoria has begun to give way to the overwhelming problems of reality," she says, citing the traffic congestion as an example. "Prague has become uninhabitable, like all other big cities. I didn't think it would happen here. The whole goddam world has changed this way." But it is a fact, and, like all others, is to be faced squarely. "I loathe euphemism in any form. It sends me right up the wall. Whenever someone says"—she speaks in a mortician's voice—" 'He passed away,' I say, 'What? You mean he *died*?' " Indeed, she measures your every word with the scrutiny of a jeweller weighing out carats, and if the sense is imperfect she lets you know. On the way to the Hradčany, our car is stopped at a roadblock by an officious young Czech soldier, for reasons we never quite learn. Upon our release, she instantly resumes her monologue about the Hradčany area, while I am still glancing back over my shoulder at the soldier. Roadblocks are currently on my mind from a previous assignment, and I say, "That was exactly like the police checks I kept running into in Haiti last week."

She fixes me with a withering stare and replies, "That seems like a grotesque insertion in what I'm attempting to explain to you." You derail this lady's train of thought at your own risk.

Davenport's agenda includes a meeting with President Havel, who is the first Czech ruler in a millennium or so not to live in the Hrad (he lives in his family's apartment building), but whose office is there. As things turn out, she receives a cordial reception and tour but no Havel. The Soviets have just cut Czechoslovakia's oil supplies, and he is off attending to the crisis. Mrs. D. dismisses her disappointment with a wave of the hand and a statement of her awareness that critical *affaires d'état* take precedence over ceremony. Besides, she has business of her own to attend to—the Prague publication of "Too Strong for Fantasy."

Of the book's original four hundred and seventy pages, the Czech edition is an abridgment, containing five of its later chapters plus an early section that chronicles her initial attachment to the country. "So it'll make a very short book, which is ideal in the circumstances," she says. "They have to cope with a paper shortage, and I have told them I don't give a hoot about how the book looks or the quality of the paper, but I have insisted that they not try to save paper by using very small print, because that puts people off. It would be better to wait until you can get enough paper to use a decent size and easily legible print. I've also said I couldn't care less whether it's hardcover, paperback, cardboard—whatever is feasible and inexpensive. Let them not have to save and chisel to get money to buy it. It shouldn't be expensive. I've been very plain about that."



The prime mover in the project is her friend and translator Vladimír Smetáček, who was formerly a professor of linguistics and Slavic literature at Harvard. Mrs. Davenport met him in 1968, in Boston, and they became friends, and remained so after Smetáček's return to Prague, in 1970. He was forced to do technical translations in the wake of the post-Dubček crackdown, and now runs the government scientific, technical, and economic information service, but he is also the author of plays, screenplays, and children's books. Recently, he finished translating "Mozart"—the book that first brought Marcia Davenport to Prague, and that has never been published there.

"My life has been a continuous thread through Czech history of the last sixty years," Davenport recalls when we are back in her hotel. "Up until a year ago, I signed off on it. Then Smetáček proposed to translate and publish 'Too Strong for Fantasy,' just a week after this revolution—" The phone interrupts, and it's Smetáček himself, of whom she is fond and toward whom she is fondly bossy. He is calling about the "Marriage of Figaro" tickets, and is evidently insisting that he will pay for them. "Vladimír, shut up!" she shouts into the phone. "Stop arguing about everything! That's a very, very good boy."

Smetáček is devoted to her. "For several years before 1989, she seemed lost," he says the next day, when we meet. "After the revolution, I thought, Now we can get a publisher." He began translating the agreed-upon abridgment immediately and finished in April, 1990. "Her style is a little difficult," he says, and explains that he sought to preserve its "higher level" in Czech. The proposed printing, of a hundred thousand copies, is amazing in a nation of fifteen million people. Publication will be this summer. The book will be called "Jan Masaryk: Poslední Portrét" ("A Last Portrait").

Forty years ago, she recalls, the Czech version of "The Valley of Decision" was selling furiously "until it was withdrawn by the so-called Ministry of Information after the Communist putsch. Then, with the stirrings of the Prague Spring, in 1968, they published a new edition of fifty thousand, in both Czech and Slovak, and by the next time I got there they had sold a hundred and seventy-five thousand copies—until the Communists banned it and destroyed the plates." Since arriving in Prague on the current trip, she says, "I don't get through a day here that people don't come up to me with copies of it to sign."

Before the 1948 coup, she agreed that her royalty moneys would stay in Czechoslovakia, and as a result "a huge pile of crowns" has accrued in a Prague bank under her name. The money has been largely unused and unusable, because she can't legally take it out of the country or give it away inside, and after the Masaryk book is published a new pile is expected. In her hotel room, she fulminates heartily about all those near-worthless crowns in the *mazlina* ("freezer"), a few of which she has managed to thaw out during this trip. The only thing she can spend the crowns on is her travel expenses, and for that reason dinner tonight is to be her treat. "Do not try to interfere with me fiscally," she says menacingly, and, having overheard her handling of Smetáček on the phone, I am not about to.

The restaurant, recommended and

Reader's Catalog.

A 1,382-page revolution: 40,000 of the best books in print, only a phone call away.
A different way to pick out the books you want to read, and then order them by phone.
Owning the Reader's Catalog is like having an enormous bookstore all to yourself.
No crowds.
No lines.
No roving clerk-novelists with raised eyebrows.
No over-the-shoulder editors.
No rules.
If you feel like browsing at 3:17 AM while eating Pepperidge Farm cookies and playing loud music, do it.
If you feel like sitting on the beach at St. Barts while browsing through the best books on True Crime, Paleontology, Sex, Classical Chinese Literature, Crisis Management and the great fiction bestsellers of 1930 through 1989, do it.
The Reader's Catalog is a 1,382-page feast of the best authors, the best authorities, the best books, paperback and hardcover (many hard-to-find titles included); organized, indexed, priced, annotated, illustrated and grouped into 208 essential categories.
Ordering from the Reader's Catalog couldn't be easier. Do it through their toll-free 800 number, or by mail, directly through their catalog. (Or take your list into your bookstore and have them order.)
Why didn't somebody think of this before?
Price: $24.95.

READER'S CATALOG

Call (800) 231-7341
Visa, MasterCard, American Express.
Absolute satisfaction or your money back.

The J. Peterman Company
2444 Palumbo Drive, Lexington, Kentucky 40509
©1991 The J. Peterman Company

DMT® Crystal Saver™

DIAMONDS SAVE THE EDGE

The Crystal Saver™ easily smooths the jagged edges of fine crystal, china, ceramics, mirrors and any hard material. Convenient light-weight ¼" half round steel shaft permanently coated with microscopic diamonds. Major Credit Cards. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Crystal Saver...$16 2 for...$30
Add $2 shipping

PARKER'S Box 81241 Dept. NY41
Wellesley Hills, MA 02181

How to Own *Original*
Audubon Lithographs—
for as little as $195!

The New Yorker Magazine
(February 25, 1991) called *John James Audubon "the nearest thing American art has had to a founding father."*

Special Offer
Now *Audubon's original lithographs* (120–150 years old) of **"The Birds of America"** and **"Viviparous Quadrupeds"** can be acquired from $195–up to $10,000 (for rare giant folios). Brilliantly hand-colored under *Audubon's* personal supervision. Mint condition. No modern reproduction compares.

Free Book
Call today. Ask how you can receive a *full-color coffee table book of Audubon's drawings* — **FOR FREE!**
Supply limited. All sales guaranteed.

GEORGETOWN GALLERIES
Investment Quality Collectibles
7315 Wisconsin Ave. Bethesda, MD 20814
1-800-877-1726

From Navajo lore
"Mother-in-Law" Bell Bracelet

From ancient Navajo lore comes this stunning, sterling silver bracelet with its silver "Mother-in-Law" bell. Navajo custom ruled: *"Son-in-law must never face mother-in-law."* To signal her presence she wore little bells! Enchanting, unique. $29.95 ppd. Gift boxed. Check, M.O. or AMEX. *Love it or money back.* Exclusive from SANDHILLS TRADING POST, 1854 South 91 St. PO Box 241324, Omaha, NE 68124.
Phone: (402) 392 1475. Nebr. residents add 5%.

LONDON FLATS
English Charm with American Standards
Selective Locations & Prices
Weekly and Long Term Lets
FARNUM & CHRIST
1-800-366-2048

os
Ordnance Survey
MAPS OF BRITAIN
Ordnance maps for travel or genealogy, to enhance history or literature.
Send for our unique catalog.
Telephone **(206) 485-2132**
David Morgan
11812 Northcreek Pky. N., Suite 103
Bothell, WA 98011

booked for her by Ambassador Black, is the Opera Grill, Prague's finest. It is near the Charles Bridge but is tucked away on a narrow side street and is so exclusive that it has no sign. The cabbie has driven past it twice, and Mrs. D. is furious: "This fool!" We're late, and she's certain the reservation will be cancelled. When the driver tries to apologize, she says, "Don't talk! *Ne řekejte!*" When we finally get there, the unmarked door is locked. Stomping up to it, she hauls off and whops it three times with her cane, whereupon a terrified maître d' appears. The look on his face would be more appropriate to a visit by the Gestapo or the K.G.B. than to the arrival of the eighty-seven-year-old friend of Masaryk heralded throughout Prague this week.

How exclusive is the restaurant? It has seven tables. Mrs. D. is soon pacified by elegant service and marvellous food. She forgets her pique, and we end up lingering for three hours, during which she recalls Jan Masaryk's sense of humor in the hopeful days after the Nazi liberation and before the coup: "Right after the war, agriculture was devastated, of course, and Czechoslovakia was desperate for cows to restore its dairy industry. So it was arranged with a war-relief organization to send a shipload of pregnant Herefords from the United States. They were to end up in a rural town outside Prague on the way to Pardubice, where there was a railroad siding abutting on a meadow, and Jan was to be there, and he asked me to go with him. The secretary of the local co-op didn't know me from a pregnant heifer, but I was with Jan, so it was O.K. We climbed up on a fence to watch the farmers greet the cows. It was so charming—they put garlands around their necks one by one as they came off the train. And finally Jan was asked to make a speech, and, without getting off the fence, all he said was '*Ale kde je býk?*'—'But where's the bull?' "

IN view of her profound love of Czechoslovakia, it struck me as odd that in her new preface to "The Valley of Decision" she seems to suggest that if she had known the fates of the steel industry and of Czechoslovakia itself she would never have written that book. When I asked her why she made that statement, she replied, "I didn't say it that way. I said that if I had had the foresight to see what was going to happen to these two great interests of mine, I *couldn't* have written the book. Because I had to believe in those living entities while I was at work on it. If anybody had said to me, 'But they're going to be dead,' I would have said, 'All right, then there's no book to write.' "

That was two years ago, when we first met. She seemed elderly; pessimistic in general, and about Czechoslovakia in particular. But now, in Prague, I see a much younger woman, visibly energized by something heroic and against the odds. "I'm not kidding myself—this is my last trip here, and I know it," she says in her hotel room a few days before leaving for home. "But in this book I've got something to give these people, and it's worth my pain and theirs."

At "The Marriage of Figaro," she wept during the Countess's third-act aria "Dove sono" and the gorgeous Letter Duet that follows it, transported by this beloved work—*her* Mozart in *her* Prague. It is easy to speak of "closure," yet her going there, being there, seemed to write "finis" to the great nightmare of her life. Masaryk's death has a Christlike analogy—a sacrifice for his nation, in which the murder-or-suicide question is ultimately moot. Either way, his death morally undermined the legitimacy of the Communist coup and sowed the seeds of its failure. What Jan Komenský prophesied has yet again come to pass: though it took an agonizing forty-one years for the Czech people to be rid of that regime, *they would be rid of it.*

Davenport was the first person asked to sign the guestbook at the Masaryk exhibit in the Foreign Ministry, and Shirley Temple Black was struck by how she did it: "She just wrote her name, 'Marcia Davenport,' and, beside it, 'Returned.' I like one-word statements. That, to me, seemed to say it all."

It is a kind of resurrection in Czech history, and Marcia Davenport has lived to see it.

—BARRY PARIS

•

MR. BRISKET'S VEAL BRISKET
Serves 4-6
203 pounds onions, thinly sliced
1 bay leaf
5 pounds veal brisket (2 briskets)
—*Chagrin Valley (Ohio) Times.*

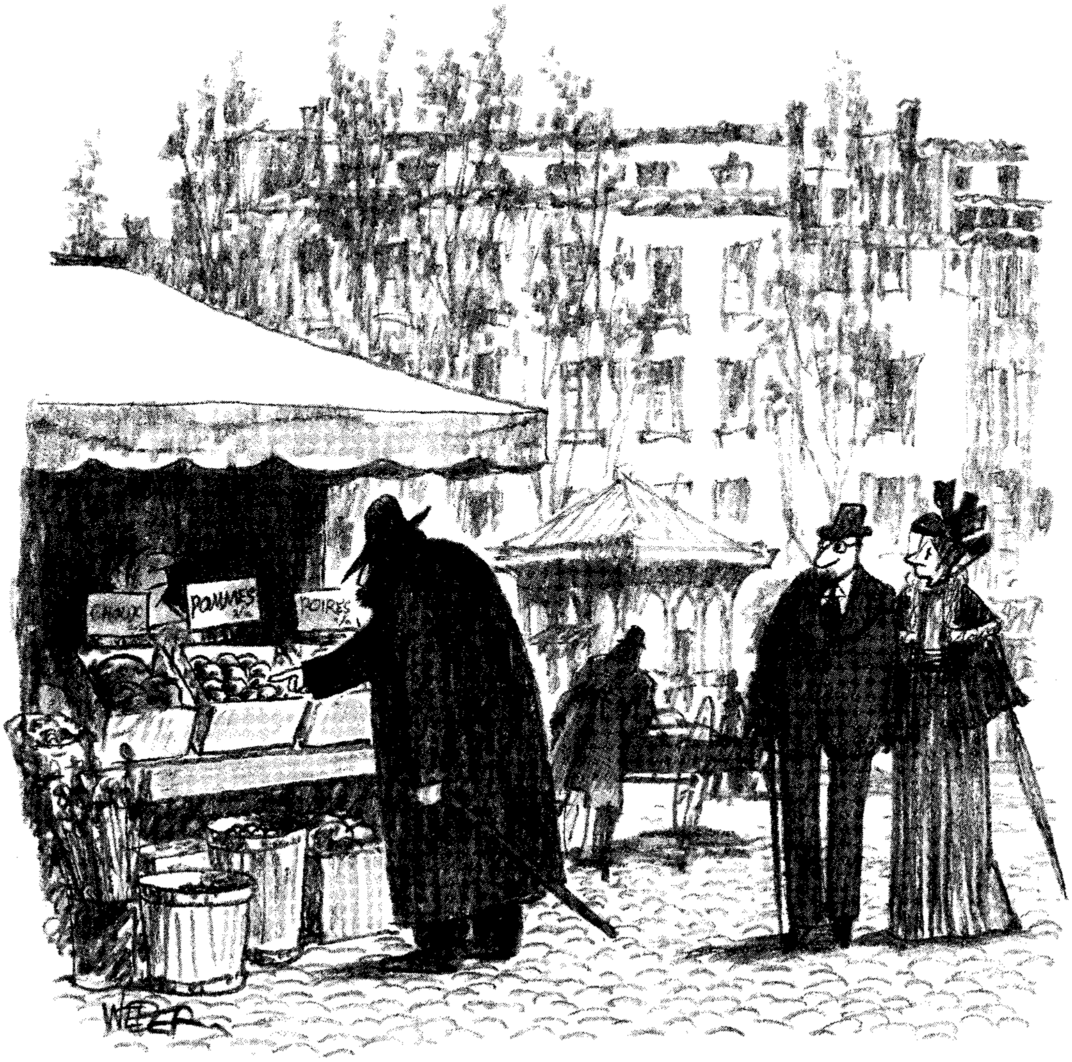
The bay leaf makes all the difference.

THE THEATRE

Barrymore Returns

NICOL WILLIAMSON is the treat that New York deserves and has deserved for a long time—a star who gives a marvellous comedy performance. The occasion is Paul Rudnick's "I Hate Hamlet," at the Walter Kerr, in which Mr. Williamson appears as the ghost of John Barrymore, summoned to come to the aid of a Hollywood actor whose television series has been cancelled and who has been booked to play Hamlet in the Park. The action opens in an enormous Greenwich Village apartment, formerly Barrymore's, with the furnishings shrouded in dust sheets; the actor, whose name is Andrew, and who is very shaky about the Hamlet prospect, enters with a real-estate agent, a middle-aged woman. She organizes a kind of Ouija-board operation (without the board) to get in touch with her late mother and asks her to produce the late Mr. B. Mom eventually does so. His entrance is a beaut, and he is, of course, visible to only a few of the characters at hand. These include Andrew's New York agent; his beautiful, Ophelia-like girlfriend, who is determined to preserve her virginity until marriage; and his Hollywood producer. The producer has been against the Hamlet project from the first, Shakespeare to him being just "algebra onstage." That, by the way, is a sample of the jokey dialogue—pretty good jokey dialogue—spoken by everybody, and one of the joys of the evening is watching Mr. Williamson appraising the conversation around him: Williamson listening, as the wisecracks rain down, is funnier than anybody else talking. His performance is part dead-on parody of the movie Barrymore's attitudes and mannerisms, and part not. When the parody abruptly stops, and he reads a Shakespearean line as it should be read or strikes a duelling stance and begins the swordplay, it is immediately apparent why Barrymore was the greatest Hamlet of his generation. One telling moment comes when Andrew begs for his help, and he replies, "Speak the speech, I pray you," and so on; and another is when Andrew confesses his nervousness and he says, "Who do you think I am? I was a light comedian; I was petrified."

Line by line, Mr. Rudnick is a competent writer of comedies, but in this instance synopsis serves no purpose. Quickly, then. When the second act begins, the dust sheets are off, revealing Tony Straiges's extraordinarily effective setting, lighted by Paul Gallo. Andrew has opened in the Park and has failed—or, at least, he thinks he has—but he gets the girl anyway. The performance would go better if Evan Handler were stronger as Andrew (stronger, at any rate, than he was at the Saturday matinée before opening night). Jane Adams is a delight as the girlfriend, and Adam Arkin is dandy as the Hollywood producer. The others, who do well enough, are Celeste Holm as the New York agent and Caroline Aaron as the real-estate agent, and, come to think of it, Jane Greenwood as the costume designer. But, of course, it is Williamson, in a splendid role, who carries the day. Sir Nicol, I should think, from now on—on this side of the Atlantic, anyway. —EDITH OLIVER

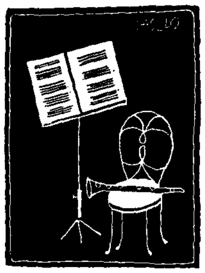


"Isn't that Paul Cézanne?"

MUSICAL EVENTS

Reverencing the Masters

Mozart Year brings more than Mozart. The Juilliard School is preparing a production of Cimarosa's "Le Donne Rivali" along with as much of "Lo Sposo Deluso" (which has the same libretto) as Mozart completed. And the outstanding event so far has been a small festival of Haydn's chamber music, given last month at the Metropolitan Museum: six concerts, each including piano music, a piano trio or two, and one of the Opus 76 quartets. The principal performers were the pianist András Schiff, who was also the artistic director of the festival, and the Takács String Quartet. This was a scaled-down version of a nine-concert Haydn festival given three summers ago in London's Wigmore Hall; the main New York omissions were the Opus 77 quartets, three piano sonatas (including the great D major, H. 51), and a clutch of chamber music employing a flute or flutes. I'm not complaining; I attended three of the concerts, and each was a feast—a rare and wonderful evening of adventurous great music performed in a way that combined technical aplomb with communicative zest.



The music was mainly from the last decade of the eighteenth century—from Haydn's London and Vienna years. During his three decades in the service of Prince Nicholas Esterházy, one of Haydn's principal tasks had been running a very busy opera company. He also had to provide music of all kinds for the establishment, and composed—besides fifteen operas, symphonies and string quartets galore, church music, celebration cantatas—a hundred and seventy-five works featuring the baryton, the Prince's favored instrument. Nicholas's successor, Prince Anton, disbanded the opera company and the orchestra, and in 1790 Haydn moved to Vienna; at the end of the year, he set out for London. He could now compose more freely for "the world," for new friends, such as the pianist Therese Jansen (for whom his last three sonatas and last three piano trios were written), and for himself. In the works of the nineties, there is a new freedom, often a new breadth, often a newly exuberant playfulness. Haydn is nearly always wonderful; in the late trios, the late quartets, and the late piano sonatas, his audacity, his ceaselessly inventive way with themes and textures, his provision of harmonic and rhythmic surprises are at their most wonderful.

Haydn probably wrote some keyboard trios in his early days, before 1760. In the mid-eighties, both he and Mozart took up the medium in earnest, and Haydn went on to compose twenty-eight trios—most of them after 1790. Beethoven became his pupil in 1792; and when Haydn returned to Vienna in 1795, after his second London stay, Beethoven's Opus 1, three piano trios, had been published. Haydn, who may have heard the trios in 1793, is said to have advised Beethoven against publishing the third of them, the C minor, and thereby to have vexed his turbulent pupil. Haydn's own later trios here and there take cognizance of Beethoven's Opus 1, but they are compositions of very different temper—not so much challenges or reproofs as affirmations of other rich possibilities. They were published as piano sonatas, with violin and cello accompaniment. Usually, the piano is dominant while the violin and the cello provide, as it were, a third and fourth hand, able to color and decorate the themes that sound from the keyboard, or to repeat them in a new way, with a new timbre. But the string parts are not unrewarding. The "Jacob's Dream" movement of No. 31 takes the violin on dizzy independent flights.

Mr. Schiff, in both the trios and the solo sonatas, was an ideal pianist—warm, witty, and cultivated, subtle and detailed but never affected. His trio partners were Yuuko Shiokawa, violin, and Boris Pergamenschikow, cello. He also accompanied John Shirley-Quirk in a set of English canzonettas, and made much of the introduction to "She never told her love," Haydn's best song. (And, at a concert I missed, Cecilia Bartoli and he performed the cantata "Arianna a Naxos.") The famous Takács Quartet was ideal, too, in its feeling for line, inflection, colors, converse, and in what one might call "compositional immediacy."

Handel's "Saul," the greatest of English musical dramas, a tragedy sometimes mentioned in a breath with the "Oresteia" and "King Lear," was performed this month by Harry Saltzman and his Sine Nomine Singers and Baroque Orchestra. The hall—Alice Tully—was not full, but there was a decent attendance, and enthusiastic applause at the close. Jan Opalach was a noble protagonist. He has refined once orotund vowels into eloquence. His vocal authority and imaginative command of the role transmuted the plain chair of a concert performance, when Saul sank into or rose from it, into a monarch's throne. Mr. Saltzman's performance was springy, athletic, and admirably paced. He never plodded. He was swift and flexible in dramatic response. The recitatives and continuo-accompanied airs were not beaten out; started by a director ready to intervene only if anything went wrong, they were left to flow. Little did go wrong, anywhere, except in the brass playing. Mary Ann Hart was an agreeably forthright David, Steven Tharp a clear Jonathan. Ann Monoyios and Catherine Aks, the Michal and the Merab, sang truly, but their words were hard to catch. There was a chorus of twenty-four. Eight singers left the ranks from time to time to come forward in the small solo roles, and three to play instruments. (The carillon was represented by a pair of glockenspiels.) Individualizing the roles meant that the principals, apart from David, did not take part in the final sequence (else Jonathan would seem to be singing at his own funeral); musically, this was perhaps a pity. Handel's soloists, scholars think, sang also in the choruses; the practice might be worth reviving.

In a place less dry and depleting than Tully, this "Saul" would have been overwhelming. (Sine Nomine used to do its Handel oratorios in Merkin, but that hall could scarcely hold "Saul," with its uncommonly large orchestra.) Pitch incompatibility presumably precluded the use of the Tully organ. As it was, there was some lack of force and majesty—but not of energy—in the sound of the big choruses.

Weber spent much of his career in opera houses, concerning himself with every aspect of the performances. With "Der Freischütz" he won an international triumph. He wrote often and trenchantly about opera. (The pieces are collected in "Carl Maria von Weber: Writings on Music," published by Cambridge.) He championed as an operatic ideal "a self-sufficient work of art in which every feature and every contribution by the related arts are moulded together in a certain way and dissolve, to form a new world." We pay regular lip service to his dramatic genius, and blame the ramshackle librettos of "Euryanthe" and "Oberon" for causing much remarkable music to be little heard. From time to time, we revive "Der Freischütz," but seldom, outside Germany, with success. The Met tried a production twenty years ago, and the City Opera tried one ten years ago; neither survived.

Edward J. Dent ended his 1937-38 Cornell lectures, which were published years later as "The Rise of Romantic Opera," with an exhortation: "If you have ever allowed yourselves to reverence the great masters, I hope you will abandon that attitude. . . . Our minds are rendered sluggish by the constant habit of veneration; we must sharpen our critical faculties." The index has four page references under "Weber, amateurishness of," and they lead to some sharp comments:

> Weber's supposed genius for the theatre was not an understanding of continuous drama; he had merely a practised eye for isolated theatrical effects. . . . He can always invent the most ravishing initial phrases, but they are almost always instrumental and not vocal. . . . The solo instrument delivers the attractive phrase, and the voice has to go on as best it can, until Weber suddenly thinks of some French conversational way of treating the words that brings out their sense for a flash in the most illuminating way. Those are Weber's great moments, moments of direct expression which are indeed his and his alone; but he is incapable of constructing a well-balanced piece of music.

It can easily be argued that for the sake of those great moments—and some great periods, too, especially in "Oberon"—Weber's operas, despite their dramatic ineptitude, merit occasional revival. The music is worth hearing. (Haydn's and Schubert's operas are a similar case.) When Eve Queler and her Opera Orchestra of New York gave us a concert "Oberon" thirteen years ago, I called it "a pageant of enchantments." Their "Freischütz" in Carnegie last month was less enchanting—perhaps because the music is more familiar and less exquisite. Once again, however, Miss Queler introduced an important new singer to the city. Ben Heppner, a Canadian whose Walther von der Vogelweide, in Chicago, and Walther von Stolzing, in Seattle, have been praised in these pages, made his New York début and was a fine Max. His "young-heroic" tenor flows strong, free, and lyrical. His German was clear, and the wedding of verbal and tonal inflections (in the repeated phrase "Agathes Liebesblick," for example) was sometimes beautiful. Hildegard Behrens, the Agathe, had good interpretative intentions, and her tones, once she had placed them, were steady and shining; but long years of Brünnhilde have evidently taken a toll of her voice's ease of action. Her negotiation of the exposed music had no semblance of spontaneity, and she seemed to find it hard to sing gently. Ännchen's three songs were piped, truly but not sweetly, by Jane Giering, an American light soprano, active in Germany, who was making an American début, and they sounded even duller than usual. Hans Sotin, somewhat score-bound, was taxed by the extremes of Caspar's music but was powerful within them. Richard Cross, the City Opera's Moses, was an imposing, invisible Samiel. Miss Queler's conducting tends to become, I think, more insistent and driving, less fluent.

Gluck's "Paride ed Elena" is a work unlikely to enter the general repertory so long as Verdi and Puccini constitute a norm. The cast is five sopranos (with a brief solo-tenor episode in one of the choruses), and the five acts are concerned with but a single action: Paris' wooing and eventual winning of Helen. But companies should consider the piece: it is the loveliest of the three "reform" operas that Calzabigi and Gluck created for Vienna, and in performance I have never found it less moving than its predecessors, "Orfeo" and "Alceste." Paris arrives in Sparta as a playboy, lightheartedly eager to claim the bribe—the loveliest woman in the world—that was promised him when he judged the divine beauty contest. When he sees Helen, he falls earnestly and deeply in love with her, and she with him. She is betrothed (not married, in this operatic version) to Menelaus; propriety, dignity, and a distaste for quick surrender restrain her; and she shows more than a touch of regal wit when, albeit with inner pangs, she reproves Paris' forward, confident protestations. Gradually, he breaks down her resistance, largely by the power of song that di-

Introducing
Ladybug
the new magazine for children ages 2 to 7 from CRICKET magazine

Discover the pleasure of quiet moments with your child, in a world of ideas, adventures, and activities. "It's a delight to the eye, an adventure for the mind."
— Lloyd Alexander, author/Newbery medalist

$14.95 for an EIGHT-ISSUE TRIAL subscription. Send no money. We will bill you later. *Save over $10.00 off the regular twelve-issue price!* Order now by calling toll free or by sending us this coupon.

Name ____________
Address ____________
City, State, Zip ____________

LADYBUG, Box 58344, Boulder, CO 80322
1-800-BUG PALS (1-800-284-7257, Ext. 5L)
5LCY9

"Tennis for me, a Spa for you . . . now that's paradise!"

The Inn at Manitou
An Exclusive lakeside Spa and Tennis Resort for only 64 guests
150 miles north of Toronto. Call for our brochure; Toronto (416) 967-3466 or New York (212) 772-0594
RELAIS & CHATEAUX

Natural California Almonds
Fresh from the Farm to You
Buy your shelled Natural Almonds directly from the grower/processor, get them fresh and save money at the same time. Great for snacking as well as baking. Send check or money order, Visa or MasterCard# plus Exp. Date (Please include phone number) for 4 lbs. - $12, 10 lbs. - $28, or 20 lbs. - $50. Prices include delivery in the Continental U.S.
Alaska/Hawaii add 20% for shipping.
Mail To: TAP ALMONDS
12700 E. Graves Rd., Dept. U
Manteca, CA 95336
(209) 599-7248
30-day Money Back Guarantee

rectly conveys the feelings of his heart. (The first Paris was the castrato Giuseppe Millico, for whom Gluck had made the soprano version of "Orfeo.") Both the text (which is based on the Paris-to-Helen and Helen-to-Paris letters in Ovid's "Heroides") and the music are subtle, stirring, and beautiful. In the last act, Pallas Athene appears to the lovers and, with Queen of the Night-like fire, warns them of the public destruction that must follow if they allow passion to conquer decency and duty. Her intervention comes too late: powerless to abjure their love, they knowingly embrace its consequences. Although the finale is an apparently joyful C-major embarkation chorus, the opera, like "Anthony and Cleopatra," mingles triumph and tragedy. A serious, powerful drama.

A Mannes College presentation of "Paride" last month offered rare and choice pleasure. It was not fully staged—no décor, no dances—but by the principals, aptly dressed, it was "enacted" in demeanor and gesture, with entrances and exits. Will Crutchfield conducted. During long rehearsals—with the thorough, months-long preparation, both intellectual and vocal, that in this country perhaps only a music school can provide—he had inspired his young cast to an understanding of the opera. Every utterance was properly weighted and shaped; every phrase, every musical contour told. Natalie Arduino and Laura Danehower, the Paris and the Helen, were sensitive, touching singers. Elizabeth Wiley was Amor (Venus' emissary in Paris' enterprise, disguised as a courtier, counterpart of the Amor/Ascanius in Berlioz's "Les Troyens"). Olga Makarina, more of a stand-and-deliver actress than the others but vocally assured, was Pallas. Ciru James was the fifth soprano, a Trojan mariner in the first scene. The orchestra had evidently had less rehearsal than the cast, but the first oboe, Mikhail Mamedov, understood his role. The opera was sung in Italian; a bilingual libretto in large, clear type was provided, and the lights were left up.

THE Juilliard Opera Center played Verdi's "Falstaff" in February. Julius Rudel conducted, and Frank Corsaro directed. The show had its quiddities—the protagonist was lean and lank—and it was not unbearable (caught by Verdi's music, I stayed to the close), but it had no special merit except, perhaps, as a teaching vehicle for the students. Last month, the Juilliard Drama Division played Kurt Weill's "Happy End" in a show that was gripping from beginning to end. (There are still three performances left.) Moni Yakim directed, Allen Moyer designed, Deborah Lapidus prepared the music, and Wade Russo led from the piano—all four with high accomplishment. "Happy End" has a draggle-tail libretto—book by Elisabeth Hauptmann, lyrics by Brecht—which Michael Feingold's English adaptation could tidy but a little. Weill's songs—songs of genius—hit home with a force almost as irresistible as those sung by Gluck's Paris. The performance was athletic and physical to a point where, watching the first night, I wondered whether the actors could survive the run unwounded. Do Juilliard opera aspirants, who in their show seemed more placid and conventional, eagerly attend drama-division classes, to learn something of the verbal punchiness and alert physical communicativeness that made this "Happy End" so exciting?

AMATO OPERA last month put on eight performances of Verdi's "I Due Foscari," in its tiny, pleasing opera house on the Bowery. (The work had not been staged here since the Rome Opera brought it to the Met, twenty-three years ago.) Anthony Amato, the conductor and stage director, and Richard Cerullo, the designer, worked once again their accustomed miracle: they brought a grand opera to life with very modest solo, choral, instrumental, and scenic resources. Confidence and a sure feeling for style play a large part in it. Each performance had a different cast. In mine, the most nearly accomplished singer was the tenor, Vincent Titone, and the important clarinet solos were eloquently phrased. "I Due Foscari," Verdi's sixth opera, stands apart from its fellows in its intimacy of manner and its breaks with formal convention; in this "reduced to essentials" performance, the individuality and formal daring became even more apparent. My Amato visits have been to unusual pieces: Boito's "Nerone," Gomes's "Salvator Rosa," and now "I Due Foscari." I wonder how the familiar pieces fare. This month's Amato opera is "Tosca," next month's "La Traviata." —ANDREW PORTER

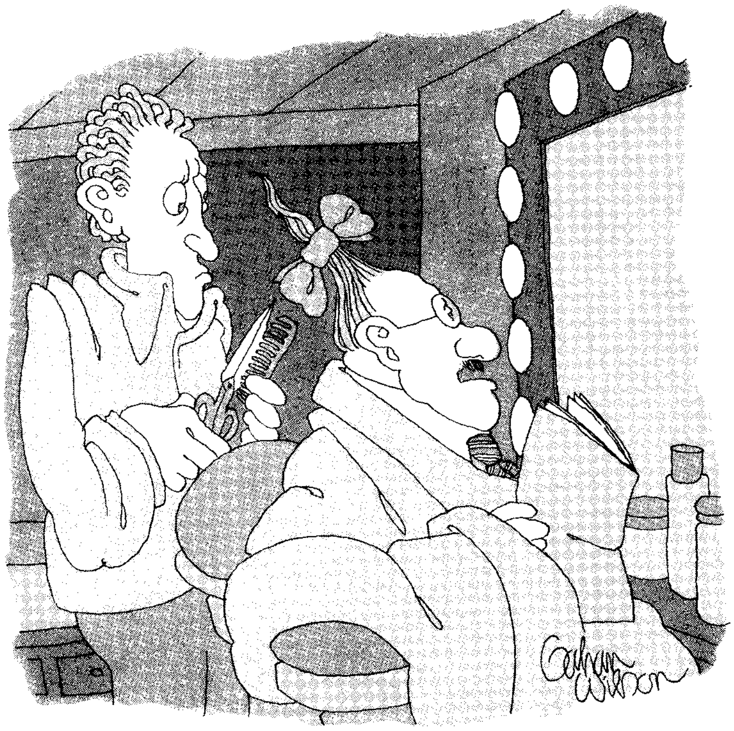
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Settling Accounts

THE setting of Albert Brooks' new comedy, "Defending Your Life," is a place called Judgment City, which, according to this picture, is where people from Southern California go immediately after death. Judgment City is neither Heaven nor Hell; it's where souls in transit through the universe lay over while they wait to catch a flight to their next state of being. A shuttle bus brings the freshly expired hero, Daniel Miller (Brooks), to a cheerfully impersonal, airport-style hotel; like any exhausted business traveller, he flops onto the bed, without bothering to get under the covers, and goes right to sleep. Waking up the following morning after a nice long snooze, Daniel feels perkier and more alert—less death-lagged. Another shuttle takes him to a gleaming office complex and a meeting with a lawyer (Rip Torn), who fills him in on what Judgment City is all about. Here recently completed lives are examined and evaluated, in a formal proceeding something like a trial. The deceased sits in front of a screen on which incidents from his life are projected, and a pair of judges ask him to account for his conduct; there's a prosecutor to build the case against him, and a defense lawyer to help him rebut the accusations. If he wins the case, he moves up the cosmic ladder to some higher form of consciousness; if he loses, he's sent back to earth for another go at merely human life. Daniel, a yuppie adman who met his untimely end in a brand-new BMW, naturally believes in upward mobility; in death, as in life, he wants to impress the higher-ups and get that promotion.

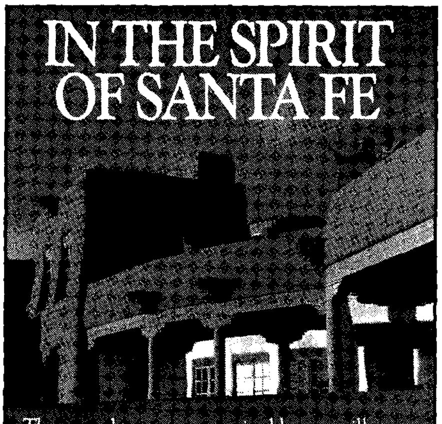
"Defending Your Life" sounds as if it should be the ultimate Albert Brooks movie. (It's the fourth picture he's written and directed; "Real Life," "Modern Romance," and "Lost in America" are the others.) Brooks' persona has always been that of an anxious, spoiled, middle-class baby boomer—a guy who's greedy and self-obsessed but pretends not to be, because he doesn't want people to disapprove of him. (He's greedy emotionally as well as materially.) Most of the humor in Brooks' pictures comes from putting this character in situations designed to make him squirm: his desires are thwarted, and he throws a tantrum; somebody calls his number after he has behaved especially badly, and he has to improvise a reasonable-sounding explanation for acting like a jerk. Daniel Miller's circumstances in "Defending Your Life" are an ideal setup for Brooks' kind of comedy: death, after all, thwarts desire in a pretty decisive way, and the judgment process might appear to offer Brooks terrific opportunities to show off his genius for desperate rationalizing. Even though the picture seems to take forever to get going, the audience remains hopeful and good-natured through the long exposition, because it's anticipating big laughs from the judicial review of the hero's life. But the comic payoffs never arrive. Brooks' sheepish expressions as he turns to face the judges after they've finished watching some particularly ignominious episode in his life are good for a few chuckles. And Rip Torn brings a lunatic courtroom theatricality to the defense lawyer's speeches: with great rhetorical confidence, he booms out absurdly benign interpretations of his client's actions. (After looking at a scene in which an eleven-year-old Daniel is humiliated by a schoolyard bully, the lawyer urges the judges to see the boy's refusal to stand up for himself as evidence of manly restraint; later, we see little Daniel snitch on a friend to avoid punishment, and the defense counsel launches into a stirring sophistic paean to his client's honesty.) The humor doesn't have any satiric edge, though, because the character Brooks has written for himself this time isn't the one he's been developing all these years—the egotistical, grotesquely needy yup whom we really *want* to see stammer and sweat in his swivel chair as the universe decides his fate. Daniel Miller is a softer, less threatening version of that character: not an eager beaver but a cute, scurrying mouse.

The case against Daniel, which the prosecutor (Lee Grant) presents with pitiless logic, is that he lived too timidly—that he lacked the courage and drive to make the most of his opportunities on earth. We see him, in clips from his adult life, enduring a series of petty disappointments, each of them (according to the movie) the consequence of fear: he backs off from a risky investment, which would have turned out to be a bonanza; accepting a new job, he settles quickly for the first salary offer, although it's much less money than he wants; and so on. And his cowardice extends beyond the grave. In Judgment City, he falls in love with beautiful, vivacious Julia (Meryl Streep), who's having a far easier trial than he is (her film clips show her rushing into burning buildings to save children and small animals), and then rejects her invitation to spend the night with her, because he's afraid. If you're familiar with Brooks' previous work, it might take you a while to realize that this


"Absolutely not!"

HOMES & ESTATES

IN THE SPIRIT OF SANTA FE



Those used to uncompromised luxury will not be disappointed in the elegant Quail Run resort condominium community minutes from the heart of Santa Fe. Spacious floorplans feature patios and balconies for spectacular mountain views. Complete recreational facilities, 24-hour security. Priced from the low $200,000's. Exclusive sales agents: French & French Fine Properties, Inc. **Call toll free (800) 548-6990.**

☐ Please send me a free executive brochure.
Name__________
Address__________
City______ State___ ZIP_____
14078
Phone ( ) __________

QUAIL RUN

3101 Old Pecos Trail, Santa Fe, NM 87505-9043
This is not an offering to CA, NY, NJ or IL residents.
Sales can only be made in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

HOMES & ESTATES
is a biweekly feature in
THE NEW YORKER

For more information
on advertising in this
section, please call
Laura Baumstein at
(212) 536-5463

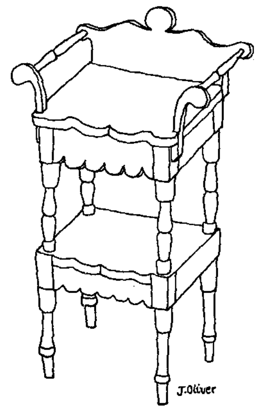
CHAPEL HILL, NC

17 years ago, we began the pleasant task of transforming a 200 year-old farm into a vibrant country village—where active retirees can be neighbors with bluebirds, hollyhocks, belties, and fascinating people of all ages. I'd be glad to send you our scrapbook. 1-800-277-0130. R.B. Fitch

FEARRINGTON
A COUNTRY VILLAGE
2000N Fearrington Village Center, Pittsboro, NC 27312

be-all-that-you-can-be message isn't being presented ironically. You don't want to believe that the picture is really saying what it appears to be saying—that Daniel's lack of aggressiveness represents a poignant, tragic failure of self-actualization. Even at the movie's climax, when Daniel redeems himself, violating the laws of the universe in order to join Julia on the bus to the next level of being, you sit there trying to work out some alternative interpretation. Perhaps we're meant to take this scene of romantic triumph as a kind of parody of "The Graduate." Or maybe the whole movie would play better if we read the judgment scenes not as a spiritual trial but as purely self-referential humor—a joke about a filmmaker's anxiety as he screens a rough cut for a roomful of hostile studio executives. Finally, though, you have to give up. None of the possible arguments in Brooks' defense lead anywhere interesting, and you begin to feel like Daniel's lawyer, spinning elaborate, specious theories in an attempt to put a good construction on unambiguously damning evidence.

Brooks' plain, toneless directing style isn't, in any event, very well suited to romance or uplift. In previous pictures, his underdramatized long takes have often been excruciatingly effective: when the characters he plays are at their rottenest and most craven, he lets them twist slowly in the center of the frame, and mercilessly refuses to cut away. (He seems to be looking at himself as skeptically as the judges look at Daniel.) In this movie we get occasional flashes of the sort of sharp, mean comic observation that Brooks is a master of; Daniel's envy when he discovers that Julia's hotel is more luxurious than his, for instance, is very funny. But most of "Defending Your Life" is mild-mannered and blandly whimsical, and the movie's rhythms are sluggish. The static compositions and the phlegmatic editing don't seem to serve any purpose: the scenes feel as formless and confused as the life of the movie's hero. We keep waiting, and waiting, for Brooks to move in on his character, to go for the throat of the material as ferociously as he has in the past, and he keeps retreating to a neutral corner. There's an irresolvable paradox at the heart of "Defending Your Life": preaching the yuppie ethic of self-actualization diminishes Brooks as an entertainer and as an artist—makes him much, much less than he can be. He seems to have reviewed the footage of his past life and decided to revise his own history—to cast a warmer, more flattering light on the self that his previous pictures exposed. He's celebrating qualities he used to satirize, and there's something smarmy about his attempt to turn himself into a lovable schlemiel. After more than a decade of creating abrasive comedy about materialistic, self-absorbed Americans, Albert Brooks now seems to want a full pardon for having made us feel uncomfortable about ourselves.



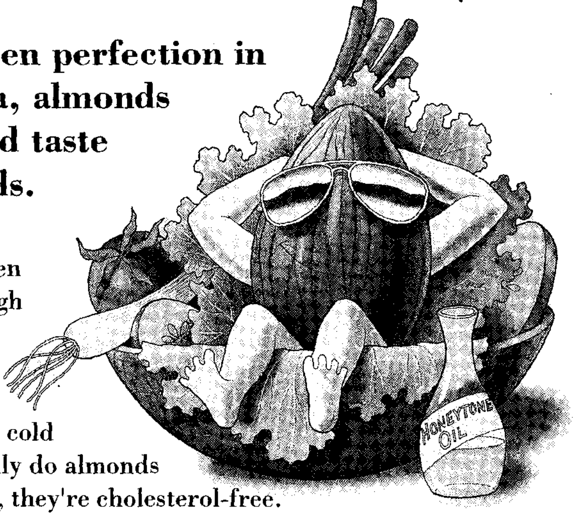
THE hero and the heroine of Michael Lindsay-Hogg's "The Object of Beauty" are also representatives of the young and the acquisitive. Jake (John Malkovich) and Tina (Andie MacDowell) are a glamorous American couple camping out in a suite in a swank London hotel. They're unable to settle their account, which when the movie begins stands at about six thousand pounds, because Jake, a speculator, has blown all his money on a bad investment—a shipment of cocoa that's about to be dumped into a West African harbor by striking dockworkers. Jake and Tina have used up all their credit, and they have to plot their entrances and exits with great precision: they dash smartly down the hotel stairs and through the lobby, trying to reach the street before the manager (Joss Ackland) realizes that those blurs of expensive clothing are in fact the couple with the whopping unpaid bill. Jake and Tina are unmarried and have no permanent address; they're charming, attractive drifters, getting by on style. In a sense, they're throwbacks to the sophisticated and slightly disreputable couples who floated airily through thirties romantic comedies: no-strings types who stick together for the best shallow reasons—for sex and laughs and the shared kick of living the high life without having to work too hard. Lovers like these are drawn to each other by their bad qualities—their common unpredictability and indolence and lack of moral scruples—so they can never quite trust each other. (Neither of them, of course, would be at all interested in anyone trustworthy.) And the script, by Lindsay-Hogg, contrives to heighten their mutual suspicion. With the failure of the cocoa deal, their only asset of any real value is a small Henry Moore bronze. Jake suggests selling it; Tina, who adores the little statue, proposes faking a burglary and collecting the insurance on it. The sculpture, which Tina keeps on her bedside table, disappears, stolen by a deaf chambermaid, and from then on Jake and Tina eye each other extremely warily.

This romantic concoction has virtually nothing to do with anything real. It's conceived as high-style fluff; words like "raffish" and "insouciant" come to mind. The movie doesn't deliver quite as much irresponsible fun as it promises, though, because as a director Lindsay-Hogg doesn't have a light enough touch for his own screenplay. The movie is amiable, but it never really takes off; it's like a Lubitsch picture without the speed and the grace and the blissful inconsequentiality. (And David Watkin's fussy cinematography often spoils the casual mood: the shots are overcomposed and too carefully lighted for this sort of material.) The principal asset of "The Object of Beauty" is John Malkovich, who is as unaccountably magnetic here as he was in "Dangerous Liaisons." Malkovich certainly isn't anyone's image of a conventional leading man, but he's a resourceful, inventive actor, who knows how to create a kind of romantic aura around himself: he gives a superficial character the illusion of depth. And his faintly menacing quality seems right for Jake. Because Malkovich never reads a line, or even crosses a room, in the way we expect him to, he suggests something volatile behind his character's poised demeanor; we sense that Tina stays with him when they're broke and bickering simply because she enjoys trying to figure him out. Malkovich's performance is a post-modern mutation of thirties style, an ungodly hybrid of William Powell and Boris Karloff, and it's sensationally funny. This is as original a piece of acting as you'll ever see in a romantic comedy.

—Terrence Rafferty

SALAD DAYS

Ripened to golden perfection in sunny California, almonds add natural good taste to summer salads.



Experiment. Toss almonds in a leafy, green salad. Mix them through a fresh fruit salad. Sprinkle them over vegetable salads, or use them to enhance cold chicken salads. Not only do almonds add texture and flavor, they're cholesterol-free.

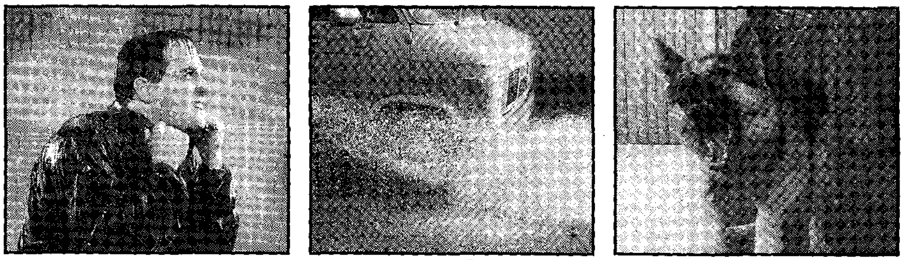
And, each crunchy nut is a storehouse of good-for-you nutrients, including Vitamin E, riboflavin, and magnesium.

Give summer salads a touch of California sunshine. For just $19.75, we'll send you a 5 lb. box of almonds. Money-back guarantee. You can even send them as gifts – we'll gladly do the shipping. Send your check or money order – with the street addresses to which you want packages sent – to:

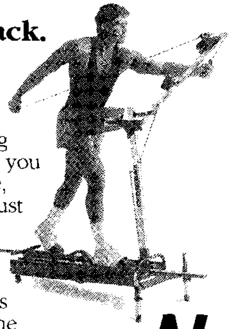
MARIANI NUT COMPANY

Mariani Nut Company, P.O. Box 664, Dept. 073
709 Dutton Street, Winters, CA 95694

The advantages of NordicTrack over walking are obvious.



Take a walk on NordicTrack. You'll love it.



NordicTrack brings your favorite exercise indoors.

It duplicates the smooth, non-jarring motion of cross-country skiing to give you a workout that's pleasant, comfortable, and safe on your knees and back — just like walking.

But NordicTrack's total-body workout is even better than walking. While research shows that it's difficult to elevate your heart rate to the fitness-building level walking, NordicTrack does so easily and comfortable. It works your upper and lower body, burning more calories and giving you a superior cardiovascular workout.

Keep fit in just 20 minutes, 3 days a week.

NordicTrack's time-efficient workout lets you take off weight, reduce stress, and enhance your energy. Easily. Conveniently. From the comfort of your own home.

Take a walk on NordicTrack at home for 30 days with no risk or obligation.

NordicTrack® A CML Company

FREE VIDEO AND BROCHURE!

1-800-328-5888 EXT. 263D1

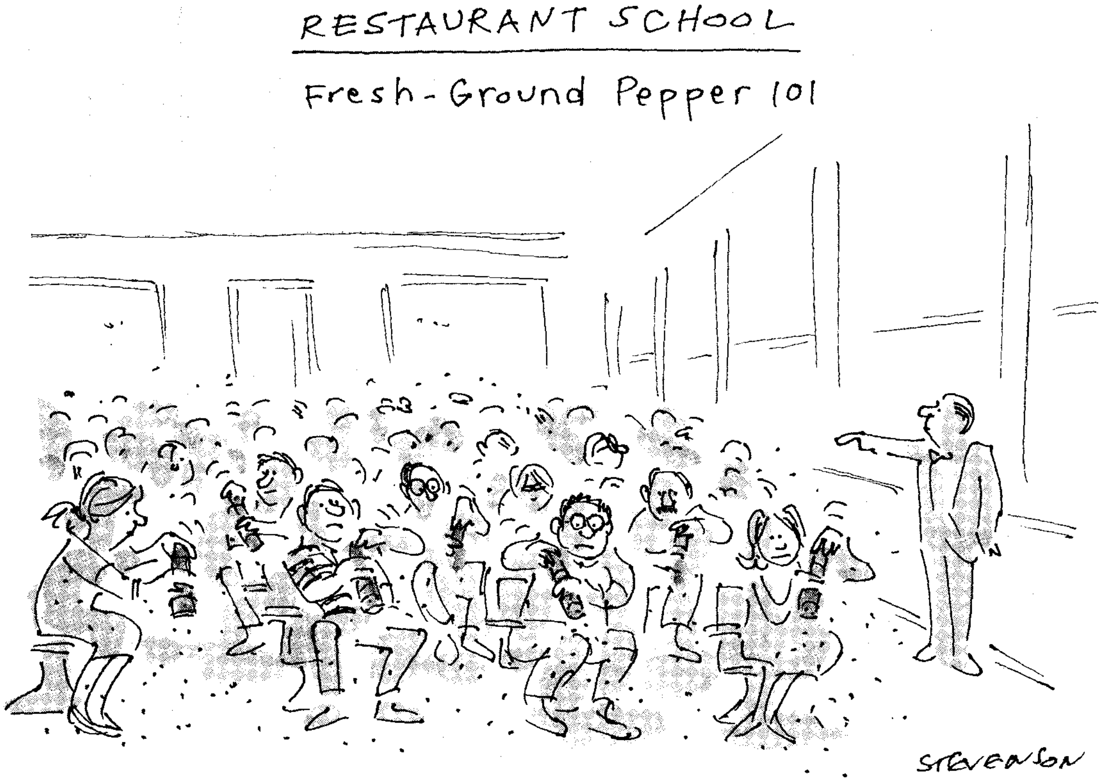
NordicTrack, 141 Jonathan Blvd. N., Dept. #263D1,Chaska, MN, 55318

LETTER FROM MEDELLÍN

EVERYONE here knows that if you get shot, run over, or knifed the place to go is the Policlínica, an emergency clinic run by the San Vicente de Paúl Public Hospital: the surgeons and internes who staff it on weekend nights have intensive on-the-job practice and a reputation for performing miracles. Security is tight; there have been instances of frustrated murderers who finished off their victims in the recovery room, so now guards at the entry gate check to see that only the wounded and their relatives or friends go in. Standing at the gate on a recent Saturday at midnight, I watched a man emerge unaccompanied from a taxi, with blood seeping from a large hole in his chest. He could still walk. He needed to, because there are no hospital orderlies to help patients in at the gate, and although I saw five taxis screech to the entrance and deliver five severely wounded men in less than ten minutes, not a single ambulance arrived. Metal stretchers were wheeled out and operated by the victims' friends or relatives, but the man with the chest wound was alone. "How about that?" the gatekeeper said, watching him stagger past. "Maybe he'll survive." He was not being cynical; he knew from experience, he told me, that on weekend nights about ninety such men appear at the Policlínica, and between twelve and twenty die. Another taxi pulled up, and the driver helped a hysterical woman drag out a young man with a gunshot wound through his back and haul him onto a stretcher. He appeared to be dead. The taxi-driver matter-of-factly mopped up a pool of blood on the back seat and drove away. The driver of the taxi that later took me home explained that picking up wounded passengers is part of the job. "How can we leave someone to die on the street like that?" he asked. "Most of the time, we lose the fares, because those people are in no position to pay, but we do it anyway, out of charity."

On nights like these, one can have the impression that Medellín is about to drown in its own blood. Over the past decade, the level of violence here has risen so far above what is rationally conceivable, even in a country as violent as Colombia, that statistics make no sense: What does it mean, for example, that last year, the most violent in Medellín's history, more than three hundred police officers were killed, along with some three thousand youths between the ages of fourteen and twenty-five, or that in the first two months of this year the rate had increased? When I first came here, in mid-1989, that year was already on record as being the most violent to date; I met a judge, a woman who had become anorexic because she was receiving constant death threats, and a few weeks later I saw in the papers that she had indeed been killed. Then, there was the radical left's representative on the municipal council—a bustling, courteous man I had also interviewed—who was assassinated in his office by a young man who had walked straight past the security guards. I talked to a man who had survived six attempts on his life and was waiting for the seventh wearing a bulletproof vest, not certain he would make it. The young, highly popular governor of the *departamento* of Antioquia, of which Medellín is the capital, was murdered by a car bomb on his way to work. Things only became worse after the joint United States-Colombia offensive against the drug trade got under way, in August of 1989, and the mood of the *paisas*, as the inhabitants of Antioquia are called, swung from stunned disbelief to a kind of hip cynicism. In the offensive's fourth month, a few weeks before Christmas, the police announced that they had surrounded the most wanted of Colombia's drug traffickers, Pablo Escobar, in one of his many Antioquia country estates, and that his capture was imminent. The general assumption was that he would not be taken alive. That night, I had dinner here with some friends at a restaurant that was unusually crowded and cheerful. "I can't imagine it!" a woman in our group, a chic and lively socialite, burst out. "I can't imagine a future without Pablo Escobar. I can't understand what it's going to feel like to live without fear, but the mere possibility makes me so happy that I feel like decorating the Christmas tree with little red coffins."

That mood has now passed—swept away by an avalanche of events that did not include Escobar's capture—and has been replaced by a wave of depression and self-doubt that permeates every conversation: How is it that the *paisas*, the proud vanguard of enterprise and innovation, the architects of Colombia's industrial



future, the most punctual, God-fearing, and family-bound citizens of an otherwise slapdash country, have come to this? The question has even spawned a new breed, called *violentólogos*—researchers who try to make sense of the madness that has overtaken Antioquia, and who have a hard time just keeping track of who has killed whom. The proliferation of warring groups is staggering: in addition to Escobar's brigades, which continue their attack on the government, there are drug gangs, street gangs, death squads, "militias" (left over from guerrilla groups that passed through Medellín in the mid-nineteen-eighties, now operating on their own), paramilitary squads, and extortion brigades—all of them up in arms against the police and against each other. And now that bizarre truces and deals are being worked out between the central government, in Bogotá, and the illegal traders who have made Medellín the drug capital of the world, an even more sobering question is how the city will cope with a problem that only a short while ago appeared to belong exclusively to the drug trade but currently seems beyond the very considerable abilities of even a Pablo Escobar to control.

Viewed from densely populated hills known as the northeast and northwest *comunas*, the heart of the city—its gleaming white skyscrapers and brick office buildings—seems as remote as Oz. The hillsides are as much Medellín as the bustling, cheerfully venal commercial district in the valley, but not even the citizens of the ghettoized *comunas* see it that way. The "real" Medellín has factories, travel agencies, video stores, and probably more commercial square feet of clothing boutiques than any other city its size. On the hills, the spreading network of improvised housing is mottled with tiny grocery stores, an occasional school or movie house, and, here and there, a church. Half the population of Medellín lives there—about eight hundred thousand people—in brick and concrete houses that may slant a little but are nevertheless stable, with water and electricity that the municipal government has provided to even the most outlying areas. Yet when the people who live in the *comunas* describe their neighborhoods they often say there is nothing there, because there is nothing there that counts. No wealth, no prestige, no self-respect—only a gnawing resentment of the Medellín of shopping malls and nine-to-five jobs.

This is Pablo Escobar's power base. He was born, in 1949, a little farther uphill, in the misty, densely wooded mountains that surround the Medellín valley, into a family that seems to have been the embodiment of *paisa* pride: a farmer father, and a mother who was a schoolteacher—the kind of folks who keep their farmhouses immaculately whitewashed and then deck the porch with so many pots of hanging orchids and geraniums that the whitewash barely shows through. Of all the stories Escobar might like to tell if he is ever captured, one of the most fascinating would surely be the account of his transition from respectable farmer's son to small-time hood. Certainly he was imaginative from the first: he found a way to make a living by reselling gravestones he'd stolen from a Medellín cemetery and sanded flat. He was ambitious: in 1982, as soon as he had made enough money from drug trafficking to build up a power base, he got elected to Congress as an alternate representative on the ticket of the Liberal Party. He was also vengeful: his leap to notoriety came in 1984, when he masterminded the assassination of Justice Minister Rodrigo Lara Bonilla, who had exposed Escobar's connections with the cocaine trade and forced him out of office just months before. From that time on, Escobar operated on two fronts: he created what narcotics officials believe was the largest and most efficient individual world network for the production and delivery of cocaine, and he waged a single-minded war against anyone in Colombia who spoke out against the cocaine trade, focussing on the justice system, and on anyone who supported the extradition of traffickers to the United States, where the long arm of corruption could not spring them.

After dozens of political assassinations, and after twenty months of what must be the most determined manhunt ever mounted by the Colombian government, Escobar, although militarily weakened, remains not only at large but in control of most of his business operations—sound evidence of a vast network of loyal supporters. Escobar nurtured that support carefully—with jobs, housing, and interest-free loans

"The Baldwin piano has a rich, warm sound; the tone quality is incomparable . . . a truly elegant instrument in every way."

Marian McPartland

Baldwin®

For more information write: Baldwin Piano, P.O. Box 422
Dept. NY 115, Loveland, OH 45140-0310

"MY LOVE"
(AMERICAN SIGN LANGUAGE)

ACTUAL SIZE

14K yellow gold pendant $469.00

Sterling silver pendant $159.00

14K yellow gold 18" 2mm. solid rope chain $116.00

Sterling silver 18" 2mm. solid rope chain $39.00

©1991

Prices Include Shipping & Handling

Send Check or Money Order to:
N.B.A. Inc.
P.O. Box 3677
MDSE Mart
Chicago, Illinois 60654

Telephone:
1-800-426-3730
In Chicago call:
1-312-329-1349

The Adams Family's

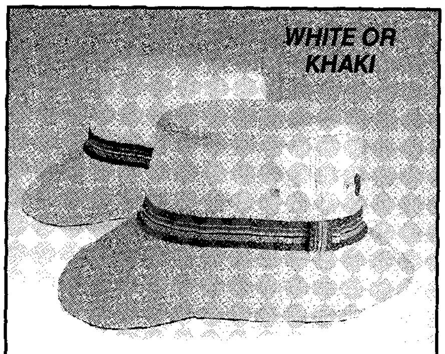
Cartwright Hotel

San Francisco

We've transformed our little hotel into a home. Antiques and fresh flowers in every room. Complimentary afternoon tea. One block from Union Square.
$90 to $160

(800) 227-3844

524 Sutter at Powell, San Francisco, CA 94102



START FIGHTING SKIN CANCER NOW!

Dermatologists Recommend The Sun Crusher™

The Duckster Sun Crusher™ offers many advantages:

- Wider brim **All** around. 2¾" min. vs 1" on most bucket hats.
- **No Exposure At The Temple**, plenty of shade for side of face and back of neck.
- 4" visor-like reinforced front brim with green underside to **Fight Glare**.
- Poly/cotton fabric is **Cool** and absorbent.
- Stitched eyelets for **Ventilation**.
- **Lightweight**.
- **Great Looking**. Traditional look with enough flare to provide **Excellent Protection**.
- Made by **Duckster**™ the **quality hat maker**, with Duckster's logo embroidered on back of hat.

Color: Traditional Light Khaki with traditional Maroon Club band. Chalk White with traditional Navy Club band.

Sizes: S (6¾-6⅞); M (7-7⅛); L (7¼-7⅜); XL (7½-7⅝); XXL (7¾-7⅞)

Price: $20 + $2.50 postage & handling per order.

For faster service call (615) 886-5189 with Visa or MC.

To Order send check or MO to:

ANDREW THOMPSON CO.
843 Arden Way, Dept. N
Signal Mountain, TN 37377

Your Satisfaction Guaranteed Or Your Money Back.

FINE GOODS
Andrew Thompson Co.
of Chattanooga

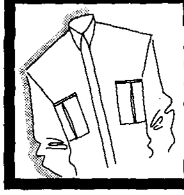
NAGEN • DEWEY
BUY • SELL • APPRAISE
OLD NAVAJO TEXTILES
SINCE 1975
1 • 800 • 262 • 8256
ON THE PLAZA SANTA FE

Camden, Maine

A seacoast village where the mountains meet the sea. Enjoy this magic and beauty at a historic inn offering memorable meals, fine wines and spirits, tennis, sailing, boat cruises or quiet contemplation. Family operated, since 1901.

Whitehall Inn

Box NY, Camden, ME 04843 (207) 236-3391



A MODERN CLASSIC

All-cotton pinpoint oxford, fly front, pleated pockets, full cut, drop-shoulder, removable collar stays. Dress or casual. White, blue, pink, ecru, grey. Made in USA. $99 + $3 shipping. CA residents add 7% tax. Catalog available.

1-800-772-BLUE

BILLYBLUE SAN FRANCISCO

for the people of the *comunas*. He built on a belief his admirers once shared with almost everyone in Colombia—that drugs were the United States' problem. He exploited the business-loving *paisas'* inability to resist a good deal; there are plenty of people here who have learned to hate him but still cannot be completely persuaded that there is anything wrong with selling merchandise—any merchandise—for which there is a market. Mostly, though, Escobar prospered and survives because through the cocaine boom and his private war he has enabled thousands of dead-end kids to make the leap from the *comunas* to the otherwise inaccessible city beyond.

ALONSO SALAZAR, a slight, mustachioed young man who has about him an air of almost preternatural alertness, is one of the most original of the new *violentólogos*. He drifted through the faculties of veterinary and journalism schools until someone urged him to collect a series of oral histories he had been taking and turn it into a book. It is called "No Nacimos Pa' Semilla" ("We Weren't Born to Bear Seed"), and it is selling out all over the country, because the oral histories were provided by the *comuna* youths known, variously, as *pistolocos* (crazy guns), *los muchachos de las bandas* (gang members), and simply *sicarios* (hired assassins). Salazar started collecting the boys' stories in 1988, when the extraordinary amount of criminal activity going on in the *comunas* brought them sharply to the "real" city's attention. One series of interviews, with someone he has called Toño, was recorded as the boy was dying of gunshot wounds in a bed at the Policlínica. "He was so bad, so evil," Salazar said to me one afternoon when he and I were sitting in a dusty, garbage-strewn plaza in the northeast *comuna*. "You could almost see him salivate when he told the stories about all the people he'd killed." Still, it makes Salazar sad to think of him, because the boy came to depend on his visits, and was grateful and proud that anyone would think he was important enough to be listened to. It was the same with all the interviews. "To have their lives become a word, a line of text, thrilled them," Salazar said. "They all wanted so badly to find a place in the world."

Salazar isn't baffled anymore by the combination of vulnerability and murderousness in the kids he interviews. The first thing that happened to him when he started out, he says, was that his view of the world turned upside down. Partly, it was because the boys were so nice, so amiable, that he found he couldn't keep the concept of evil in the forefront of his mind as he worked with them; and partly it was because the stories he heard were so similar. There is, it seems, a process at work—a series of events, some known, some still mysterious—that has produced a generation of hopeless suicides, whose particular form of self-destruction happens to be murder. Salazar believes that the first crime wave was partly provoked by the massive economic crisis that hit Medellín in the mid-nineteen-seventies, when the textile factories that were the heart of the city's economy closed down or fired thousands of workers. As it happened, that was also the period when the nascent cocaine trade consolidated into several cartel-like formations, one of them headed by Pablo Escobar. What Salazar still hasn't managed to understand is why these two phenomena coincided with a runaway increase in all forms of violence. Ever since the Conservative-Liberal civil war known as La Violencia came to an end, in the late nineteen-fifties, Medellín had been relatively peaceful. "But suddenly there was a burst of kidnappings," Salazar said. "You could argue that this was the drug trade's way of accumulating working capital, but the number of rapes and homicides also shot up. It seems that the whole society began to shred then." Recent figures show the trend: in 1980, there were 730 violent deaths in Medellín; in 1990, there were 5,300.

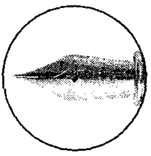
The gangs put together by the traffickers went largely unnoticed in the early part of the drug era, because they were used mostly for internal business—collecting bills, eliminating stool pigeons, and so forth. It wasn't until Escobar was drummed out of Congress by Justice Minister Lara Bonilla that the *bandas* acquired a paramilitary structure and a political role. Escobar put a young man named David Ricardo Prisco in charge of Lara's murder. With four of his brothers and several cousins and close friends, he formed a gang known as the Priscos, which was Escobar's most effective terrorist squad for the next six years, which was as long as it lasted. "Thanks to that murder, the Priscos were the first band to become notorious," Salazar says. "They became the prototype of a series of highly organized bands with close links to the drug lords. Their center was the family, and the barrio, with its network of family relations and loyal friends. A *sicario* from one of the bands could earn as much as twenty million pesos"—about two hundred thousand dollars—"for a single job, buy a luxury condominium in an upper-class neighborhood, and—this is fundamental for people in this culture—provide a better life for his family. At the height of their power, the bands emulated Escobar: they helped out the community with money and public works, and were considered benefactors. In peacetime, they organized street festivals, and they often had a police escort when they rode around the neighborhood."

Since early last year, when the Medellín police underwent a thorough purge of their ranks and a complete overhaul of the high command, they have been waging war on the drug trade, and the department is now fond of providing *organigramas* that show dozens of *bandas* neatly spread out in a series of networks leading straight up to Escobar. Salazar thinks that only about thirty per cent of the Medellín gangs have such formal links to the drug world, and that it's the remaining seventy per cent that are at the heart of the current wave of violence. They are the *chichipatos*, or small-time hoods; the *basuqueros*, or consumers of *basuco*, a highly addictive cocaine derivative; the *punketos*, still devoted to the music of the Sex Pistols and The Clash. What Salazar calls the "countercultural gangs" don't last very long as such, nor do the individual youths who join them. They are somehow free of the middle-class aspirations that gave discipline and structure to the now extinct Priscos and their spinoffs; the Priscos made a pact with destiny which had clearly defined goals—a short life, yes, but, in exchange, a B.M.W. and a penthouse for one's mother, say. The *punketos'* minds are too frayed for such orderly planning. Maybe it has something to do with their distance from the "real" Medellín. The Priscos came from Aranjuez, a well-established working-class neighborhood just up the road from Medellín's main drag. The *desechables*, the throwaway kids, come from much farther uphill. They have

Enter a whole new world of writing pleasure...

Voyager Fountain Pen only $49.95*

**But read this ad for an even better deal!*



• The 2-tone nib of the *Voyager* is made in West Germany. It's 14-k gold plated, with a silk-smooth iridium tip.

The *Voyager* line of fine pens is equal or superior to the great pens of Europe and America in function and appearance, indistinguishable in heft and feel. The Germanmade two-tone nib of the *Voyager Fountain Pen* is heavily 14-k gold-plated and provided with a silky-smooth iridium tip. Just as those fine European and American pens, *Voyager* pens are tastefully decorated with gold-plated applications and pocket clip.

The truly astonishing thing about the *Voyager Fountain Pen* is the price. We are the exclusive representatives of these fine writing instruments in the United States. We can therefore bring you this superior fountain pen for just $49.95. Compare that to the $150 to $250 that you would expect to pay for equivalent U.S. or European luxury fountain pens. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $99.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** The *Voyager* companion retractable ballpoint pen is in the same luxury execution. It costs $39.95. The "3-for-2" special deal is also available. For further substantial saving, you can buy the set—Fountain Pen and Ballpoint Pen for only $69.95. And, of course, you can buy three sets for the price of two. Start writing with what may well be the finest writing instruments in the world, get incredible savings and order your *Voyager Fountain Pen(s)* today!

• *The* Voyager Fountain Pen *comes with a dual ink supply—piston converter and ink cartridges.*

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order #**1263A796** for Voyager Fountain Pens, #**1264A796** for Voyager Ballpoint Pens, and #**1265A796** for Voyager Sets (Fountain Pen and Ballpoint Pen). If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration date. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add ship./insur: $5.95 for one, $8.95 for three pens or sets. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

Waldhaus

Switzerland

An extraordinary hotel
with turn-of-the-century charms
and modern day comfort.

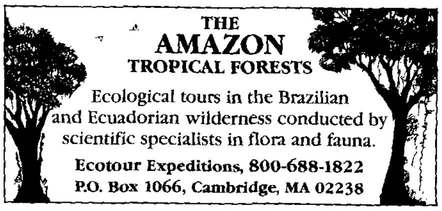
- Summer + winter resort
- Free bus service to the cableways
- Tea concert
- Indoor pool and tennis / Golf nearby
- Children's nursery

Summer season: June 14th - Oct. 20th
Winter season: Dec. 19th - April 24th

Personally managed by the owners

CH-7514 Sils-Maria
Tel. 0114182 - 4 53 31 - Fax 4 59 92
Maria + Felix Dietrich-Kienberger ★★★★★ SILS ENGADIN

SPECIAL EXHIBITION
4/11 to 5/25
MASTERWORKS OF THE ARTS & CRAFTS MOVEMENT
The Arts & Crafts Shop, 1417 Bridgeway
Sausalito, CA 94965 415-331-2554



THE AMAZON TROPICAL FORESTS

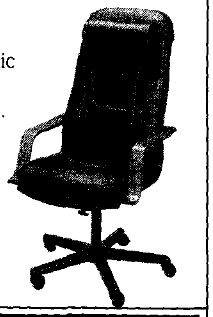
Ecological tours in the Brazilian and Ecuadorian wilderness conducted by scientific specialists in flora and fauna.

Ecotour Expeditions, 800-688-1822
P.O. Box 1066, Cambridge, MA 02238

Executive BackChair

Engineered for customized orthopedic support to prevent and relieve back pain.

- **Built-in adjustable lumbar support**
- **Adjustable neck rest**
- **Forward-tilt feature**



BackSaver™ FREE Color Catalog 1-800-251-2225 or write
25 Jeffrey Ave., Dept. NYE, Holliston, MA 01746

Introducing a NEW ROBE so unique that Patent is Pending for the TERRY-T-ROBE™ for MEN & LADIES

featuring

- **NEW COMFORT** for all seasons and many uses
- **NO BELT** to bind/adjust
- **NO OPEN FRONT**—never pulls apart
- **LESS BULK**—rich terry is where it can best serve without unneeded overlap
- **100% COTTON** with terry loops on both sides for greatest absorbency (not possible with lighter weight robes)
- **EXCEPTIONAL VALUE**—Luxurious robe with below the knee length (48") and two full pockets. Quality made in U.S.A.

We have been unable to find any robe at any price that can duplicate the advantages of our TERRY-T-ROBE™. Its new fabrication and design skillfully gives just the right bottom flare with neat appearance, easy on-off and maximum comfort WITHOUT the belt problem of too tight—too loose and constant overlap adjustments.

COLOR CHOICE: Snow white or soft medium blue. **SIZES** to fit men & ladies from 100-250 lbs. Just give approx. height & weight for each robe AND specify for MAN or LADY. We'll specially select the best size.

SPECIAL TIME LIMITED PRICE — **Only $39.50**

2 for just $68.80 (Save over $10)

GREAT FOR HIS & HER GIFTING

Satisfaction Guaranteed—ORDER NOW while prices include all postage/handling!

WITTMANN TEXTILES, Dept. 476
Hobe Sound, FL 33475 *(Ship to FLA add 6% tax)*
Natural Fiber Specialists Since 1955

Union Square San Francisco

Service Service Service

We Give IT. You'll Love IT.

800-428-4748

SINCE 1914

CHANCELLOR HOTEL

433 Powell by the Cable Cars.

For the discriminating vacationer
a commitment to excellence

Kiawah Island
Rentals and Sales
Pam Harrington Exclusives
803-768-0273 800-845-6966

!! CASHMERES !!

And Lots Of Other Goodies ! Free Brochure, Map!
WHEN IN SCOTLAND, COME ON IN !
or write, phone, or fax. All major cards accepted.
Phone: 011-44-334-72366 (24hrs) Fax: 76416
ST. ANDREWS WOOLLEN MILL, ST. ANDREWS, SCOTLAND
(Yes, we're right here on the 18th Green!)

only recently been translated from the strict, hardworking world of rural Antioquia that their parents fled, and they are caught between cultures. They don't want their parents' thankless lives, and, to judge from a thirty-five-per-cent unemployment rate in the *comunas*, the city doesn't want them.

ON a narrow street in the north-east *comuna*, just uphill from a plaza in the Guadalupe barrio, the kids had gathered in large numbers the other day, sullen and fashionable in their funky haircuts, baggy bermudas, and high-tops. Virtually all the neighborhood women and a good number of unemployed and elderly men had also crowded into the street, because word had flown around the barrio that Jesus Christ was manifest and visible there. He had appeared to a bus driver, who noticed that what seemed to be a damp spot near the bottom of his bathroom door was in fact a miraculous likeness of the face imprinted on the Holy Shroud. The driver, Ricario Hernández, was sitting in his empty, rattle-trap bus, honking furiously at the crowd to move aside so he could park and have lunch. He and his family had tried to keep the apparition a secret, he told me, but in a matter of hours the entire community had somehow found out, and the crowds, in their eagerness to see the face, were on the verge of knocking down the driver's front door. Almost as exciting as the miracle itself was the fact that the local media had taken note of it: when a TeleAntioquia crew showed up with a camera, people in the crowd went nearly berserk in their eagerness to be filmed. "At last!" someone in the crowd exclaimed. "They're going to show something good about us!" A young woman explained why she was so happy. "Even if it turns out to be a fake, we'll have something nice to talk about," she said of the image on the door. "All we ever get to comment on is who went crazy from too much *basuco*, or who got killed. 'So-and-So's lying in a pool of blood on the corner,' they'll say, and we all go running over and stare."

Having failed to see the miraculous bathroom, I walked back downhill with the young woman and with her rotund and lively middle-aged neighbor, whom I had met earlier and whom I'll call Doña Violeta Mejía. The women pointed out a pretty young girl who had been thrown out of her house because of her hopeless *basuco* addiction, and the corner where the son of Doña Violeta had been shot down a year ago. Doña Violeta's son, it seemed, had a bad *basuco* habit, and stole, and probably also hired himself out as a killer, to support it. Eventually, he died at the hands of former playmates in the neighborhood. Weeping, Doña Violeta said that she spends hours trying to figure out what she and her husband did wrong. "My husband would take him aside, and say, 'Talk to me as a friend,' but he would grab his head between his hands and say there was nothing to be done," she said. "In the end, he would come home so stoned, so crazy, that he would bang his head against the wall until we grabbed him and held him back. We'd tell him he was going to kill himself, but he would say that was what he wanted. He wanted to die, he'd say. He wanted to rest. There was this great anxiety inside him, and we never figured out how to get to it."

There are so many kids in the neighborhood like that, the women said. They want too much, they want lives they can't have, they have no patience, and they are seriously hooked on *basuco*. I asked the women what they thought of Pablo Escobar, and they said that he and the other traffickers had done a great deal of harm, buying kids off and turning them into murderers, and bringing *basuco* into the world. But when we reached Doña Violeta's house, and settled down in a comfortable living-room, her husband, Don Jaime, who was about to set off for his noonday shift at a plastics factory, said that the neighborhood was also much to blame. There was a woman up the hill who, ten years ago, became the first person in the neighborhood to sell *basuco*. The Mejías and other neighbors remonstrated with her, Don Jaime said, but she answered, "I have my children to bring up." She had two sons then. Now one was dead, killed in a fight, and the other was hooked on *basuco*, but she was still selling the stuff. "We *paisas* are sometimes too interested in money," Don Jaime said. And yet, he added, if he had his life to live over again he would do everything the same way. Not Doña Violeta. She had come here with her husband a quarter of a century before "from the last village on the last road in Antioquia," she said. If they had stayed in the countryside, she believes, she would still have her son. But Don Jaime used the word *fracaso*, which means a shattering failure, to refer to what would have happened to him if he had stayed on as a day laborer on the coffee *fincas* of southwestern Antioquia. Here he had a house with four bedrooms and real tile floors, good food, a telephone. His three youngest children seemed to be doing all right, he thought. How could he have stayed in rural Antioquia?

The Mejías went through the list of the kids in the neighborhood who had died or were on drugs. On some streets, they claimed, every household had at least one addicted son or—less frequently—daughter. They said that their nephews suffered the same uncontrollable anxiety as their son, partly caused, no doubt, by the death squads that had started operating in the neighborhood. Because the men who roamed the streets at night, with brown kerchiefs tied over their faces, were brawny and not very young, the Mejías were convinced that they were cops. The men killed *basuqueros* and petty thieves, but sometimes missed their mark. Don Jaime and Doña Violeta pointed out the bullet holes in the façade of the house next to theirs, made one evening when the masked men started shooting aimlessly up and down the street. There was no place in the entire neighborhood where one could feel safe.

Later, I chatted briefly with their surviving son, a taciturn kid named Jorge Mario who smokes a great deal of marijuana but stays away from *basuco*. It was only midmorning, but he already looked as stoned as the kids in front of the bus driver's house, who, with joints dangling from their fingers, had been waiting to see the miracle. I asked Jorge Mario what he wanted to do with his life. "I'm a bum," he answered. "What's the point of making plans if I'm not going to get anywhere anyway? All the kids around here are getting killed. We're all going to die. It's useless." Then he went out to sit on the stoop and stare down at Medellín.

A PANORAMIC shot of the distant city is a recurrent motif in the work of the filmmaker Victor Gaviria, who has succeeded in presenting Medellín as if filmed through the eyes of the *pistolocos*, for whom he feels an obsessive, painful tenderness. Gaviria has dedicated most of the last five years to documenting the violent lives of these kids; his first feature film, "Rodrigo D: No Futuro," is a fictionalized account of the lives of the punks who acted in it. (One of them was Doña Violeta's son.) In the movie, filmed in 1986, Rodrigo D tries to recover from the pain of his mother's death, fails to make it as a drummer with a punk-rock group, and remains alienated from his neighborhood friends, all of whom are living a drug-and-adrenaline high—staging holdups and playing with guns. In the end, Rodrigo throws himself from the window of one of the skyscrapers that are inescapably in view from the hills. The title role was played by Ramiro Meneses, an aspiring musician from the *comunas;* he is the only one of the cast of boys who did not have a criminal record, and the only one who has been able to make the transition to an acting career in Bogotá. All the other actors are now dead.

I had lunch the other day with Gaviria, whom I have known for some time, and asked him to talk about the boys from the *comunas*. He was in the process of preparing a Colombian version of a television documentary on the deaths of his various actors, which he had made for German television, and he was still recovering from the death of his co-scriptwriter of "Rodrigo D," a talented twenty-one-year-old named Ramón Correa, who was not able to star in that movie because he had been arrested and sentenced to prison for armed robbery just as filming was about to start. (On being released from prison, Ramón Correa travelled with Gaviria to present "Rodrigo D" at the Cannes Film Festival, but apparently found the experience more threatening than pleasurable. He despised the food, and seemed to feel that it was his duty to pick up the wallets and watches left lying so carelessly on the beach. Back home, he tried to do some serious writing, but he never made it. He died in January, shot to death in front of his mother's house.)

Gaviria said that he was drawn to the *comunas* by the same questions that haunt all Medellín: How could this city produce a generation of murderers for hire? How could all our values go so wrong? Despite the fact that he is now in his mid-thirties, there is something wide-eyed and vulnerable about him, a kind of inner adolescence that makes

GET AWAY THE WYNDHAM WAY.

Nestled between Georgetown and the White House, right on Pennsylvania Avenue, lies the Wyndham Bristol Hotel. A place where you may relax on weekends but we won't.

$89 Per room, per night, not per person.

For reservations, call us at 202-955-6400 or 1-800-822-4200. Or call your travel agent. Then come stay the weekend and let us show you The Wyndham Way.

WYNDHAM
BRISTOL HOTEL

THE RIGHT WAY. THE WYNDHAM WAY.

2430 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20037 202-955-6400

Rate good Friday, Saturday & Sunday nights.
Not applicable to conventions or groups.
Ask about our Winter Weekend Packages.

EXCLUSIVE REPLICAS OF
CLASSICAL SCULPTURE FROM MAJOR EUROPEAN MUSEUMS

BACCHIC DANCE • Found in 1776 on the site of ancient Gabii. From the National Museum, Naples. 26" × 27" $295.00 P.P. in terra cotta or green bronze finish.

GIUST GALLERY
1920 Washington St., Boston, MA 02118
PLEASE SEND $2.00 FOR CATALOGUE

Galley Bay
Antigua, West Indies
All Inclusive • Half-Mile Beach
Only 30 Rooms • Call 1-800-223-6510
"More a house party than a hotel"

Come to Scotland... Come to Ardsheal House

Historic manor house on Loch Linnhe in the Western Highlands, now a small country hotel with superb food and fine wines. Write the Taylors for a brochure: Kentallen by Appin, Argyll PA38 4BX Scotland. Tel: 44 63174 227. Fax: 44 63174 342.

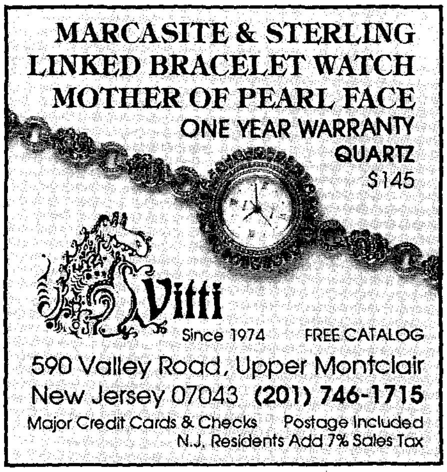
Bryn Mawr

Post-Baccalaureate Premedical Program

For men and women with Bachelor's degrees who are changing career goals.

Five-Year Programs
Admitted applicants may also apply for provisional early admission to the following medical and dental programs:
- Brown University
- Dartmouth College
- Hahnemann University
- Medical College of Pennsylvania
- University of Rochester
- University of Pennsylvania School of Dental Medicine

Division of General Studies
Bryn Mawr College
Bryn Mawr, PA 19010-2899
(215) 526-7350



MARCASITE & STERLING LINKED BRACELET WATCH MOTHER OF PEARL FACE
ONE YEAR WARRANTY
QUARTZ
$145
Vitti
Since 1974 FREE CATALOG
590 Valley Road, Upper Montclair
New Jersey 07043 (201) 746-1715
Major Credit Cards & Checks Postage Included
N.J. Residents Add 7% Sales Tax

GALÁPAGOS
You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galápagos expedition. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option. Free brochure.
Inca Floats 415-420-1550
1311-Y 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608

CAROLINA
LOWCOUNTRY SOUPS
- SHE-CRAB SOUP • SWEETMARSH OYSTER STEW
- CREAMY CLAM CHOWDER
Gift-Packed in an attractive wooden crate. Distinctive gift. $14.99 plus $4 shipping and handling. VISA, MC, AMEX or call for brochure. 1-800-735-3215
Sea Island Mercantile & Provisioning, Ltd.
928 Bay St. • P.O.Box 100 • Dept NM • Beaufort, SC 29901

him sympathetic to the *punketos'* harsh music, their morally flat view of the world, their fascination with drugs. "I fell very much in love with the lives these boys lead, and we began a dialogue that in reality was between the two cities that coexist in Medellín," he told me.

His first encounter was with a teenager named John Galvis, who was killed a couple of months later. "When he walked into my apartment, he said it was the first time he'd been in an apartment building for a purpose other than stealing," Gaviria recalled. "Then he talked about his love for his mother. He told us how sometimes when he was feeling upset he'd go for a little walk with her, and smoke a joint, and then he would feel better. I began to see that this was all part of the *paisas'* intense devotion to their families. I understood that the most extreme acts of terrorism had their origins in kids' inability to see their families suffer, or fail, which is what always happens in these neighborhoods—the sister starts turning tricks, the brother gets hooked on *basuco*. I spent a long time recording interviews before I knew that I had to make a movie. It was because the phenomenon came to seem so *normal*, so much a part of everyday life, that I felt I had to leave a record of what I'd seen."

Gaviria, who is usually full of good-natured banter and, in white sneakers, a T-shirt, and bluejeans, always looks bouncy and clean-cut, was now talking in dead earnest, brushing aside interruptions while he let his food get cold. "For the kids, who in their lives have never known the slightest power, delinquency is a way of looking for power. No one pays attention to them, no one notices their lives. They're living N.N.s"—the "No Name" that identifies paupers' graves here. "Some of them have fathers with relatively structured lives, maybe even factory or construction workers, but these men are completely defeated—they have values that are useless in Medellín. The kids fall in love with whoever has power—you know, young people like values that involve some heroic element, some ability to achieve great things. Killers can do that—the kids have seen it on television, where the heroes have guns. That's why you can't explain the *sicariato*"—the culture of the hired assassin—"as an individual pathology. It's something else. Medellín is the capital of fashion, Colombians say, and fashion is the present. Medellín is the present. You go a few miles outside Medellín and it's all the past; it's all dusty roads, and farmhouses, and they've never even heard of the Gulf War there. These kids who have no place in the world, whom nobody has ever made room for, look at least for a place in time, in the present, through fashion. It's vitally important to them to look right. When they get money from a job, they spend it immediately on something for their mothers and on clothes. Of course they're not going to have any respect for their fathers, in their shabby old backcountry suits!"

Gaviria was a poet before he taught himself to make movies, and he has paid close attention to his actors' zigzagging, hazy, humorless speech. Through their words he has come to believe that in the *pistolocos'* fragmented world their essential relationship with reality is magical. "You see it in the language," he said. "At first, they used the word *traído* to refer to the things they 'found,' or stole. *Traído*, meaning 'that which is brought,' is a term we *paisas* use to refer to the Christmas gifts that the baby Jesus leaves on the table, so they would say, 'Look at this motorcycle, or this watch—what a *traído* I found!' Then the word became its opposite: *traído* referred to an enemy, and then to a corpse. That is, *traído* refers to everything that appears in front of one, which in the end is always death." An essential part of the magic involves turning everyone into an enemy, to ward off surprises. "Once John Galvis and another boy pulled guns on my producer and me, and yelled '*Quietos!*'—'Freeze!' That's another word. There's a children's game in which you point and yell 'Freeze!' and turn the others into statues. Now the kids refer to their holdup or murder victims as *quietos*. When they pulled guns on me, they were turning me into a *quieto*. You turn your potential enemies to stone, and they can't threaten you. The kids spend their days looking for enemies, spotting them, making them up. The point is to kill them before they kill you."

In the documentary for German television, Gaviria traces the swift deterioration of his actors into *basuco* addiction and, eventually, death. In the opening shots, the boys complain that times are hard, that there is no work anymore, and, bitterly, that they don't even have the money for a decent pair of bluejeans. Then, one by one, they drop off. With one notable exception, all of those who were killed died at the hands of other boys in the neighborhood—boys whose relatives they might have killed, or boys with whom they might have shared a gun or a joint or been blood brothers just days before. "I think that in the end the kids kill just to see what it's like," Gaviria said. He is now working on a script about a fifteen-year-old killer he knew, who had held a wounded friend's head in his lap in order to watch him die. "I think they want to know how their own passage from one world into another will be," he said.

The exception who did not die at the hands of his peers was a boy known as El Alacrán—The Scorpion. It seems that his death was a consequence of one of Pablo Escobar's ongoing efforts to take revenge on the state for its pursuit of him. Escobar has been severely hurt by the anti-drug offensive that started in the summer of 1989. His chief associate, the rather bloodier and more reckless Gonzalo Rodríguez Gacha, was killed in December of that year. Escobar's principal commercial subalterns have also been killed, and on the military side of his operations he has seen the Prisco band wiped out. He is said to be cornered and to have cash-flow problems, and to a large extent all this has happened because the restructured Medellín police have managed to keep him on the run. Accordingly, Escobar sent word around the *comunas* last April that he would pay more than four thousand dollars for every cop killed. El Alacrán, who told Gaviria and his crew that he had once been gang-raped by a police squad, was more than eager to take up Escobar's offer. According to what are necessarily unreliable reports, El Alacrán killed a few cops, and then, one day last October, was chased down by police in a patrol car and shot to death.

Whether the Medellín police pursuit of the drug chiefs has degenerated into a private war between cops and gangs has become an openly debated question in the last few weeks, largely as a result of a car bomb that went off here on February 16th, and the bomb's after-

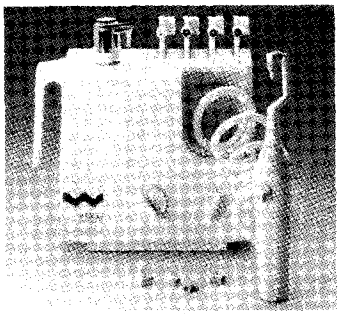
U.S. Dental Research says: "You have a 75% chance of developing gum disease"!

STOP BLEEDING AND ARREST GUM DISEASE IN 30 DAYS!

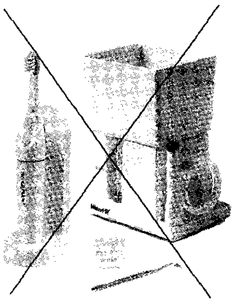
Simply Use

Dr. Woog® PerioSystem®

The 3-In-1 Home Professional Periodontal System.



"Arrests gum disease, stops bleeding gums and prevents loss of teeth."— *Univ. of California at San Francisco*



INSTEAD OF:

1) ~~An Automatic Toothbrush (like Interplak®)~~

2) ~~An Oral Irrigator (like WaterPik®)~~

3) ~~Regular Hand Flossing and Gum Stimulation~~

Geneva, Switzerland — Revolutionary Swiss methodology arrests bleeding and gum disease in less than 30 days. Plus it eliminates 97% of plaque. Proven by over 160 university clinical tests, worldwide.

100,000 Satisfied Customers Worldwide
Dr. P.G. Woog, Ph.D., Toulouse University. Inventor of the first electric toothbrush (1956), owned by E.R. Squibb & Sons as the BROXODENT™ since 1968. He has contributed to over 160 scientific papers.

More powerful than Interplak®
Yet only the hydraulically-powered Woog gently and effortlessly massages the gums, strengthening them and eliminating disease.

Safer than WaterPik®
17,000 micro-droplets of water and air per second instantly shower away loosened plaque and debris, act as an hydraulic toothpick and accelerate circulation.

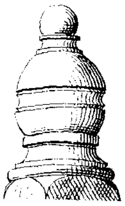
Easier than hand flossing
Woog's 4 custom periodontal attachments and micro-fractionated action reach, clean and massage where other systems simply can't ... even around orthodontics, brass or chrome bridges, and partial dentures!

Risk FREE Trial
With so much to gain, shouldn't you call or write today for a **30 day risk free trial offer**?

Dr. Woog® PerioSystem®
CCN Inc., 1 Research Park, Dept. BO94
Chester, CT 06412-1353, or call Toll-Free,
1-800-677-5556
(In Canada 1-800-999-4744)
You will receive your **FREE** Dental Care Information within 7 days.

brigger®
is for those who love comfort, solid oak and beautiful fabrics. We ship our rockers, chairs, loveseats, sofas, and side tables free with UPS.
Write or call for brochure and direct ordering information.
toll free
1-800-451-7247

klein design, inc.
99 sadler street, gloucester, ma 01930



PRESERVATION
PLAN ON IT
Write:
National Trust
for Historic Preservation
Department PA
1785 Massachusetts Ave., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

Enjoy an Afternoon in England
Tour AGECROFT HALL in Richmond, Virginia—a Tudor Manor House, built in Britain before America was discovered. It crossed the Atlantic in 1926 and was re-created on 23 acres as a private home, in town. Now a unique Museum, exquisitely furnished, authentic in every detail. With superb gardens, film and guided tour. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for brochure. Open all year.
AGECROFT HALL, 4305 Sulgrave Rd., Richmond, VA 23221

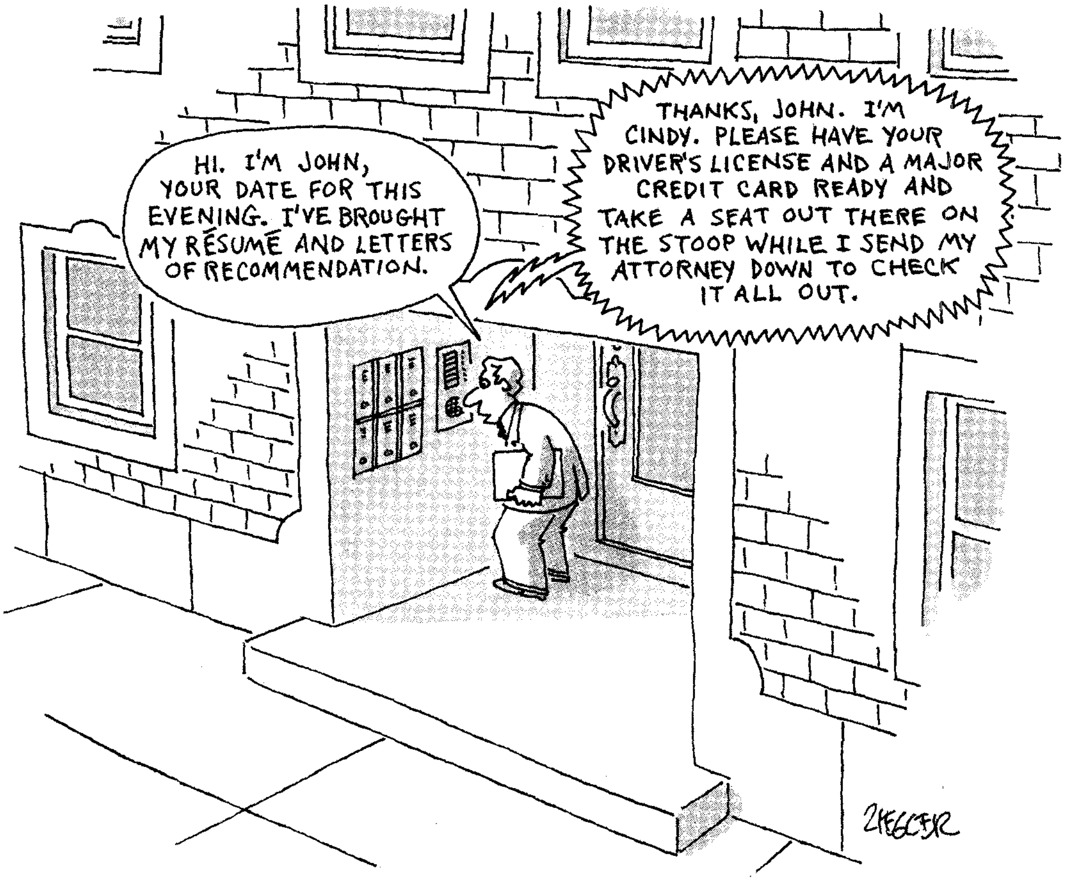
DO YOU TEACH?
IF SO, PLEASE READ ON...

ANNE HALL

"I first saw The New Yorker when my high school English teacher gave me a copy."
-Garrison Keillor

For information and materials to help you use The New Yorker in your high school or college classroom, please call Elaine Berman at (212) 536-5415 or write to her at the address below:

THE NEW YORKER
EDUCATION PROGRAM
20 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036-7440


HI. I'M JOHN, YOUR DATE FOR THIS EVENING. I'VE BROUGHT MY RÉSUMÉ AND LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.
THANKS, JOHN. I'M CINDY. PLEASE HAVE YOUR DRIVER'S LICENSE AND A MAJOR CREDIT CARD READY AND TAKE A SEAT OUT THERE ON THE STOOP WHILE I SEND MY ATTORNEY DOWN TO CHECK IT ALL OUT.
ZIEGLER

• •

math. The car bomb, the signature weapon of the drug trade, exploded outside the Medellín bullring that Saturday afternoon just as people were emerging from the ring into the improvised fair that sets up after *corridas*. Twenty-four people were killed and more than a hundred were seriously wounded. Of the dead, ten were members of the Medellín police force. After the rubble from the bomb was picked over, and the victims were identified, police officials explained what had happened: the car bomb was placed near a supporting pillar of a viaduct underpass—an area that is used as a parking lot on days when there are bullfights. Someone then phoned the police and reported signs of terrorist activity near that spot. When the police had got close enough, the car bomb was detonated by remote control.

On February 17th, police spokesmen declared that the bomb was the work of close friends of the last remaining Prisco, Conrado, in revenge for the death of his last surviving brother, Armando, during a shootout with the police in January. According to the police, Conrado was a typically evil member of the family who went by the nickname El Médico—The Doctor. The following day, Señora Leticia de Prisco announced the disappearance of her son, and when his body was found, two days later, the staff of the Metropolitan Institute of Health declared that Conrado Prisco had been a practicing physician—a hardworking doctor, who spent his free time in volunteer work and at the staff soccer games, and had no connection that anyone knew of to the violent world of his brothers. It seemed that somewhere a mistake had been made.

It is typical of Medellín's upside-down ethical universe that the New York-based human-rights group Americas Watch has found itself having to document claims initially made by Los Extraditables, as Escobar and a group of his associates like to be called, of police torture and arbitrary execution of drug suspects, and that Los Extraditables now routinely champion the cause of human rights in their communiqués. It is also typical of the bizarre, contradictory, and confused relations between the state and the drug trade that in Bogotá the Attorney General has opened an investigation into these charges. There are several reasons for his doing so, one being that there is serious evidence that the police routinely take the law into their own hands. It is also true that Escobar is using the cause of human rights as part of a campaign to obtain status as a "politico-military organization" similar to two guerrilla groups that were able to turn in their weapons and rejoin civilian life within the last two years. To the degree that the government is considering Los Extraditables' allegations of human-rights violations, it is signalling that political status—or some satisfactory equivalent—is not impossible. But if Pablo Escobar and his Extraditables can get a hearing from the Attorney General it is mostly because they are already a political reality and a social force whose demands the establishment can no longer ignore.

SPANISH is not a language that lends itself to neologisms, and they're somewhat frowned upon in Colombia, where part of the self-definition of the élite involves a commitment to guarding the purity of the language. Nevertheless, the drugs and the violence in Medellín are so far beyond the scope of the Real Academia dictionary that new words are forever cropping up: there's *basuco*, from *pasta base de cocaina;* there's *pistoloco*, *violentólogo*, *paniquear* (as in the English verb "to panic"); and there's the ever-growing list of words prefixed with *narco-*, among them *narcocondominio* and *narcocongresista*. Old words also come to be used in curious ways. There is, for example, the "democratization" of wealth that the drug trade has brought Colombia, which means the ability granted to working-class people suddenly in the possession of drug money to rub it in the faces of the rich. Apologists for the drug trade often argue that the upper classes and the political establishment in Bogotá would never have opposed the drug trade if it had not enabled former punks and small-time hoods to buy property in the posh neighborhoods, and they may be right. In the nineteen-seventies, when Escobar was making his fortune, dealing in cocaine was still looked upon by many as a questionable but harmless occupation, and I know society women whose mothers went on international shopping trips with Escobar's mother and thought the experience was a giggle. It wasn't until the consolidated drug trade emerged, in the mid-eighties, as an economic and paramilitary power capable of overturning the normal way of doing business in Colombia that the establishment reared back in alarm. But by then the traffickers had multiplied in numbers and in strength. Men like the Ochoa brothers and Escobar, in Medellín, and Gilberto Rodríguez Orejuela, in the city of Cali, about two hundred miles south of Medellín, are now probably the country's most daring and successful entrepreneurs. The Ochoas ran—and probably still own—state-of-the-art cattle ranches, complete with solar-heating systems and other alternative-technology innovations. Rodríguez Orejuela has made handsome profits from radio stations, drugstore chains, and soccer teams he owns. Even Escobar, despite a funny greased-down hairdo and a lower-class belly, has put on airs. The 1988 bomb set by his rivals that literally blew open the luxury apartment building where he then lived revealed an apartment described as tastefully, and even soberly, furnished, stuffed with a first-rate art collection that appeared to include everything from Chinese porcelain to paintings by Fernando Botero.

At this stage, drug money has so pervaded agriculture, commerce, and real estate that, according to an estimate by Salomón Kalmanovitz, dean of the economics faculty at the Universidad Nacional, the wealth could account for as much as seven per cent of the gross national product. The members of what is known as the "leading class" have always been pragmatic—that's one of the reasons Colombia has remained institutionally stable and economically healthy despite constant turmoil—and there is among them a deep-seated conviction that, however repugnant the drug traders may be, they are now too powerful to be successfully challenged. Consequently, throughout the succession of government anti-drug offensives and drug wars there has remained an undercurrent of conciliation.

In 1984, former President Alfonso López Michelsen met in Panama with Pablo Escobar and Jorge Luis Ochoa, who offered to bring their money back to Colombia and turn over their laboratories if the government proved willing to grant them an amnesty. Five years later, when world consumption of cocaine had doubled, an intermediary for the Medellín group made a new offer, this time in a series of meetings with President Virgilio Barco's private secretary, Germán Montoya. The Medellín group was again offering to get out of the business, but this time they were asking for more. This time they wanted extradition declared unconstitutional. They also wanted to make sure that the country's various guerrilla groups—which had made a practice of extorting "war taxes" on ranch land, including the very considerable holdings of the *narcotraficantes*—would be defeated. Talks between Montoya and the Medellín intermediaries ended the week after the Presidential candidate Luis Carlos Galán was assassinated and the Barco administration declared war on the drug trade. But by then there were a number of members of the establishment—like Juan Gómez Martínez, the publisher of the daily *El Colombiano* and also, at the time, the mayor of Medellín—who were willing to go on record as stating flatly that the only way to bring the violence in the country to an end was to negotiate with the traffickers and legalize the cocaine trade. People familiar with the thinking of Barco's successor, President César Gaviria, say that he was convinced long before he took office, last August 7th, that a negotiated way out of the drug crisis was unavoidable and indispensable. One of his first acts was to issue a decree that would eliminate extradition—the principal focus of the traffickers' anti-government campaign—if they turned themselves in. In addition, the government offered a major reduction of their sentences to traffickers who took up this offer. It is Gaviria's political misfortune that Pablo Escobar decided to strengthen the Presidential resolution with a series of kidnappings of prominent Colombians which began a few weeks after Gaviria's inauguration.

Two hostages now remain in captivity: one of the heirs to Colombia's most powerful publishing family; and the sister-in-law of Luis Carlos Galán, the Presidential candidate who was murdered on the day the 1989 anti-drug offensive started. Also in the ini-

A New Yorker's rendezvous place, a fancy meeting you place, Campton Place.

CAMPTON PLACE
HOTEL

San Francisco, at Union Square
(415) 781-5555
Inside CA (800) 235-4300
Outside CA (800) 647-4007

CONCORDE HOTELS GROUP
PREFERRED HOTELS & RESORTS WORLDWIDE

"A private estate that sweeps all honors as the most enchanting lakefront sanctuary of its kind in America."
THE HIDEAWAY REPORT

THE POINT Experience life as it's meant to be, at this former Rockefeller estate in the Adirondack mountains—private, romantic, and eminently civilized. Enjoy breakfast in bed or under the hemlocks; cruise over crystal-clear upper Saranac Lake by canoe, sailboat, or vintage mahogany motor boats; enjoy golf, croquet, waterskiing, or just a snooze in the hammock; dine elegantly by candlelight in the Great Hall with old friends and new. Discover The Point—endorsed by ten years of rave reviews, and one of only nineteen Relais & Chateaux in the U.S.

THE POINT, Saranac Lake, NY 12983
(518) 891-5678 (800) 255-3530

The only national sourcebook of fine country and city inns hosting business conferences and retreats.

THE INNCONFERENCE CATALOG

Hardcover. 176 pages. 257 lavish color photographs.
■ $45.00 postpaid ■
1-800-648-6235 or Box 338, Hillsdale, NY 12529

PAUL REST ♦ FINE ART
Restoration Services
Available
707-823-1823 • 800-333-9ART • Fax: 707-823-9338
8463 Peachland Avenue • Sebastopol, California 95472
By Appointment Only

SUMMER LOVE.
Summer here has a rhythm all its own. Come share a beach outing. Rediscover golf, tennis. Bask at the beach club. Moment by moment, Summer hums with happy activity. Our junior social staff and planned children's events add to the chorus. Leaving you time for dining, dancing—Summer romance! The Cloister,® Sea Island, GA 31561. 800-SEA-ISLAND.

Sea Island® THE CLOISTER®

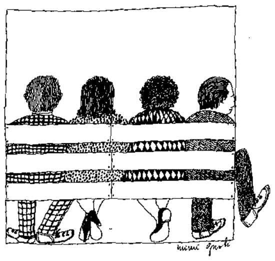
Family Festival, July 7-Sept. 2

BaRWA The Complete chair... Recovers... Accessories
The world renown 2-position leisure chair that has given contoured comfort to millions indoors as well as outside. Feet up, head back... *ah-h-h:* tensions pass and the body totally relaxes. Order your own therapy today!
The Complete Barwa: thick-walled tubular aluminum frame with canvas cover (color choices below), springs to attach cover for a taut, perfect fit. Tip-proof two position base. Complete **$225.** ($15 UPS)
The Barwa Recover: *welter-weight vat-dyed duck,* fits all existing barwa frames. Natural, Brown, Terra Cotta, Hunter Green, Citron Yellow or Royal. Instructions included. **$55** ($5. postage each)
Set of Springs $29.95 ($5. postage each)
Headrest Pillow: foam-filled, 22x11x2" thick, same colors as for covers, **$30.** ($3.95 postage ea.)
Exclusively ours. Now sold only thru the mails.
Send check, money order, Visa or M/C w/exp. date
Catalog $1.; free w/order
THE PATIO
P.O. Box 925
Dept. NY422
San Juan Capistrano
CA, 92693
Charge Orders can call *(714) 661-3000*

PERSONALIZED CARTOUCHE
Your name or initials translated into ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphics
Free Brochure Available
Cartouche shown: "Jane"
18k Gold Pendant from $150
Sterling Silver $40
1-800-237-3358
Discoveries
207 Ramsay Alley, Dept. NY1
Alexandria, VA 22314 (703) 548-9448 (in VA)
HANDMADE IN EGYPT

DURLEY HOUSE
London
Magnificent All Suite Hotel in Sloane Street
115 SLOANE STREET, LONDON SW1X 9PJ.
TELEPHONE 071-235 5537 FAX 071-259 6977
TELEX 919235 DURLEY G
USA TOLL FREE 1-800-553-6674

tial group of hostages were Marina Montoya, the sixty-five-year-old sister of Germán Montoya, who is now Ambassador to Canada, and forty-year-old Diana Turbay, the cherished only daughter of former President Julio César Turbay Ayala (1978-82), who is an immensely powerful man. Sometime last October, when Los Extraditables had collected ten hostages, they announced that they would like to bargain, and this time they offered much less favorable terms than any in the past. The government immediately issued a few modifications of its original extradition decree; for instance, it allowed a trafficker who may be facing serious charges in the United States to avoid extradition by confessing to only one (presumably minor) crime here. Polls showed that the public supported the unacknowledged negotiations, and so did the Archbishop of Bogotá and the leftist leader and the two former Presidents—Misael Pastrana and Alfonso López Michelsen—who occasionally form a negotiating body with the drug traffickers and the guerrillas. As a sign of the drug traffickers' good will, there was quiet in Medellín for a few weeks, which gave rise to a type of story that appears once or twice a year in the local press under headlines like "Medellín Resurgent!"



An image that filled the television screens late in January, of former President Turbay leaning over the coffin of his dead daughter, Diana, is likely to remain with Colombians for some time. Turbay is not a popular man here, particularly among liberals and the left. During his administration, the military were given a great deal of money and free rein in their endless war against the guerrillas, and it was in those years that Amnesty International issued its first damning report on Colombia, detailing the military's systematic use of torture. I watched the television report on Diana Turbay's funeral with a leftist friend for whom loathing her father was almost a matter of principle, but the sight of the heartbroken old man muttering endearments into the coffin made my friend blink and turn away.

"It's the democratization of pain," the *violentólogo* Alonso Salazar commented later on that scene. "It used to be that only the poor of this country had to feel that kind of sorrow." It was a botched show of force by the police at a farm on the outskirts of Medellín, where Diana Turbay was being held, that enabled her captors to shoot her before their escape. In the following hours, Diana's mother, Nydia Quintero (she is divorced from Julio César Turbay), added to the national commotion by blaming President Gaviria for her daughter's death. He should have kept the police away, she said, and she went on to ask that he make peace with the drug trade as quickly as possible. That, then, was the national mood two months ago: the cocaine traffickers are too powerful to take on; let's settle with them quickly, bring them into the mainstream, and put a stop to the bloodshed.

However, when President Gaviria went on television the following week and announced that further lenient modifications of the narcodecrees were being studied and would soon be announced, the speech did not sit well. "How much did the government give in?" *Semana*, the leading newsweekly, asked. On January 30th, the day after Gaviria's speech, a communiqué from Los Extraditables announced that before Diana's unfortunate death they had ordered the execution of another hostage, and that it was probably too late to cancel the order. The body of Marina Montoya was identified on January 31st. Seventeen days later, Fortunato Gaviria, a cousin and close friend of President Gaviria, died in the course of an amateurish kidnap attempt, which appeared to have been contracted out by Escobar. When Gaviria's government minister then affirmed that the new narcodecrees would stand, quite a few people thought that the President was looking craven.

Against that charge, Gaviria's defenders affirm that the decrees are part of a strategy to continue armed attempts to stop the drug trade while offering the traffickers a bloodless way out. They point out that Jorge Luis Ochoa, Medellín's second-biggest trafficker, has surrendered, along with two of his brothers, and is peacefully awaiting trial in Medellín. They don't point out, although they could, that while Pablo Escobar may be on the run, and cocaine seizures are at an all-time high, the big 1989 anti-drug offensive has hardly been a success, despite having taken the military approach to the drug problem about as far as it can go. Except for Gonzalo Rodríguez Gacha, Escobar's terrorist associate, not a single head of a drug-export ring has been caught, and Rodríguez's share of the market has simply been reapportioned among a group of up-and-coming traders. United States narcotics officials believe that partly as a result of the drug war, which has been directed mostly against the traders in Medellín, a group of traders based in Cali has been able to overtake the Medellín group in terms of their share of the export market. Meanwhile, the overall production and export of cocaine from Colombia are estimated to be up slightly from what they were when the offensive began. Under the circumstances, a negotiated surrender by the drug traffickers might make sense, but a member of the diplomatic community pointed out that the government has opted for a conciliatory approach "at a stage when the judicial system doesn't seem up to the task." The roles of judge and prosecutor are combined under the country's Napoleonic Code, and those judges capable of refusing a bribe often do not have the resources to gather evidence that will stick against even the most notorious traffickers. Someone here who was closely involved with the Ochoas' surrender told me that at this stage the government has no charges against any of the brothers, and that, even with evidence provided by the United States of charges against him there, the likelihood is that Jorge Luis Ochoa will get off with a three- or four-year sentence.

As for Escobar, this person thought that he was waiting to see the results of some of the Ochoa trials before turning himself in. Opinion is divided on this. Some diplomats here think that Escobar will settle for nothing less than recognition of Los Extraditables as a politico-military organization, which could conceivably entitle him to run for Congress again in a few years. Others think that he will never put himself in a Colombian jail, where a legion of his enemies could get at him.

NO matter what happens to the founders and leaders of the cocaine trade, however, no one seems to have any idea of what to do with the gangs they are leaving behind. There doesn't seem to be any way that even Medellín's comparatively generous municipal-services structure can stretch itself to the dimensions of the crisis at hand. There aren't enough ambulances, clinics, teachers, and efficient policemen to go around, and, anyway, it's unclear at this stage whether even the most judicious efforts by law-abiding cops and enlightened social workers could bring measurable short-term relief. I talked to a man involved from the social-services point of view in the city's efforts to cope with the violence, and he went on about municipal plans to unify the various existing plans, and about joint housing-rehabilitation programs with international nongovernmental organizations, and about the redirecting of budget expenditures, until I interrupted to ask whether he had ever been on the hills, and whether, having been there, he thought that any of his proposed measures would do any good.

At that, he threw up his hands and heaved a great sigh. "You would have to change the society altogether for the problem to disappear," he said. "*Paisas* are adventurous by nature. You know, Antioquia was colonized only in the last century, and the people who came here were mostly gold miners. We're a migrant people, enterprising, and fond of wealth and risk. The tragedy was that in the nineteen-seventies, when the private-enterprise system was crashing to the ground in Antioquia, the traffickers showed up with an alternative, and in a stratified society like this one it was very appealing: the traffickers said 'You, too, can have a swimming pool, and you don't even have to work for it. Work will never make you rich.' The fundamental thing is that we can't offer better prospects. We know of a lot of companies here that fire their good workers—the ones who last—at the end of their ninth year of employment, because after ten years they have a right to half a pension. How can you convince a kid that there's a future in being a good citizen and working a steady job? I don't see any real change in the situation for this generation."

I asked this man if the city's job would be made any easier by Escobar's capture or surrender.

He looked at me in amazement. "Don't you see that part of the reason things are so bad now is precisely that Escobar is so much weaker than he used to be?" he said. "There's tremendous unemployment among the drug gangs now, and they're all fighting for the available crumbs. Also, there are all sorts of old scores that are getting settled, now that there's no one to keep the lid on things. Everybody's free-lancing; there are the death squads and the pseudo-revolutionary groups. An awful lot of teen-agers have weapons. This city is going to be in dreadful shape for the immediate future."

MAURICE FREED

I MET a young man, about twenty-five, whom I shall call Johnny. (The English name is a favorite here.) When Johnny was ten, his father, who was an alcoholic and travelled the countryside doing odd jobs, finally settled, with his wife and their six children, in the northeast *comuna*. By the time Johnny was twelve, he had learned to contribute to the meagre family income by begging. When he was eighteen, the military press-ganged him, along with dozens of other youths, in a noonday sweep through the streets of the downtown district. Following this forcible conscription, which Johnny describes as a "waking nightmare," he served out the mandatory eighteen-month draft term, acquiring an extensive knowledge of weapons and then an honorable discharge. He returned home and found a job as a security guard for a downtown office building. An overwhelming desire to "improve my mother's life" made him single out a friendly-looking executive and sneak some time from his duty hours to wash and polish the executive's car. His hope was that the executive would notice this, be pleased, and offer him a better-paying job as a bodyguard, driver, or carwasher. What actually happened was that Johnny's supervisor caught him in the act and immediately fired him.

Eventually, Johnny was able to find another job, as a messenger, but the work pained him. Above all, he says over and over, he has always wanted desperately "to do the right thing, to improve my situation, to be a *persona decente*." He wanted to furnish his mother's house with matched dining- and living-room sets, and have a job in which he was not faceless and nameless, but he couldn't see his way from here to there, from messenger work to being called Señor. Nevertheless, he worked steadily for almost seven years, because he had found more consuming activities, which made his daytime hours seem pale and secondary. First, he ran into one of the many guerrilla groups operating in the *comunas*, and eagerly joined its clandestine game of hide-and-seek with the military, but after several months the Army moved seriously against the neighborhood and the guerrillas swiftly withdrew, leaving Johnny and his friends to take the heat. Johnny lay low for a while, and then, through what he calls "a pioneering innovation," he found his lifework: he founded a *grupo de autodefensa*, or death squad, and he believes that it was the first of its kind in Medellín.

What got him started was the experience of seeing his younger brother Tony wounded in the course of a *banda* holdup at the corner grocery store in his neighborhood. The *banda* kids were attacking an old man, and Tony asked them to lay off. At this, one of the boys cracked a beer bottle in half and lunged at his throat, wounding him seriously but not fatally. Johnny says he watched the assault and felt unbearably humiliated by his own impotence, and that that emotion is what guided him to the idea of an *autodefensa*. What is more likely is that, after a lifetime of systematic humiliation and terror with no possibility of retribution, Johnny understood that he was finally facing an enemy he could actually take on.

Johnny has talked with reporters before, and he easily agreed to talk to me. We met in a small, crowded coffee shop downtown, and no one paid any attention to Johnny—a nondescript young man in bluejeans and a baggy T-shirt—even though he got noticeably tense, occasionally rhetorical, and at times almost giggly as he talked.

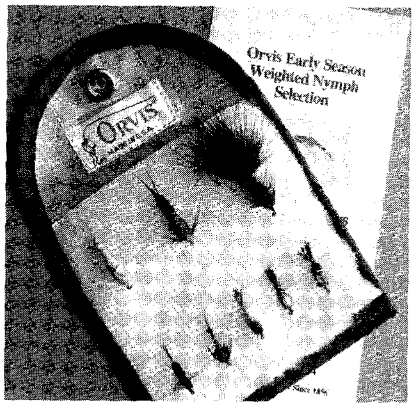
"I formed the *autodefensa* with a neighbor who had a wife and two kids and was sick of violence, too," he said. "We didn't know how the two of us would manage to defeat more than two hundred kids who would be our sworn enemies, but we agreed that it was a risk we had to take. We recruited two other boys and started out on this endless task. On my block, one out of every three families had a son or a relative who was a *banda* member. We decided that the thing to do was to clean up the block first, and spread out from there. My idea was that we had to strike terror to the heart of the community in order to be effective. We went around and borrowed black shirts and trousers from some older men around the block, and a girl we knew stitched black hoods together for us. Then, one evening, around ten o'clock, we walked up to our first chosen victim, who was sitting on a stoop drinking beer, and we did it. We executed him. Then we ran around the corner, took our hoods and shirts off, and came back to help the family take the body away."

Johnny seemed both terribly frightened and amused at this part of the story. It was, he thinks now, an act of brilliance to remain in clandestinity while the kids from different *bandas* grew paranoid and started blaming each other for the wave of murders. In the first three months, he said, the *autodefensa* eliminated some thirty "undesirables." Then the work got easier, because the undesirables started eliminating each other, and those who didn't fled the neighborhood in terror. These days, he said, his barrio is a nice place to visit. It's *tranquilo*, calm, no problem.

Was his work finished, then?

"Oh, not at all. I don't know what makes these kids so perverse, but there always seem to be a few who like the bad life. Right now, there's a little spurt of activity, and, regrettably, I think we're going to have to take measures."

Shortly after my conversation with Johnny, a communiqué was delivered to the parish priest of Barrio Santa Cruz, in the northeastern *comuna*, with the information that someone would be at the Sunday sermon to make sure that the priest read the communiqué to the congregation. (He did.) The communiqué was signed by a group calling itself the GAM, or Grupo Amable Medellín, which translates as Nice Medellín Group. It said, in part,



DISCOVER TROPHY TROUT

Big trout feed near the bottom . . . Get down to them with our **Orvis Weighted Nymphs**, classic imitations and guaranteed fish takers. Offer includes 8 proven nymph patterns, fleece-lined fly book, "How to Fish Them" booklet, Orvis Fishing Catalog, and $3.00 gift certificate good on your first order. ALL FOR $9.00.
Call toll-free 1-800-548-9548.

Route 7A
Manchester, VT 05254

☐ Enclosed find $9.00. Send the Orvis Weighted Nymph Selection, Orvis Catalog, and $3.00 Gift Certificate.
☐ Send FREE Catalog only. NYN7

Name ____________
Address ____________
____________ Zip ______

GRACIOUS. GLORIOUS.
Waterview suites. Glorious gardens.
American Regional Cuisine. Open year 'round.
Coonamessett Inn
On Cape Cod
P.O. Box 707, Falmouth, MA 02541 • 508/548-2300

Silver Broccoli Pin

Newport Silversmith James Breakell cooks up a deliciously detailed stalk to pin on lapel or apron. Hand cast in sterling $35 or 14K gold $376. Add $3.50 shipping. VISA/MC/AMEX 1-800-767-6411. Send $2 for color catalog.
J.H. Breakell & Co.
69 Mill Street, Dept. NYBR5
Newport, RI 02840

CANADA BY RAFT!

Down virgin rivers in mountains of British Columbia. Untouched wilderness. Sparkling Chilcotin & mighty Fraser. Yacht cruise up coastal fjord, flight over glaciers of Coast Range plus 240 exciting yet very safe miles by raft through cleanest, most magnificent scenery in Canada! $2175, 11 days Vancouver to Vancouver.
CANADIAN RIVER EXPEDITIONS (604) 738-4449
Suite 402, 845 Chilco St. Vancouver, BC, Canada V6G 2R2

"We alert all parents and the community in general that they should dialogue with their sons so that they will not continue smoking *basuco*, since this is harmful to their health and a bad example to growing children. . . . There will be a general cleanup, and neither sex nor religion will be respected. We will shoot anyone who does not obey this letter."

A few days later, on February 27th, a group that signs itself Robocop took credit for the recent murder of nine teen-agers, who were rounded up when they were playing soccer in the northwestern *comuna*. Because they share a common target, one might conclude that groups like Robocop, Nice Medellín, and Johnny's *autodefensa* are friendly to the police, but there is no indication that these groups are linked to the police or even to each other. In fact, when I asked Johnny if he approved of the police's alleged involvement in the killing of the Prisco brothers and other murders, he was emphatic. "Cops are murderers," he said. "They massacre everybody. I'm a Christian, and I only take human life when it's absolutely necessary. Besides, there are some very respectable *bandas*—like the Priscos were, for example. They don't attack their own communities but only work outside. We don't touch them."

After our conversation was over, we left the coffee shop together. It was the height of the afternoon rush hour and I had trouble keeping Johnny in sight —an insignificant kid from the *comunas* without even a trendy T-shirt to stand out in. But Johnny knows perfectly well that he is an important person in Medellín, and I have seen pimply kids approach him on the street to seek his help in putting together death squads of their own. He is in demand, just like the numerous guerrilla leaders in Colombia whom journalists climb over mountains to get to. He makes guerrilla-like statements, as he did to me when he told me he had never been in love. "I preferred to devote my love to my homeland," he declared, holding himself very straight. He is a person of consequence, and he will continue to be so as long as he holds life-or-death power over a sizable number of people here. It's the only power he has, a power he shares with the punk killers who are his enemies, and it's enough to keep them all going for a long time—for as long, at least, as they live.

—ALMA GUILLERMOPRIETO

THE NEW YORKER
READER SERVICES

Use our convenient touch-tone phone line to hear special messages about the quality products and services listed below. Call toll-free from any touch-tone phone:

1-800-447-6553

"Antiquing at Macy's"
Macy's & The New Yorker invite you to an evening of antiquing in New York City, with our special guest, noted interior designer, columnist, and author, Alexandra Stoddard. Wednesday, April 10th, 7:30 p.m., at Macy's Herald Square. Tickets are $40.00 per person. All proceeds will benefit the Junior League.

For further information call:
30115

Windsor Court Hotel
The only Five Diamond hotel in New Orleans, where old world elegance meets southern hospitality. Of the 310 rooms, 254 are suites complete with kitchens or wet bars.

For free brochure:
30186

Karastan Rugs and Carpets
Maker of premier rugs and carpets for more than 60 years.

For a color brochure:
30179

Doral Saturnia International Spa Resort
Miami, Florida
Renew your spirits. Recharge your body. Make an investment in yourself at our renowned five-diamond spa resort.

For special rates and programs:
30119

ANA Hotel, Washington, D.C.
Westin Hotels & Resorts
Special weekend getaway package for just $129. Escape, relax and be pampered. Enjoy fine dining, shopping and sightseeing.

For more information:
30139

ADVERTISEMENT

BOOKS

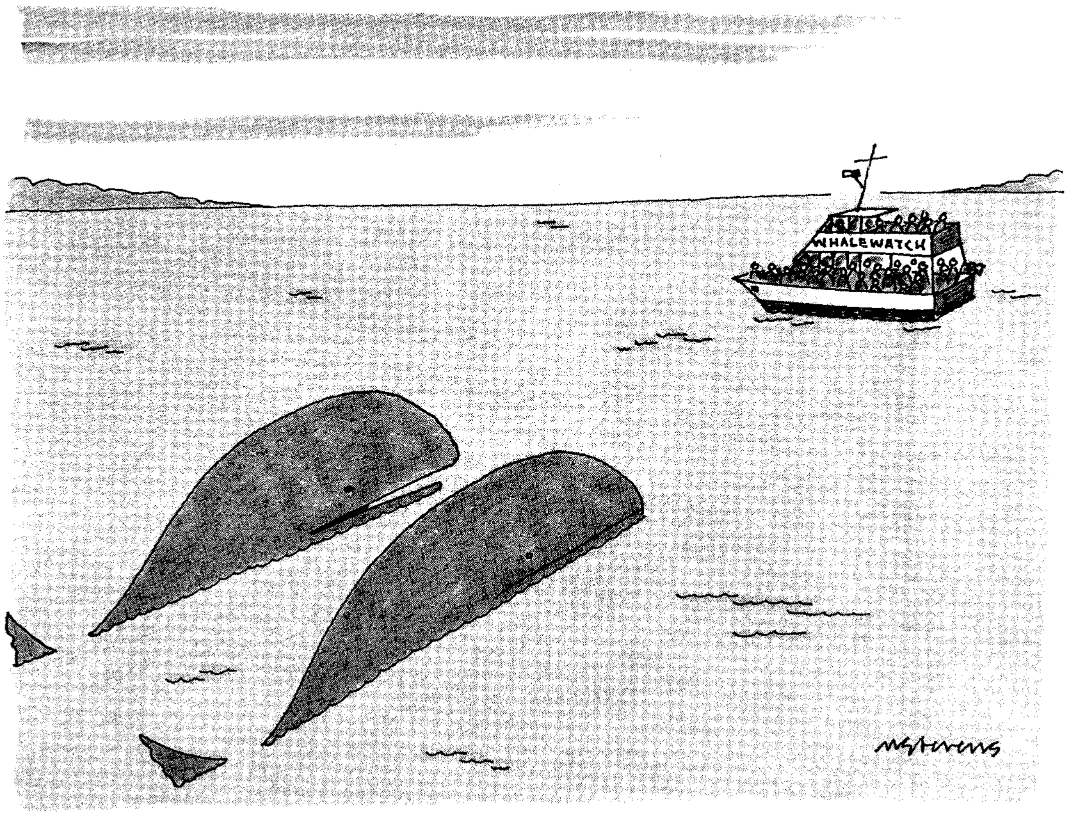
Alone and Extremely Alone

HE was named, in part, for an island he could not remember. He was born, in 1850, on the Ionian isle of Leucadia, which gave birth to "Lafcadio": his parents christened him Patrick Lafcadio Hearn. He was two when he left Leucadia for good, moving with his mother to the British Isles. He seems to have shed his first name by the age of nineteen, when he emigrated, alone, to the United States. By the time he died, in 1904, he had managed to drop his other names as well, in order to become Koizumi Yakumo, a Japanese citizen. "Lafcadio Hearn" had evolved into little more than a pen name—though an illustrious one, for he was by then a journalist and essayist of international renown. In the Western continents he had abandoned so long ago (Hearn spent the last fourteen years of his life in Japan), he counted among his staunch admirers William Dean Howells, Stefan Zweig, and Hugo von Hofmannsthal.

His Anglo-Irish father, Charles Bush Hearn, was a surgeon with the British Army Medical Staff who was posted to the Ionian Sea in 1846. His mother, Rosa Cassimati, was an illiterate Greek of unstable temperament who spent the last decade of her life in an asylum. It was at her husband's urging that, after he was reassigned to the Caribbean, she took their son to live with the boy's grandparents in Dublin, where Rosa—with her dark features and fervent Greek Orthodox practices—apparently excited suspicion and disdain. She was desperately unhappy (she tried at least once to kill herself), and wound up returning to Greece, leaving her son, then four years old, behind. The marriage was annulled, and the boy never saw his mother again. In later years, she, like his birthplace, lingered in his psyche in a sort of incandescent mist, a zone where primal impressions dissolved into heartsore fabrications. At the age of forty-three, he wrote of her, "I have memory of a place and a magical time in which the Sun and the Moon were larger and brighter than now. Whether it was of this life or of some life before I cannot tell. . . . And all that country and time were softly ruled by One who thought only of ways to make me happy." He also called her the source of "whatever there is good in me." That Hearn reposed his deepest faith in a disturbed woman who had abused and abandoned him says a great deal about this inconsistent, headstrong, pettish, and often touching man.

Hearn's unshakable sense of an initial calamitous loss—a fall from paradise early in childhood, before there were words enough to interpret or temper it—insured that he would never feel at home anywhere. He seems to have come closest in Japan, where he was beringed by alien customs and a language he never mastered sufficiently to converse with subtlety and nuance. By nature a man who kept his distance, he chose to live much of his life within recesses of memory and appetite inaccessible to those around him. He often felt, as he wrote once to a friend, "alone and extremely alone." Needless to say, he makes a difficult subject for a biography, though something like half a dozen have appeared over the years. The latest, Jonathan Cott's barely serviceable "Wandering Ghost: The Odyssey of Lafcadio Hearn" (Knopf; $24.95), is a handsome package, with some appealing drawings and photographs.

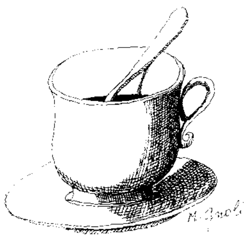
Hearn, it seems fair to say, loved Japan not with his intellect so much as with his soul—and it might fairly be added that Japan requited him in kind. Perhaps, among modern Japanese, an eagerness to embrace this early "friend of Japan" has resulted in some distortion, in a scanting of Hearn's oddities and dishonesties, but there is no question about the firmness of that embrace. Now largely unknown in the lands he lived in before he crossed the Pacific, he remains a colossus in



"Fascinating, aren't they?"

Japan: one of the most famous of modern Western writers. A Hearn museum has gone up beside his former home in Matsue; he has inspired movies and television programs; his books are quoted in the newspapers; schoolchildren study him.

But what are those who haven't embraced Hearn wholeheartedly to make of him? In America, our confusion is partly nationalistic. Is he one of our own? Technically, no, for he was never an American citizen. And yet he lived in America for nearly twenty years. He began his writing career here, in our sensationalistic "penny papers," to which he took naturally; as a word painter, Hearn gravitated toward a lurid spectrum, and both yellow journalism and purple travel pieces came easily. Even after he moved to Japan, many of his closest personal and professional ties remained American.



The canon of nineteenth-century American literature contains a number of outsize oddballs (Poe, Dickinson, and Whitman foremost among them), but even in such singular company Hearn often succeeds in looking sharply eccentric. In his fifty-four years, this British-Irish-Greek-American-Japanese essayist, fiction writer, folklorist, and translator clashed with our country's miscegenation laws (in 1874, with a black clergyman presiding, he married Mattie Foley, an eighteen-year-old mulatto who was born a slave); denounced Christianity and pursued Buddhism; composed journalism of such raw gusto that even in our unbuttoned age it can still jangle the nerves (here is Hearn quaffing a glass of blood at a kosher butcher's: "No other earthly draught can rival such crimson cream, and its strength spreads through the veins with the very rapidity of wine"); talked to ghosts in mediums' dens; and became, possibly, a bigamist (his marriage, in 1891, to a Japanese woman was evidently not preceded by a divorce from Mattie). Given a life so contrarily colorful and so charged with explosive social issues, it is surprising that Hearn has not found his way onto more English-department syllabuses. It would be heartening to suppose him excluded on strictly stylistic grounds; much of his early work, especially, is so clumsy and overwrought as to be almost unreadable. But the eager acceptance into the canon of (among others) Hearn's near-contemporary Frank Norris—who, for all his likable intensity, was often a laughably unsteady craftsman—renders this interpretation doubtful.

If the tradition of Japanese literature offered any precedent for the admission of foreign-language writers, one would readily slot Hearn into its English-language division. Japan did more than provide him with inexhaustible subject matter; it seems to have taught him how to write. Of course, literary criticism abounds in speculations about the influence of place on a writer's style. We may be told, for instance, that Wordsworth's burly verse reflects the ruggedness of the Lake District, or that Hemingway's cadences echo the lappings of the tides. Most of the time, though, purely literary influences can be found that will account for the trait under examination and any recourse to the extraliterary seems a dubious business. In Hearn's case, however, one turns up no literary forebears that explain the retooling his writing underwent after his arrival in Japan. He pared his prose and showed himself increasingly capable of an almost epigrammatic finish:

> Until you can feel, and keenly feel, that stones have character, that stones have tones and values, the whole artistic meaning of a Japanese garden cannot be revealed to you.
>
> Certainly Japanese poets have not been insensible to the real melancholy inspired by autumn—that vague strange annual revival of ancestral pain.
>
> Yet, after all, to devour one's own legs for hunger is not the worst that can happen to a being cursed with the gift of song. There are human crickets who must eat their own hearts in order to sing.

Hearn joyfully adopted Japanese ways—dressed in obi and yukata, frequented his neighborhood shrines and temples, lived on rice and pickles and fish, slept on a futon. Ironically, one of the few aspects of Japan's culture that did not immediately touch him was its literature—which he could not read, and most of which had not yet been adequately translated. It was by means of something vaster than literature—an overarching aesthetic, a subsuming ethos—that Hearn learned both to savor "the ancient charm" of Japan and to disparage "the utterly commonplace Western taste." Japan dismantled his

ENERGAIRE®
PURIFIES THE AIR YOU BREATHE
REMOVES
SMOKE
POLLEN
POLLUTION...
Satisfaction guaranteed
...or your money back.

Powerful EnergAire® Ionizer continuously purifies up to 4,000 cubic feet of polluted air and makes it breathable and invigorating. Restores natural ion balance to the air. EnergAire was rated Number One for speed of removal of cigarette smoke by the leading consumer protection magazine.

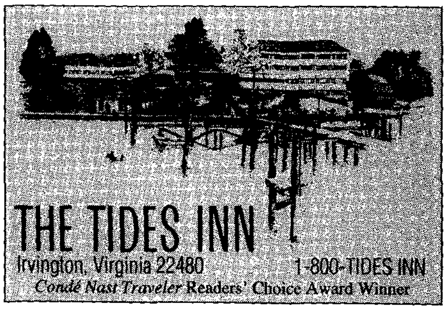
Unlike more expensive fan/filter ionizers, EnergAire has no filter to buy and change (saves money and bother), no fan (no noise). Yet EnergAire removes dangerous pollution particles including those microscopic particles not removed by any other method of air purification. EnergAire is a true negative ion generator—the purification takes place right out in the air (not in a small fan/filter box). And EnergAire produces a much higher concentration of negative ions—a boon to allergy sufferers and everyone who will benefit from breathing pure air.

Like lightning, EnergAire produces a concentration of negative ions (450,000 or more ions/cc./sec. at 1 meter) which attach themselves to pollution particles in the air causing both to fall harmlessly to the floor. It uses less than 2 watts, plugs into standard 110 volt outlet. 9"×3" diam., 1 lb. A Monadnock product manufactured by Micron Corporation in the U.S.A. Immediate shipment.

30-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. 12 MONTH WARRANTY.

TO ORDER: Send $59.95 plus $4.00 each shipping and handling (in Mass. add 5% sales tax) by check, money-order, MasterCard or Visa number and expiration date, to MICRON SALES COMPANY, Dept. 414, 170 Kerry Place, Norwood, MA 02062, or CALL TOLL FREE (anytime) 1-800-334-0854 Extension 651. (For information, call 617-326-8675.) ASK FOR PRODUCT NUMBER 414.

NUMBER SIXTEEN
Four Victorian Town Houses form this exquisite hotel with the unique atmosphere of the home in the heart of South Kensington.
16 SUMNER PLACE, LONDON SW7 3EG
TEL: 071-589 5232 TELEX: 266638
FAX: 071-584 8615



THE TIDES INN
Irvington, Virginia 22480 1-800-TIDES INN
Condé Nast Traveler Readers' Choice Award Winner

TURKEY
LAND & SEA
Arrangements for Independent Travel and for Tours.
GOLDEN HORN TRAVEL & TOURS
P.O. BOX 207, ANNAPOLIS, MD 21401
(301) 757-8005 • 1-800-772-7009

GIVE YOUR CHILD THE EDUCATION YOU WISH YOU HAD.

Choose from the three dozen private schools of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont -- from prestigious college prep day and boarding schools to specialized schools -- nestled in coastal cities and mountain towns. At a surprisingly affordable price.

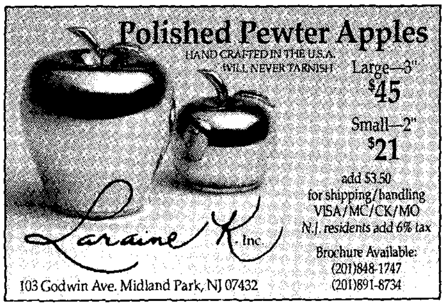
For a free directory, call us toll-free at 1-800-654-EXCEL. The Private Schools of Northern New England, P.O. Box 1871, Wolfeboro, NH 03894.

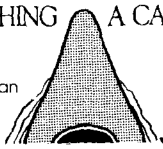
Private School - Can You Afford Not To?

CONNECTICUT WATERFRONT

Charming 4-BR, 2-bath home with wraparound porch on the shores of Niantic Bay. A boater's paradise and beach lover's dream, this treasure comes complete with its own deepwater mooring. A Westledge exclusive at $375,000.

Call Joanne Bevins at (203) 739-6277 or (203) 443-3518.


Polished Pewter Apples
HAND CRAFTED IN THE U.S.A.
WILL NEVER TARNISH
Large—3" $45
Small—2" $21
add $3.50 for shipping/handling
VISA/MC/CK/MO
N.J. residents add 6% tax
Laraine K. Inc.
Brochure Available:
(201)848-1747
(201)891-8734
103 Godwin Ave. Midland Park, NJ 07432

THE POKE BOAT®
IT'S EVERYTHING A CANOE ISN'T.

It weighs only **28 pounds**. For **less than $800** you can buy more than a canoe.
Call toll-free **1-800-354-0190.**

prose—stripped it of much of its clutter. By the end of his life, certainly, he would have been unlikely to write anything so execrable as this passage from "Three Dreams," which he composed a few years before he left for Japan:

> Then the eyelids opened widely, horribly; and the dead Shape quickly leaped; and Myself,—my cadaveric Self,—snatched at me, clutched me,—tearing, rending, shrieking—striving to bite, to gnaw, to devour! And I, with the rage of fear, with the fury of hatred, with the frenzy of loathing,—I also wrestled to destroy.

HEARN went to Japan in 1890, at the suggestion of an editor at *Harper's*, and, although he subsequently became an English teacher, he continued to look to American periodicals for his livelihood. Catering to a public almost wholly unacquainted with the Orient, he found himself in a complicated, often compromised situation. Sound instinct told him that what his readers craved were articles swaddled in the "exotic." These were easy enough to supply at first, while Japan yet seemed a "World of Elves," wherein everything was "delicate, exquisite, admirable." As his familiarity with the country deepened, however, and inward reservations inevitably multiplied, he began to entertain a host of unsalable convictions. It would perhaps be an overstatement to say that Hearn became disillusioned with Japan, but toward the end of his life he was unquestionably desperate to leave it, and he did once confess in print that the country's "magical atmosphere" had "totally faded out at last." For the most part, though, Hearn kept his disgruntlements from his public; they are expressed only tacitly, in the vacant gesturing and windy puffery of some of his later pieces.

Hearn's view of Japan was also complicated by the driving psychological needs he brought with him. With a transparency gratifying to the amateur Freudian, he initially disembarked in Yokohama intent on recovering the Greece of his infancy; Japan was to be, in short, a reunion with his mother. Hearn was—whatever his far-flung destination—always heading home. Cott's assertion in "Wandering Ghost" that Hearn wrote about Japan "without prejudice or preconceptions" is therefore puzzling.

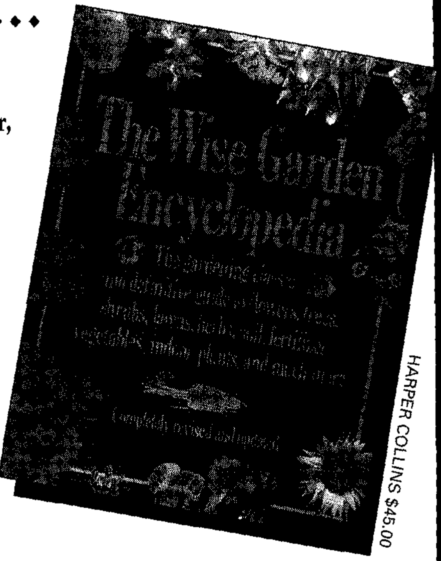
Although Cott's affection for his subject suffuses nearly every page, softening a reader's censures, his biography can hardly be recommended. The book feels oddly unsure of its audience (as when Cott explains that Maupassant was a "French writer"), and it is laced with repetitions. Cott displays no gift for surmise, for penetration beyond the often scanty facts available to him. And he is hopelessly credulous, time and again incorporating Hearn's narrations or descriptions unhesitatingly. Credulity is a danger even for biographers working with dependable subjects, and it is fatal when applied to someone like Hearn, who as a guide was unreliable both psychologically (if not a pathological liar, he was certainly a habitual one) and physically (he was blind in one eye and severely myopic in the other). As the sad, wearying record of Hearn's blasted friendships makes clear, he was someone who detected slights everywhere; he was a paranoid, whose interpretations were patently untrustworthy. By the end of his life, when he often withdrew into a sullen reclusiveness, he may well have been gravely disturbed.

Cott, who is a contributing editor of *Rolling Stone*, would portray Hearn as a nineties-style "lefty"—and in fact he was, but his nineties were the eighteen-nineties. "Wandering Ghost" reveals little sensitivity to historical nuance. True, Hearn's skepticism about industrialism, his open-mindedness about race, and his repeated journalistic crusading on behalf of the downtrodden have the earmarks of a contemporary liberal—but Hearn, in all sorts of interesting, unplumbed ways, was enmeshed in the attitudes of his era. Cott treats his subject's sexuality, for instance, as a kind of deliberate political subversion: Hearn becomes a stainless fighter against racial prejudice. And, indeed, there is something bracing in the air—a jangling of liberty bells—when Hearn speaks of "the beauty of colored skins," or when, with a boldness that was later bowdlerized by his would-be protectors, he writes to a racist friend of liking to "eat and drink and sleep with members of the races you detest." Yet Cott fails to probe with any psychological acuity the possibility that for Hearn the sexual allure of the outcast had its origins in a tormented uneasiness. His penchant for whores, in combination with his paralysis around women of his own social milieu, bespeaks a hunger for women as "debased" as he was. His dealings with women were far sketchier than his dealings with men (predictably, since his first wife was illiterate and his second knew no English), but it would be surprising—to say the least—if the cruelty and hectoring that Hearn inflicted on his male acquaintances did not carry over into his behavior with women. It seems a safe bet that marriage to Hearn was often pretty hellish.

Readers keen on venturing off in quest of Hearn's questing soul are probably best advised to begin with Robert A. Rosenstone's "Mirror in the Shrine," which was published three years ago. Rosenstone, a professor of history at the California Institute of Technology, focusses on three varied Westerners (a missionary and a scientist in addition to Hearn) whose lives were altered by extended sojourns in Meiji Japan. Fixing Hearn with a sympathetic but unsentimental eye, Rosenstone gives us a more complex and arresting figure in about a hundred pages than Cott does in four hundred plus. Rosenstone seems to grasp intuitively the degree to which Hearn's Japan was a place of Hearn's own making.

Cott is particularly unsatisfactory in his handling of Hearn's final years. He conveys almost no sense of their turmoil. Inexplicably, Hearn's attempts to secure a lectureship at Cornell—a prospect that frantically enticed him—are dismissed in a sentence. It's difficult to escape the impression that in the book's concluding chapters, which have a cursory and truncated feel, Cott's patience or interest has waned. This is a biography that expires before its subject does.

OUR difficulties in placing Hearn within a literary context find an echo in the curiously parallel career of a contemporary, Robert Louis Stevenson, who also was born in 1850 and died in the Pacific. (He succumbed to a cerebral hemorrhage in 1894, in his house on what is now American Samoa.) Stevenson spent his early life in Edinburgh, and he has naturally been championed by those who would define and promote Scottish literature. A number of his books, including the late, unfinished "Weir of Hermiston," do fall comfortably under that heading. But others—among them one of his last completed projects, the novella "The Beach at Falesá," which he judged "nearer what I mean than anything I have ever done"—do



DBS XPRESS™ 800-635-0045 ★ FAX: 212-307-7681

SPECIAL ORDERS ★ WORLDWIDE DELIVERY

FREE GIFT WRAPPING ★ GIFT CERTIFICATES

The Wise Gardener Comes to Doubleday...

For the definitive guide to flowers, trees, shrubs, lawns, herbs, fertilizer, vegetables, indoor plants and much more... We recommend this completely revised and updated gardening classic.

A lively and invaluable guide, it includes 700 drawings and 64 pages of all-new color photographs and is suited to the beginning and the experienced gardener alike.

HARPER COLLINS $45.00

If for any reason you are not completely satisfied, simply return this book for a credit.

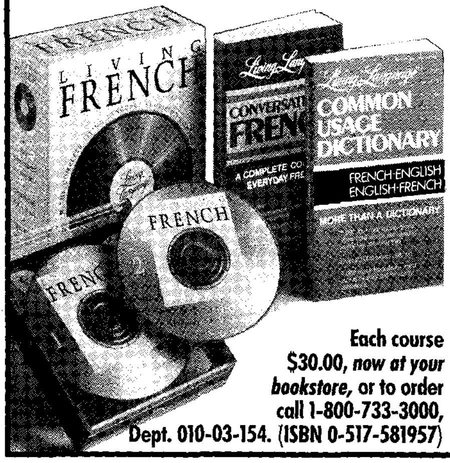
BOOKS OF ALL PUBLISHERS SINCE 1910

Doubleday Book Shops

724 FIFTH AVE., AT 57TH ST., NYC 10019 ★ OPEN TO MIDNIGHT ★ (212) 397-0550

NEW YORK ★ BOSTON ★ SAN FRANCISCO ★ PALM BEACH ★ CHARLESTON ★ LOS ANGELES ★ SAN DIEGO ★ STAMFORD

★ AN AMERICAN TRADITION FOR 80 YEARS ★



Learn French as quickly as you can say un bon vin blanc*

It's easy to learn to speak, read, and write French with the new compact disc edition of the Living Language Course® with conversation manual, dictionary, and two 60-minute CDs.

Each course $30.00, *now at your bookstore*, or to order call 1-800-733-3000, Dept. 010-03-154. (ISBN 0-517-581957)

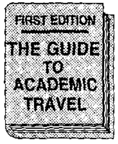
**a good white wine*

The CROWN PUBLISHING GROUP

BOOK HUNTING?

Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. Write: BOOK HUNTERS Since 1958

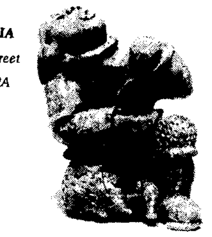
P.O. Box 7519
NORTH BERGEN, NEW JERSEY 07047



TAKE YOUR MIND ON VACATION

Worldwide Study Vacations!
258 Stimulating Programs for all Ages and Interests

At bookstores or $18.95 ppd. from:
ShawGuides, 625 Biltmore, #1406 ND
Coral Gables, FL 33134
• *Guidebooks for Savvy Travelers* •



NOW IN PHILADELPHIA
2100 Spring Street
Philadelphia, PA
215-557-6555

ART OF THE INUIT AND NORTHWEST COAST INDIAN

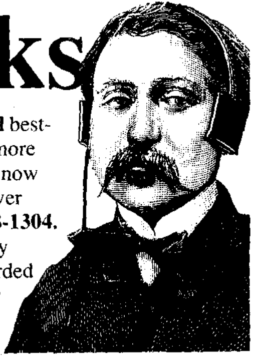
ART SPACE
GALLERY

THE ALL-INCLUSIVE
Exclusive
BERMUDA RESORT

At Harmony Club, everything's yours for the asking, exclusive of unexpected extra charges. One pre-paid price covers: elegant accommodations, all meals, unlimited open bar, scooter transportation, pool, tennis, putting green, nightly entertainment, all taxes and gratuities and more. Exceptional value in a spectacular garden setting. **See your travel agent or call 1-800-225-5843 for all the details.**

From $180* pp/night/dbl. occupancy *Valid April 1–Oct. 31, 1991

Harmony Club
Trusthouse Forte

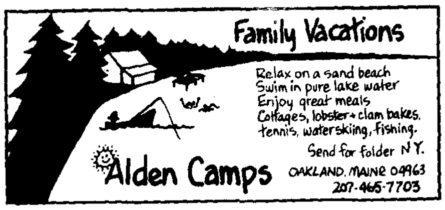


Recorded Books

Listen to **unabridged** best-sellers, mysteries & more while you drive. Call now for a free catalog of over 450 titles: **1(800)-638-1304.** Ask about easy 30-day rentals by mail. Recorded Books, Inc., POB 409 Charlotte Hall MD 20622

NEW ORLEANS FRENCH QUARTER
- Two Blocks From Bourbon St.
- Carriage House Suites, Balcony Rooms
- Romantic Court Yard
- Outdoor Swimming Pool
- Covered Valet Parking

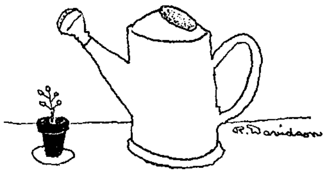
FOR FREE BROCHURE & RESERVATIONS CALL: (800) 448-4927
HOTEL DE LA POSTE 316 Rue Chartres, New Orleans, Louisiana 70130



Family Vacations
Relax on a sand beach
Swim in pure lake water
Enjoy great meals
Cottages, lobster+clam bakes, tennis, waterskiing, fishing.
Send for folder N.Y.
Alden Camps
OAKLAND, MAINE 04963
207-465-7703

not. "The Beach at Falesá" is set in the South Pacific. Some of the themes it takes up are the commercial exploitation of natives by whites, sex between the races, the tenuousness of Western law and customs in remote places, and the extirpation of native culture. Like Hearn, Stevenson felt compelled to chronicle a mode of life that was passing away before his eyes.

Stevenson's tales commonly have a way of degenerating into yarns, and "The Beach at Falesá" ends disappointingly, with some conventional adventure-story explosives. But it is a strong enough book, rich in humor and sense of place, to leave a reader ruing Stevenson's premature death. He had come to the South Pacific for good and all ("I love the land," he told a friend, "and I have chosen it to be my home while I live, and my grave after I am dead"), and the letters of his last years reveal a heady exultation in having hit upon a "whole new society to work." The ghost of Robert Louis Stevenson inevitably trails behind it the string of sun-blazed turn-of-the-century Pacific novels that, had he been granted health enough and time, he might have bequeathed to the world.



A similar poignance attends Hearn. He, too, was presented with a matchless, since vanished, opportunity. There he was, footloose in Meiji Japan at a time when disenfranchised samurai were still walking the streets, when women were blackening their teeth to render themselves attractive, when forests were falling to make way for telephone lines, and one cannot help thinking of the irreplaceable novels he might have given us. Before coming to Japan, Hearn had, in fact, written a few short novels, but he was by no means up to the creative challenges now before him. (The one novel of his that I dipped into—"Youma: The Story of a West-Indian Slave"—was so dry and wooden that it might well be labelled a fire hazard.) He embodies the particular pathos that arises when a writer of talent meets a challenge that demands genius.

Unfortunately, no one else was on the scene to seize the opportunity. Japan boasts no figure comparable to Kipling in India, or Conrad or London or, somewhat later, Maugham in the South Seas. Indeed, we can only speculate about what Kipling—whose brief visits to Japan, in 1889 and 1892, kindled some marvellous letters and commentary—might have made of a lengthy residency. Or, if we truly wish to indulge in hypotheticals, we might ask what another contemporary of Hearn's, a genius who specialized in the revelatory tensions and befuddlements that spring out of transoceanic exchanges, would have made of Hearn's opportunities: why wasn't Henry James in Kyoto when we needed him?

Elegists often—in time, posthumously—wind up lamenting more than they intended to. Hearn repeatedly sought to memorialize the "astonishing fairy-land" of Japan before the "barbarian" West intruded upon it; he was, one might say, bent on the creation of a world in which he would be expunged. He once asked, "What is there, finally, to love in Japan except what is passing away?" And yet, as a result of forces he couldn't have foreseen, he symbolizes for us the death of quite different things. How could he have known, as he rhapsodized about the view of Mt. Fuji from the streets of Tokyo—a vista that represented for him a spiritual unification, the balancing of the modern and the timeless—that eventually we would sully the atmosphere and lose that prospect utterly? Tokyoites have suffered a severance that would have broken his heart. He also symbolizes for us the death of the amateur Japanologist. Gone are the days when a passionate but uninitiated Westerner might cross the Pacific and immediately expect people to hearken to him as he held forth on Eastern conceptions of religion, marriage, sex, and art. Such pronouncements now belong, as they should, to specialists—to holders of advanced degrees in Eastern studies and sociology and anthropology, who bring to their disciplines amassings of erudition that Hearn (always happiest when negotiating with the inchoate: with spiritual affinities, intuitions, verses, dreams) could not begin to match.

Elegists likewise have a way of bringing us unexpected cheer. On the face of it, Hearn's vision is bleak. One of the reasons he resonates for us is that he took up so convincingly the theme of relentless depletion—the day-by-day, decremental receding of what in his eyes had been a gentler and more civilized way of life. Well, who among us hasn't sometimes viewed depletion as the hallmark of our age? We seem, in a bitter paradox, to face an ever-expanding list of diminishments—the decline of animal species, rain forests, nonrenewable resources, even water to drink and air to breathe. But isn't there also something buoyant in the contemplation of those novels-that-might-have-been which would have lastingly placed before us the fumbling, gingerly minglings of East and West in Meiji Japan? Barring the arrival of someone with an unparalleled gift for spiritual and intellectual exhumation, they will never be written. But who could fail to take heart at this vision of a world that, in its tireless unfoldings, is forever offering us more tales of wonder than we have geniuses equal to their telling?

—BRAD LEITHAUSER

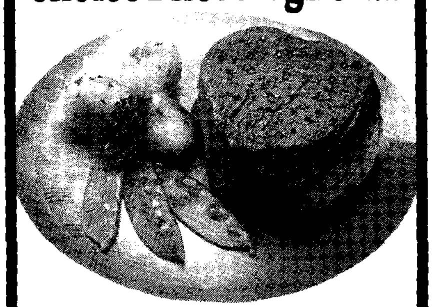
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE MACGUFFIN, by Stanley Elkin (Linden/Simon & Schuster; $19.95). This novel, which chronicles several moderately eventful days in the autumnal life of Robert Druff, Commissioner of Streets in a "middle-sized, rather backwater city" in some unnamed interior state, has a nifty plot, complete with a satisfying sense of revelation; it has something to do with the smuggling of Oriental rugs and with Druff's search for the conspiracies behind his ebbing political and personal power. But the sleuthing and intrigue in this tale are like the arbitrary MacGuffin—the stolen papers or top-secret formula—that was used to get things rolling in a Hitchcock movie. As his protagonist navigates the potholes and dangerous intersections of his circumstances, Mr. Elkin provides the real thrills and chills with his inexhaustible mastery of American idiom, prodigious instances of which spin out and unfurl on every page. Bobbo Druff and his complaining, joking, pitying, and questioning voice are wonderful creations, wholly literary and yet startlingly naturalistic as well, and always deeply comic.

THE RAGGED WAY PEOPLE FALL OUT OF LOVE, by Elizabeth Cox (North Point; $18.95). In this slim novel, set in a quiet North Carolina town, there are several sudden tragedies, but the dissolution of Molly and Will Hanner's marriage is gradual—a casualty of carelessness and neglect. By the time they look up from their hectic lives to acknowledge how much has gone wrong between them, "their whole house had the weight of some unspeakable crime." Bewildered, overwhelmed by guilt and their love for their three children, Molly and Will begin to disentangle themselves from each other while the surge of family life continues around them, only now the usual stream of birthdays, summer trips, fevers, and escaping pets is disturbed by nightmares, nervous habits, and dangerous games. This elegiac and meticulously observed family portrait leaves the reader appreciative but also wary; only in art can the mistakes of our lives be measured with such grace and forgiveness, or redeemed through such close attention.

COUSIN IT, by Lynn Caraganis (Ticknor & Fields; $19.95). A boppy episodic narrative, told in the disarmingly direct voice of Vickie Fowler, an orphan and recent high-school graduate, who says of the San Jose relatives who raised her, "Why didn't Cousin Ruth and Cousin Debs just pretend to be my mother and father? I would have believed it." It's the summer of 1958, and the parentless Vickie is changing hands again. She's being installed in her wealthy cousin Itzel's vacant ranch house in Moraga, which comes with aqua-blue kitchen appliances, a housekeeper, and a groovy next-door neighbor, a sculptress who wears black velvet pants and thong sandals. ("Two minutes earlier, I would have said sandals like that didn't exist!") Despite Vickie's mostly solitary, luxurious existence, her days are packed with the usual teenage stuff: she plays records, wishes her legs weren't so skinny, and copes as best she can when her boyfriend and best girlfriend from San Jose stop by and, all in a flash, she realizes *they* are now dating. Vickie's coming of age, which includes a new and improved steady, is a delight. Like Caraganis's prose, it's not heavy with messages or insights; it's an alert, point-by-point accom-

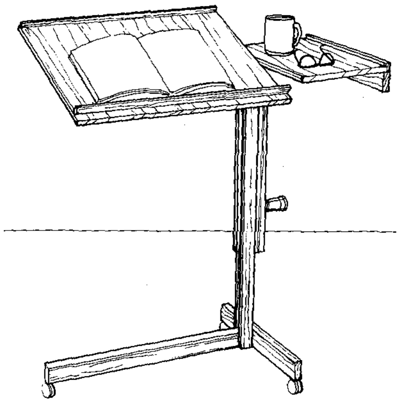


Two Free 6 oz. Choice Filet Mignon...
...when you purchase four at the regular price.
Experience the finest steaks available. Six extraordinarily elegant, U.S.D.A. CHOICE Filet Mignon (each more than an inch thick, all center cut exclusively, delivered with an unconditional guarantee). Only $39.95 for six if ordered before May 11, 1991 (regularly $49.50). Plus $4.50 for shipping.
To order your steaks or a free catalog, call toll-free
1-800-288-2783
Classic Steaks of Omaha™ by Skylark Meats, Inc.
4430 South 110th Street
Omaha, NE 68137
Visa, MasterCard, and American Express accepted.

Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) 838-4565
or Ottawa
(613) 236-7181

HAND MADE IN EGYPT
Cartouche
18 K Solid Gold from $150.00
Sterling Silver from $ 40.00
A talisman with your name in Ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphics.
Free info. 1-800-283-4978 Visa • MC • Am-Ex • Disc.
Or write: Cartouche, Box 8474-2* Pgh., PA 15220

EVEN AN AD THIS SMALL RUNS THE RISK OF SPOILING IT.
Once J. Paul Getty's personal Shangri-la.
Breathtaking. Gracious. Peaceful. And very private.
Mexico's best kept secret. 800-223-1818.
PIERRE MARQUES
A PRINCESS HOTEL®



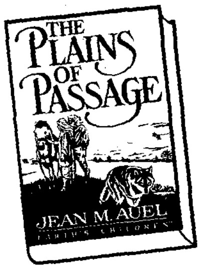
Lay Down Your Arms

Ah, to read without aching arms and dented elbows. Now you can with our Reader's Table from Denmark. It adjusts easily to hold your book at just the right height and angle. Reading becomes surprisingly comfortable in a chair, in bed, or beside a desk. An intelligent design and a handsome piece of furniture in mahogany, teak, cherry, or black ash.

$195 + **$9.75** shipping via UPS ground. Assembly required.

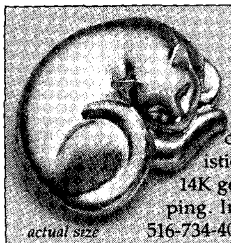
MC/VISA/AMEX/Check • Florida add 6%
Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141

LEVENGER™
Tools for Serious Readers
975 S. Congress Ave., Code NYRT20, Delray, FL 33445



BOOKS ON TAPE®
World's Largest Selection of Audio Books
- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

(800) 626-3333
Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658
Reg.U.S.Pat.&T.M.Off.



For Cat People
Our sculpted pin captures the characteristic catnap. Sterling $95, 14K gold $445. Add $3 shipping. In NY add tax. AMEX: 516-734-4002. Or send check to:
actual size
EAST END SILVER
Dept. N5, P.O. Box 151, New Suffolk, NY 11956

modation of the world's bumpy surface.

NOTE: V.S. Pritchett's "Complete Collected Stories" has been published by Random House ($35). Some of the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

GENERAL

FREE AT LAST? THE CIVIL RIGHTS MOVEMENT AND THE PEOPLE WHO MADE IT, by Fred Powledge (Little, Brown; $29.95). This clear, brisk history of the civil-rights movement is a valuable aid to the memories of the middle-aged and an excellent summary for those too young to remember it. Mr. Powledge starts in 1954, which was the year of Brown v. Board of Education, the Supreme Court's school-desegregation decision, and closes in 1968, the year of Martin Luther King's assassination. He reminds us that Brown was the culmination of years of civil-rights litigation, but, in the period that he recalls, the civil-rights workers in the South employed a different tactic: nonviolent direct action, such as the Montgomery bus boycott and lunch-counter sit-ins. The author, a Southern white journalist who reported on the movement at the time, here sets forth the recollections of both the civil-rights workers and their opposition, including former police chiefs and governors. Their words provide stunning immediacy and, with little or no comment by the author, unmistakably juxtapose right and wrong.

MATISSE AND PICASSO: A FRIENDSHIP IN ART, by Françoise Gilot (Doubleday; $30). Shortly after the Second World War, Matisse and Picasso (both of whom had stuck it out in France during the Occupation) renewed an old friendship whose course had not always run smooth, and from 1946 to 1954 (the year of Matisse's death) the two great innovators of modern painting met and exchanged opinions. Also present was the author, a painter who was Picasso's companion; she has recorded these conversations—or, rather, reconstructed them (she doesn't pretend that they are verbatim)—and her own sometimes lively part in them. Matisse and Picasso were at bottom rivals. Each had a deep respect for his own achievements, and although each had an equal respect for the other's, they couldn't help needling one another. It is fascinating to listen in as the two old men, while they appear to be discussing aesthetics, set traps for each other and score points. The book has other dimensions—the author describes, for example, Matisse's creation of the interior of the Chapel of the Rosary at Vence, and the daily work life of Picasso—but its heart is the interplay of two unforgettable personalities. Illustrations.

THE OTHER RUSSIA: THE EXPERIENCE OF EXILE, by Michael Glenny and Norman Stone (Viking; $24.95). In this often gripping book are sixty first-person narratives of escape and exile from the Soviet Union, representing the three great waves of migration. The first and most numerous (as many as two million people) took place immediately after the Revolution, and was made up largely of the educated and wealthy—"former people," the Soviet bureaucrats called them. The second came after the end of the Second World War, when Soviet citizens of all walks fled Stalinist oppression. The third wave, mostly of Jews spurred by the endemic anti-Semitism of the state, and taking advantage of the relaxed official strictures on emigration, continues. Many of the individual stories of hardship and terror reflect a common sentiment: the heart-wrenching ambivalence of men and women who had come to hate the lies and brutality of the regime that held power in their beloved homeland but who would always mourn the day they were forced to flee.

NOTE: "American Steel: Hot Metal Men and the Resurrection of the Rust Belt," by Richard Preston, has been published by Prentice Hall ($19.95). Some of the contents first appeared here.

•

IBP is currently conducting interviews for a waste water treatment operator at our Joslin, IL facility. This person will be responsible for monitoring and helping to maintain the waste water treatment facility and gathering and conducting lab analysis. Math skills, a Class K waste water treatment license is required and maintenance background essential. One year mechanical preferred in waste water treatment education (primary and secondary). You must be a High School grad and be able to swim.—*Adv. in the Davenport (Iowa) Quad-City Times.*

Sorry, we already have a job.

Performs like no 4-wheel drive on the surface of the earth.

Let's get it together... buckle up.

©1990 GM Corp. All rights reserved.

How can we make such a claim, you ask? Because, contrary to its appearance, the all-new Oldsmobile® Bravada™ is not a 4-wheel drive vehicle at all. Allow us to explain.

Instead, Bravada is intelligently equipped with a revolutionary road management system called SmartTrak.™

This new system combines anti-lock brakes with all-wheel drive to send power to the wheels that need it. Which gives you more control. Regardless of road or weather conditions. Better still, it does it all automatically. No buttons to push or shifters to shift.

It's loaded with standard luxury features, too. Like power windows, remote locks, AM/FM stereo cassette and air conditioning. Plus the powerful 4.3L Vortec V6 engine, over 70 cubic feet of cargo capacity and the added security of the *Oldsmobile Edge* -the most comprehensive owner satisfaction program in the industry. In fact, the new Bravada is equipped with so much luxury, we could only come up with four available options.

And as far as highway mileage goes, the new Bravada does a number on the competition.

	BRAVADA	FORD EXPLORER	JEEP CHEROKEE
EPA Estimated MPG Highway	22	20	20
Highway Range (miles)	440	380	404

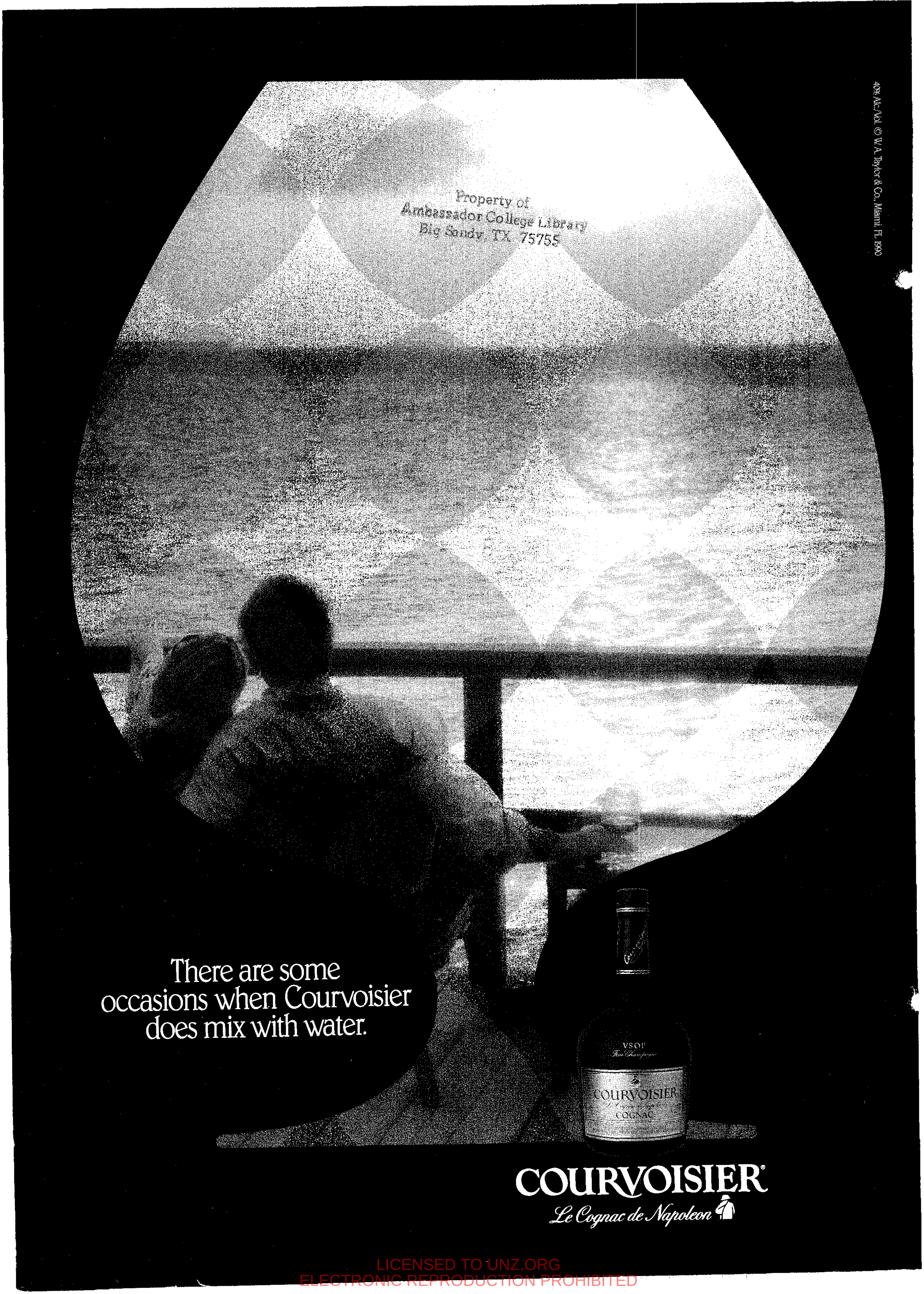
Highway range estimates are obtained by multiplying EPA highway estimates by the fuel tank capacity in gallons. All engines six-cylinder. Ford Explorer and Jeep Cherokee equipped with optional automatic transmission.

To find out more about one new vehicle that's engineered for the unexpected, just stop by your nearest Olds dealer. Or call 1-800-242-OLDS, Mon-Fri., 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. EST, and test drive the new Bravada.

You'll find there's nothing like it on Earth.

Bravada

The New Generation of Oldsmobile™


There are some occasions when Courvoisier does mix with water.
VSOP
Fine Champagne
COURVOISIER
COGNAC
COURVOISIER®
Le Cognac de Napoleon
40% Alc./Vol. © W.A. Taylor & Co., Miami, FL 1990

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755